FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1896. | VOL. XLVII.—No. 16. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iv.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
346 Broadway
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING
Present Entrance on Leonard Street

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

THE first subject of the series of half-tone copies of Audubon's famous bird portraits was that of the Black Duck, in the issue of Sept. 26. The second one will be of the Prairie Hen (pinnated grouse), next week, Oct. 24.

These reproductions are exciting great interest and are received with gratifying appreciation, as many letters coming to us testify. Among others, one which gives us special pleasure is this:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 26 I notice your beautiful picture of the Black Duck and the announcement you make that it is one of a series to be published. * * * The reproductions are to me most satisfactory; they lack color, of course, but in every other respect are the best we have ever seen, and I think I may say that those of the Audubon family still remaining are much gratified with the first of the series.

M. R. AUDUBON.

CONCERNING THE EXTERMINATION OF THE DOG.

A DISTINGUISHED essayist of England advances the proposition, and defends it at length, that the dog should be exterminated from the face of the earth. She concedes all that the dog is as man's best friend; full account is made of his utility and value as guardian of home and flock and person, as draft animal and beast of burden, as adjunct of the chase, as affectionate companion; but against all this is put the terrible and unanswerable indictment that with the dog originates the scourge of rabies and hydrophobia, and the verdict reached is that the woe thus brought upon the human race by the dog outweighs a thousandfold all the good there is in him. The dog and rabies are inseparable; Pasteurism has not stamped out the dread disease and gives no promise of ever stamping it out. Nothing is more certain than that so long as there shall be dogs there will be rabies, if rabies hydrophobia, and if hydrophobia then human death caused by it. Human life is worth more than all the dogs in the world; better the dog exterminated utterly than that the lives of men and women and children should be sacrificed by reason of it.

If we shall grant all that is here premised as to the ravages of hydrophobia, and if we assent baldly to the proposition that the dog does keep alive in the world and transmit from generation to generation of humanity the disease of hydrophobia, if indeed the dog be altogether as black as he is painted, the proposition to exterminate him will yet have no general practical interest, and the alarmist who would ring the universal death knell of the canine race will be heard with indifference or at the best will be looked upon curiously as a faddist. The reason of this is found in the fact that the world at large knows nothing of the dog as a rabid creature and an agency of human disease and death. For one individual who in his personal experience or observation finds reason to dread the dog as possibly subject to madness and potentially fatal to human beings, there are a million who know the dog only as a friend, companion and the playmate of children, a creature not only harmless, but lovable, loved and loving. Thus in the popular estimate, which is the estimate made up of the million individuals, the dog does not stand for a menace to the well-being of mankind, but on the contrary for a useful and beneficent factor in civilization. This, we repeat, is because popular knowledge and experience are of the dog as a blessing, not as a curse. Men have been gored to death by vicious bulls, yet the world at large regards domestic cattle as a valuable and harmless possession, and the bovine race is not doomed to extermination. Men are killed by horses, but the popular estimate based upon the common experience with the horse does not demand the obliteration of the equine race as dangerous to mankind. More than 7,000 persons are killed annually by the railroads of this country, and 40,000 others are injured; but the popular estimate of the safety of railroad travel in general is based upon the experience of the 500,000,000 passengers who travel annually on railroads in security, and he would be considered a candidate for an insane asylum who should advocate the abolition of railroads by contending, after the manner of this woman who wants us to do away with the dogs, that so long as we shall maintain railroads there will be accidents and deaths caused by them.

The question of dog extermination therefore is in no degree a practical one, but is purely academic, and as such to be discussed only theoretically and speculatively. It is a theme which would have delighted Sir Thomas Browne, who might well have employed in its consideration some of the speculations advanced by him in his "Enquiry into Vulgar and Common Errors" (published in 1646), in the chapter devoted to the phœnix. "That there is but one phœnix in the world, which after many hundred years burneth itself, and from the ashes thereof ariseth up another, is a conceit not new or altogether popular, but of great antiquity," he writes; and then he proceeds to an examination of the writings of the ancients—Greeks, Romans, Jewish rabbis, Arabians and Egyptians—and to a refutation of the stories of antiquity concerning the fabulous bird, bringing all the resources of his speculative philosophy to bear to disprove its existence, and carrying the argument back finally to the days of Noah and thence to the Garden of Eden and the Creation. As for the assertion that there is but one phœnix in the world at a time, each successive individual rising from the ashes of the one that lived and died before it, this, he says, "seemeth not only repugnant unto philosophy, but also Holy Scripture, which plainly affirms there went of every sort two at least into the ark of Noah." Moreover he argues:

"It infringeth the benediction of God concerning multiplication. God blessed them, saying, 'Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth;' and again, 'Bring forth with thee every living thing, that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful and multiply upon the earth, which terms are not applicable unto the phœnix, whereof there is but one in the world, and no more now living than at the first benediction. For, the production of one being the destruction of another, although they produce and generate, they increase not and must not be said to multiply, who do not transcend an unity."

This was a sockdologer for the phœnix, and it would be a sockdologer for the impious advocate of dog extermination who would kill off the tribe of dogs and thereby "infringe the benediction concerning multiplication."

Practically, however, should man as lord of creation make up his mind to do for the dog, he would not be restrained from putting his purpose into execution by any regard for "the divine benediction" to the canine race to increase and multiply. Alexander Ross, who believed in the existence of the phœnix, and undertook to reply to Browne, accounted for the fact that no one had ever seen the bird by its exercise of that instinct which taught it to keep out of the way of man. "For had Heliogabalus, that Roman glutton, met with him, he had devoured him, though there were no more in the world." Whatever may be said of Ross's faith in the phœnix, he certainly understood human nature. If the profligate Heliogabalus could have secured the brain of the phœnix for a tidbit he would have gobbled it up, and with the greater gusto that it was the only one left.

History has demonstrated again and again that when man, "the great tyrant of the creatures," has the opportunity to destroy an animal, though there be no more in the world, he surely does so. It is only the species whose instinct teaches them to keep out of the way of man, and which are fitted successfully to flee before him, that can keep their place on the earth. Creatures like the great wingless birds, which men can get after with a club, fall before him and perish from the land. Where is the dodo? Clubbed off the earth. Where is the great auk? Clubbed, the very last one. Where are the seals? Clubbed from most of the earth's surface; and we have been discussing in international boards of abitration—ten or twelve bound volumes of talk—and appointing investigating commissions, and taking statistics, and dickering over the *modus vivendi*, and nevertheless all the time keeping up the clubbing, until who knows what the seal supply is today and what it will be next year, or how short the time when there will be no supply at all? Does any one believe that the man who shall have the fortune to club to death the last seal is going to feel anything but brutish joy at the thought of such a feat to brag about? And if Alexander Ross were writing to-day, would not his opinion of the old Roman Emperor hold good as to the human wolves who are slaughtering the buffalo of the National Park?

The extreme rarity of a bird or other animal, instead of being accounted a reason for protection, is regarded as affording an added stimulus to its capture and destruction. Let a bird stray from its customary range, and, diverging from the limits laid down for it in the books, adventure new haunts, it has crossed a dead-line and flies to certain death; the collector, man or boy, awaits it with gun and powder, and a museum ticket labeled "Rare." The rarer the species, the more eager the pursuit of it; if a pair were thought to be the sole survivors of their kind, the collectors would shoot one another in their mad scramble to bag the last one.

Heliogabalus has been dead these two thousand years, but his spirit of remorseless, cruel, unsparing selfishness is alive in the world to-day, as the record of one and another obliterated species of animal life demonstrates.

RAIL FROM FROGS.

THERE is a widespread belief that the immense numbers of sora or Carolina rail which make their appearance on the marshes all of a sudden come from frogs. Before the skeptic shall scout the notion, let him consider the evidence in its support. This is what the defenders of the theory say: In the first place, rail and frogs are found in the same marshes, but not together. One day it is all frogs and no rail, and the next all rail and no frogs. Where then did the frogs go to if they did not turn into rail? and where did the rail come from if they are not transmogrified frogs? Rail are poor flyers, as every one knows who has flushed them on high tides; and it is clearly impossible for them to have come by flight from a distance to the grounds where they appear so suddenly and without warning. If there was not the frog theory to fall back upon in explanation of their origin we might assume that, like the mice of the Nile fields, they come from the mud; in which case it would be with the rail as Théophile Gautier said of certain insects which are hatched from eggs, that knowing no parents they may think themselves the direct children of the earth. Moreover, the frog-rail theory has all the dignity of age. Alexander Wilson, the father of American ornithology, recorded that the belief was current in the early years of the century, and he tells a story of a planter who dug out of the mud a creature half-frog and half-rail—nothing less, that is to say, than the frog turning into the rail. Wilson also asserted that the people in his day believed that the birds buried themselves in the mud, although, as he pointed out, while ditchers and dredgers frequently carried on their operations in this mud, none of them was ever known to dig out any of the birds. Mr. Lowry, however, whose notes in another column have brought this subject to attention, tells us of guides living at points far distant from one another, who while digging for muskrats in the marshes have exhumed quantities of rail. Those who contend for the frog origin of the birds have at least grounds for their theory as substantial as those upon which are based the long-standing beliefs that swallows bury themselves in the mud for the winter and that some snakes sting with their tails.

The belief is likely to hold for another hundred years. It is purposeless to cite against it the perfectly well known facts of ornithology which have been determined with respect to the rail, that it is a migratory bird passing to and from north and south, from the British Possessions to Central America, nesting in northern latitudes from Massachusetts to Fort Rae, building nests and laying eggs, which nests and eggs are perfectly well known to naturalists; and that as to its powers of flight it is so good a bird on the wing as to pass annually in spring and autumn to and from Bermuda, a distance of more than 600 miles over the Atlantic; and moreover, that it has been taken on ships at sea 300 miles from land. These facts might be printed in every journal in the land regularly, year in and year out, but they would not shake the confidence of the native in his frog theory; he has it firmly fixed in his noddle that rail come from frogs, and this he will stick to. Of him it may be said as Sir Frederick Thesinger said to the man who addressed him as "Mr. Smith, I believe." "If you believe that," was the retort, "you would believe anything."

The Sportsman Tourist.

FISHING IN ICELAND.

After our long day's ride it was a relief to see, across a waste of black sand, the parsonage farm of Sirra Arni. The grassy roofs and low walls of turf and stone could hardly be distinguished from the surrounding "tun" or home fields, but the little black church stood boldly outlined against the distant tracts of lava. No other house was in sight; to the north lay Myvatn ("lake of midges"), surrounded by five scarred craters, and dotted by many islands, volcanoes in miniature, where thousands of wildfowl were circling and screaming. On the east and south was the great desert of the Odadahraun, and still beyond the snowy heights of Askja—Iceland's largest volcano—could be dimly seen.

My arrival was attended by some confusion. Five sheep dogs rushed down the trail to meet us, and barking furiously assailed the heels of the ponies; they promptly kicked and shied, and in a disorderly tangle of animals we reached the farm just as Sirra Arni's pleasant face appeared in the low doorway. Fifteen minutes later the packs were removed, the ponies grazing in the wild pastures, and the pastor and I, seated on the churchyard wall, were discussing the prospects of plant collecting and fishing.

His report of the latter was discouraging. In the lake were plenty of char, but they could be taken only by nets; there might be a few trout in Gronavatn—a small river a mile and a half away—but he had never fished in it; indeed the only good fishing he knew of was in the upper waters of the Laxa, several miles from its source, in Myvatn. To reach the river a guide and two ponies would be needed, and as these were difficult to hire in the midst of haymaking I decided to be content with Gronavatn.

The principal object of this visit to Myvatn was to collect flowers, and not until the third morning did I treat myself to a half day's fishing. I found Gronavatn a charming little river, whirling with many a rapid through the old lava fields. The air was calm, sweet and so clear that long after the parsonage was out of sight I could hear the haymakers' voices, and the singing of a small Icelander, who was driving the milking ewes to pasture.

As I tied on a March-brown and a butcher I saw a trout rise near some rushes across the stream, and felt that my fishing line was to fall in pleasant places.

A ¼-pounder was hooked at the third cast, and a double catch of pound trout quickly followed. As I was fishing and having "a beautiful time," a rough-looking man on a pony came ambling up, stopped, smiled a broad, benignant smile, dismounted and came toward me. In America I would have been disturbed had a dubious character accosted me in a lonely place a mile and a half from home, but not here with these honest, kindly Icelanders. I only said: "Godan daginn" and awaited developments. He took the rod from my hand, examined it with a critic's eye, and without a word began to fish. Four trout he caught in rapid succession, the look of content deepening on his countenance, then said: "Tak! tak!" returned the rod and, leaving the trout, mounted and trotted briskly away.

At the end of two hours I had taken fourteen fish, weighing from ¼lb. to 1¼lbs. There is such a thing as being too successful when one is far from home. At noon the farm people saw across the moor the spectacle of a sunburned, disheveled "Ameriku kona" lugging a botany box, sketch book, fishing tackle and a string of eighteen trout, and sitting down every few minutes to rest on a piece of lava. A relief expedition was dispatched by the kind-hearted pastor, consisting of a small boy with a box for the trout strapped on his back.

They were all of the same species: the *Salmo fario*, or river trout of Great Britain. But here in these clear, swift waters they have much lighter colors than those of England. I did not see a single yellow brown fish at Myvatn; all were silvery below and halfway up the sides, while the back was a dusky green or blue-black with many small black spots. The flesh was a light pink, and delicious eating.

That delectable morning at Gronavatn was the last of our fine weather. A cold storm followed, turning the distant hills white with snow; then came dense fogs rolling in every afternoon from the desert and inclosing us in cold mists until noon of the following day. The guest room of an Icelandic farm has no fire and no place for one. The accumulated chill of years is in it, and only the eider down puff on the bed keeps the traveler from perishing untimely. At night he can be comfortable, however he may shiver in the daytime. I found that even extinct volcanoes can be utilized for warming purposes. Every morning after breakfast I scrambled briskly up to the summit of a cone near the house, down to the bottom of the crater, and then trotted around the rim half a dozen times; this put me in quite a glow, and I was then in a mood to rest on the deep red slag and admire the strange beauty of Myvatn seen through the rising mists.

Several times I returned to the stream for an hour or two of fishing, once capturing a 3½-pounder. My stock of flies was getting low, and the day before I left Sirra Arni's I manufactured one with a large bait hook, a snipe's feather, a piece of red Liberty silk and a scrap of tinsel from the top of a whisky bottle. It was a wonderful production, tied with shoe-button thread, and I was really ashamed to put it on the leader. But it pleased those simple-minded Icelandic trout; one jumped for it at the first cast and several followed in quick succession. Then a fish rose languidly, took the fly and turned down under the bank. At first I thought it a small one and tried to kill it in short order, but I soon found out my mistake. Feeling himself hooked, he darted out again, broke clear from the water and dashed across the stream. Seeing how large he was, I gave one anxious look around me for some one who could help me land him, as I had neither gaff nor net. No one was in sight, and there was nothing to be done but tire him completely out, in much anguish of spirit lest he tear out the hook. Then when he lay motionless, his broad side turned up on the water, I led him cautiously to a shallower place, put down the rod, keeping the line taut in my hand, waded in and scooped him up in my dress skirt. Five pounds was the verdict an hour later, when he was solemnly weighed by fifteen of the family, and voted to be the finest fish they had seen taken with rod and line. I shall always regret that I did not spend some time on the Upper Laxa. While at Myvatn I heard a story of a small boy at the farm of Helluvad, on the river, who went fishing with the fly one evening after supper and caught 120lbs. of fish that averaged 3lbs. apiece. This is truly a remarkable tale, but we must bear in mind that Helluvad is a noted place for big trout; there is no darkness in an Icelandic summer and we are not told at what hour that boy went to bed.

From Sirra Arni's farm I went to Reykjahlid, on the eastern shore of Myvatn, a place interesting from the many mud wells, hot water and sulphur springs in the neighborhood. There is the Stora Gjá, too, a great rift made by an earthquake, which I explored by the aid of Jon, the farmer's big son. In some places one looks down to unknown depths, in others the rift is partially filled up with fallen fragments and the action of the weather, and here grow deep beds of ferns, tall buttercups and crane's-bill, which instead of being a crimson pink, as with us, has the most vivid purple hues.

I visited also some of the islands in the lake, where immense numbers of birds have their nests. Never have I seen so many babies tumbling about, and so many anxious

THE STORA GJÁ.

mothers. There were scaup ducks, long-tailed ducks, red-breasted mergansers, black scoters, mallard, teal, gulls and snipe.

The peasants guard these islands carefully from intrusion, and the young birds were quite fearless. I caught a baby snipe in my hand, and when released it trotted away as calmly as possible. Great numbers of eggs are taken for food, and while at Reykjahlid my fare consisted principally of hard-boiled ducks' eggs and char from the lake. These when fresh are good enough fare, but the Icelanders, like the Norwegians, prefer their food fermented and a little tainted.

One learns to venture on new strange dishes in the far north. I have eaten the eggs of eider and scaup ducks, gulls, guillemots and four other kinds unknown to me,

ICELAND PACK PONIES.

raw salmon and wild goose slightly smoked, raw herrings sliced with onions, sheep's milk and butter, "skyr," or sheep's milk curdled by rennet, sheep's head pickled in whey, blood and meal sausages, angelica roots, and later, in the Faroe Islands, I graduated proudly on whale. Puffins, I am glad to say, were out of season.

One morning Jon called me to see a fine lot of char which they had taken with gill nets during the night. I was fairly startled by the brilliant tints. Fifteen great fish lay in the bottom of their boat, the lower part of their bodies gleaming with the most brilliant orange and yellow. Above they varied from a soft gray to a very dark green, almost black. All had faint gray spots on the sides, with here and there a red one, while the lower fins were reddish bordered with white. In weight they ranged from 2 to 9lbs. Filled with enthusiasm at this sight, I went trolling with Jon, using a small spoon which I had found very taking in Canada for black bass and lake trout; but not a bite did I have. Jon, indeed, had assured me that it was useless to try, that the char are only taken in nets; but as Jon spoke no English, only a little Danish, and I still less, I had not felt sure that I understood him correctly.

Reykjahlid is a fair type of an Icelandic farm. In front are five little wooden gables connected by thick walls of turf and stone. One is used as a guest room; in three tools, harness and stores are kept; and the fifth, the central one, opens into a long, dark passageway which extends to the family living rooms at the rear of the house. Here is the "eld-hus" or kitchen, the milk and skyr rooms, and the general living rooms, where men, women and children eat, and sleep in open bunks about the walls. The people are very reluctant to have a foreigner explore these rooms. He is conducted on his arrival to the spare room, which is seldom wanting, and there he eats, sleeps and lives during his stay.

The Icelanders are kind, honest and hospitable, and I never had the least fear about traveling alone among them. I went very slowly, made short journeys, and so dispensed with relays of ponies. Nor did I have a regular guide. On my arrival at a farm where I was to spend several days I sent back the man and ponies, taking others from the place when I resumed my wanderings. Many English tourists complain of extortionate charges, but I did not meet with a single instance during the nine weeks of my stay. Perhaps my simple outfit and shabby, weather-worn appearance had a lowering effect upon prices. Usually I paid 2 kroner (56 cents) a day for board and lodging, and at Reykjahlid, where I remained nine days, the farmer flatly refused to accept more than 49 cents a day, for he said, "You have eaten very little."

After leaving Reykjahlid I took a week's excursion with a friend of Sirra Arni's as guide to the great waterfall Dettifoss, the Speaking Rocks, Asbergi, and over the mountains to Laxamyri, near the seaport of Husavik. Here is one of the finest farms in Iceland. Two causes of its prosperity are seen in the carved and painted wooden figures of an eider duck and salmon over the front doorway. Above the farm the Laxa (the same river that flows from Myvatn) rushes in fierce rapids and little falls, then widening divides into many channels, eddying deeply about low, grassy islands, where the eider ducks breed. From Myvatn north to the Arctic Sea the river abounds in trout. Salmon are plentiful in its lower course, but lava pillars about twelve miles from the farm prevent the fish from ascending beyond that point. Five farmers have the right to fish in the neighborhood, but only two avail themselves of it—Sigfus, the farmer at Laxamyri, and Thorgrimur, at Næs. The latter place is the better for rod fishing. One year two Englishmen spent six weeks there, taking about 125 salmon. Another season only four were caught, but this was one of the cold years which occur about once in every ten, when the pack ice from Greenland drifts southward, shutting in the north coasts of Iceland. The ice does not actually enter the rivers, but blocks the fjords and the fish do not seem to run. The keen north winds check the growth of the grass, snow falls even during the summer months, and much misery is caused. In Iceland the farmers' flocks are their mainstay, and when the scanty hay crop fails most of the sheep must be killed. This last summer, however, was a good one for the Icelanders. Young and old, all were at work gathering in the short, fragrant grasses. And while the men worked late into the light nights, the nets in the river gathered a harvest of trout and salmon. Not only were the gill-nets used, but once, at midnight, the farmers' sons with a seine took fifty sea trout. Beautiful fish they were, weighing from ½lb. to 5lbs., and shining like burnished silver. The sea trout run to about the first week of August, while the salmon begin about June 1 and continue until the last of September.

The largest trout I caught at Laxamyri was only 2½lbs. The water near the shore in many places was shallow and weedy. I had no waders, and my rod was too heavy for me to cast far with it. The wind too blew almost a gale during most of my stay, fairly whisking the fly from the water. I hoped that some properly equipped and skillful angler would happen along, that I might at least see the capture of a salmon. I had had a faint, wild hope that I might capture a small one, but this was too great an ambition to be realized. Still, there might have been a chance for it had I gone to the best places further up the river, but there a bull was roaming at large. Several times I started in that direction, but my courage failed me before I reached the spot. It is astonishing how many black bulls the feminine eye can see in the strange, dark forms of the lava fields.

One day, after catching two fish of 2lbs. each, I hooked one which went the way of many big fish and escaped. The manners of salmon are unknown to me, and I have often wondered if it could have been one. I had cast a grilse fly at the head of a rapid when something took the fly, and as I struck the line looped itself around the tip of my rod. I could not reach it, for the fish dragged heavily and positively refused to yield an inch. There was nothing to be done but to await the final catastrophe. Four times the fish went up and down, the dripping line slowly cutting the surface of the water, and being jerked reluctantly out, inch by inch. Then with a rush he went down the rapids; the tackle was strong and the hook tore out. Could it have been a salmon or was it a giant trout? There are big fish in the Laxa. The very next morning Joannes, the farmer's son, called me out to see a 10lb. trout taken in a net near the fjord, with three fine grilse. It looked at first glance like a female salmon, having the same small head, thick body and silvery sides. The best of all was a 32lb. salmon—the largest, Joannes said, that had been taken, in his recollection, on the farm.

In looking at a large map of Iceland, fifteen rivers called Laxá are to be seen. These are or have been salmon rivers, as the name indicates—"Lax," salmon, and "á," river.

Trout abound in all rivers which do not drain glaciers, but the best fishing is in the Myvatn Laxa, the Sog near Lake Thingvellir, the fishing lakes of the Arnavatnheidi, in Svinavatn, and in the tributaries of the western Hvita.

On our homeward journey some Englishmen showed me their salmon flies. The Jock Scott and silver doctor were the favorites, though the Childers, snow-fly, butcher and Durham were also used.

For trout I found a grilse Jock Scott was a favorite at Myvatn and Laxamyri; in fact, most of the grilse flies would be good, and a large March-brown should be included.

The Icelandic fishermen on the Laxa make their own flies, and use almost altogether one with a rather dark brown wing and red body.

During my week at Laxamyri there were few hours when the weather was even reasonably good. A bitterly cold, high wind blew from the Arctic Sea, bringing a dense sea fog, while a heavy rain continued for four days. It was impossible to fish. My numbed hands

could not feel the rod or manage the reel. Not until the day I was to take the Thyra at Husavik did the storm cease, and I rode away under serene sunny skies, looking back with keen regret at the beautiful river, where those big fish lay that I didn't catch.

That evening the fog closed in again, and at 10 o'clock the waiting population of the little settlement heard a faint muffled voice somewhere out at sea.

"Thyra kommer!" cried an old fisherman seated on the beach, and "Thyra kommer!" went from mouth to mouth as slowly through the fog loomed a shadowy vessel, to be shut from view in another moment by the inrolling mists.

Three hours later we were steaming cautiously to the westward *en route* for Reykjavik by the north and western coasts of Iceland. ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

"Forest and Stream's" Contributors.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Words fail to express my regret when, as I opened my FOREST AND STREAM last night, the first thing that met my eyes was the announcement of the death of O. O. S. I cannot add to your own expressions of the charms of his contributions to your columns for many years, but to my own mind he was one of the most delightful of your correspondents, and I always anticipated pleasure when I saw his initials at the bottom of a letter. How the old ranks thin out! "Nessmuk," "Ned Buntline," "Ufford," "Wells" and now "O. O. S." are gone, while "Bourgeois" and others seem to have dropped their pens. To be sure, you have plenty of fresh contributors, and the dear old paper is as interesting as ever, but I miss the old signatures at the foot of the columns. Let me add my word to the general expression of delight at the letters of my old friend "Fred Mather," if he will allow me to call him so, in which I recognize much of the same quaint fun which used to crop out in our occasional correspondence on fishculture in years past.

I have had no adventures to chronicle myself this summer. Local laws, which I helped to instigate, have closed our trout streams for a time, and the leaves are too thick in the woods yet for my old eyes to distinguish either a ruffed grouse or a gray squirrel, though both are said to be plenty, and some of my young friends have brought in their game pockets full of the latter game. I have confined my rambles t flower hunting, and have just thrown away the wilted remains of a glorious bunch of fringer gentians, which have opened their blue eyes to the sunshine in my window for more than a fortnight.

I hear good reports through the boys of the young trout we planted in our brooks this spring, when I secured 10,000 fry from Commissioner Wentworth, and hope if I live till the spring of '98 to wet a line in some of my old haunts again.

It is the first sunny morning for sixteen days, and I wish you and some of my other "chained to business" friends in the city were here to enjoy the glory of the hillsides with me. VON W.

Natural History.

WOODLAND BIRD NOTES.—IV.

The Migrants Return.

"The fern was red on the mountain,
The cloud was low in the sky,
And we knew that the year was dying,
That the wintry time was nigh."

IN musical phrase, the period from January to July is a crescendo—that from July to January, a decrescendo. In many ways the record of the last six months is the same as that of the first six, read backward. Nature shows a grand climax and anti-climax as the sun annually creeps up from its low southerly circuit to the zenith and back again, making the coldness, desolation and stillness of January culminate in the warmth and the full chorus of birds in June, only to relapse again into the frozen and dreary silence of midwinter. It is the balmy breath of spring that wafts the migrants from the South, the sharp chill of autumn that recalls them from the North. The fall transit is in the mood of the season, and the volume of life suddenly but faintly swelling and disappearing is like the last expiring brightness of the candle, except for the few species that are with us in winter. In taking a poetical view of the matter the bird life of June is at a greater advantage than that of September or October, the birds being in full song, brilliant in plumage and appearing more willing to stay with us longer than in the fall, and everything is brisk and cheerful then too. From a scientific standpoint, however, the fall is the best, for though the birds are silent, yet they come down in large numbers, they are tamer, and can be easier seen than in the spring and in a suitable locality on a fine day in the fall, a scientific collector can secure numbers of specimens, whereas in the spring he might not be able to secure any.

During September this year the migrants were very slow in appearing, it being only in the latter part of the month they were at all abundant. On the 19th of the month I saw the first return flock of the warbler family, consisting of a large flock of magnolia and golden-winged warblers. With the returning warblers in the fall come the young males and females of the summer, and on account of their nondescript plumage, which has none of the characteristics of their species, they are hard to identify and are apt to mix one up. On the 21st the migrants became more numerous, appearing in white-throated sparrows, juncos and flocks of migrant thrushes, among which were the gray-cheeked, olive-backed Picknells and hermit thrushes. The 25th, which was somewhat stormy, brought down the migrants in large numbers. The flocks of warblers were of different varieties, consisting of the migrants and the summer warblers that were still lingering behind. Among the flocks the parula, black-throated blue and the rare Connecticut and mourning warblers were the most abundant. With the warblers was associated the Canadian or red-breasted nuthatch, which appears to be quite abundant this year, and our tiny, hardy, little winter friend, the golden-crowned kinglet. Now too comes back our monotonous friend, the brown creeper, who with the perseverance of the saints has begun his winter's work just where he left off, at the bottom of the ladder. This bird is generally solitary, and is seldom found in the company of other birds unless it is the chickadee or white-bellied nuthatch, but you never find him with others of his own kind. There is always an exception to a rule, however, and that I found on the 30th, for I came across a large flock of creepers in a grove of oak trees. There were dozens of them in every tree, and with the noise they were making you might judge they were enjoying each other's society immensely.

The bluejays are very abundant this fall, and I have never observed them here (New Rochelle) before now. So far this fall I have found the female and young warblers abundant, while the brightly plumaged males are rare. Evidently they do not travel with their families. Birds are short-lived little creatures, they fall like the leaves from the trees, but where no one knows, or how they die and what of. Science is growing fast, and still there is much to learn, and it will be many a day before man has come to learn to a fine point the habits and customs of nature's children, and that day is probably far down the misty aisles and paths of the future, and then perhaps never. EDWIN IRVINE HAINES.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Oct. 1.

HORNLESS DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think I can throw some light on the subject of hornless deer. In Scotland the red deer (*Cervus elephas*) is called as follows: The male is called a stag, the female a hind, a barren female a yeld hind, the young a calf, a gelded stag a havier; and there is another class of stag—rare, but still existing—without horns, though a perfect male, which is called a hummel stag.

I have shot both hummel stags and haviers.

The haviers are either gelded by accident (by a bullet or in fighting) or else are found by the forester when just born and gelded by him. These latter are ear-marked generally, so as to know how old they are. The idea of gelding is to make them better venison.

A stag never grows any horns if gelded as a calf. If gelded when he has horns, the horns remain as they were at that time, do not grow any more, and if in velvet at the time remain so always. (These fact were told me, not from my own observation.) Also, if a stag is gelded on one side only the horn on the opposite side is affected. When I shot any stag with a malformed horn, I always looked to see if he had been injured on the opposite side by an old wound; but I was never able to verify this from actual observation, but I think it is a proved fact.

The hummel stag is a hornless stag, born so, perfect in every other way. I shot a very large one and kept his skull for some years, but have now lost it. The pedicels for horns were very rudimentary under the hair, just as F. T. describes it in your paper of Sept. 12. The foresters say these hornless stags drive away horned stags in fighting, and keep all the best hinds to themselves. In looks he was just an ordinary, very fine stag, without horns and rather a prominent forehead; I think his skull was thicker on top than normal.

A havier does not look so stag-like, but is more round and sleek like a very large yeld hind, is apt to put on fat and has no fight in him. As perhaps you are aware, in England there are packs of hounds kept for hunting "carted deer," that is deer taken out in carts and hunted with hounds, and when taken not killed, but kept for another hunt; the hounds do not hurt them.

With the Queen's stag hounds, which run over a country with very large fences, which require good jumping and resolution in horses, the deer hunted are generally haviers; and with Baron Rothschild's hounds, always haviers, as they are considered to go bolder. But with the pack I hunt with, the Surrey stag hounds, we use yeld hinds, as haviers are apt to turn crusty and refuse to run, and hinds can get over our fences well enough.

You will see from the foregoing that in Scotch deer forests, where the deer are naturally more under observation than in a really wild country, hornless male deer are known and even have a name. WALTER WINANS.

A RATTLESNAKE'S STRANGE END.

FT. MEADE, S. D., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having always been an ardent admirer of your valuable paper, I take great pleasure in presenting your snake editor with the head of a rattlesnake, the unhappy bearer of which committed suicide a week ago at the foot of Devil's Tower by drowning himself in the Belle Fourche River. Please note the three-fangedness of the head. I have been somewhat puzzled in this matter, as I do not know for certain whether all rattlers in that section of Wyoming are equipped with an extra fang, though I am inclined to believe that nature in its omniscience has made such a provision on account of the toughness of the natives, whom just a common, every-day, two-fanged snake could not possibly undertake to vaccinate successfully. Yet this can hardly be her plan, as even a three-fanged strike would hardly be of any great shakes against the local precaution of three fingers of S. S. G. (Sundance Sealed Goods).

As to the suicide of the creature, I am forced to ask for an explanation. The snake, at first sight, coiled up in the usual manner for a prime strike, made a vicious lunge at my legging, then drew back and closely scrutinized me from hat to shoe. Instantly a change of expression came over his features, and ferocity gave way to a look that might have been born of disgust and resignation. I watched him closely, not knowing what might be his next move. He suddenly astonished me by plunging headlong into the Belle Fourche. Motionless he sank, and lay at full length at the bottom. I continued to watch him until the last vestige of his reptilious breath had risen to the placid surface in a pearly bubble, and then with the aid of a stick I raised him from the water, placed him in the sunshine and satisfied myself that life was extinct. I had never known or heard of a rattler taking to water, and here I was confronted by the plainest case of suicide by drowning in broad daylight. I have since then lost all faith in snakes. I have adopted and discarded every theory that might offer a solution in this case, and am now driven to believe that this snake deliberately suicided because it had committed the blunder of wasting a well-meant three-fanged strike on an United States Cavalryman. Hereafter I shall travel *incognito* in those parts.

WM. GAULDT, Troop K, Eighth Cavalry.

[The three fangs observable in the head which accompanies our correspondent's note are, we think, not unusual. As the long fangs are very liable to injury, they are frequently shed and replaced by others pushed forward from the groove in which the partially grown teeth lie. There is thus a regular procession of teeth running from the minute germs which have not as yet taken the shape of teeth up to the long and perfect one in use. This method and its order are explained in Miss Hopley's book on snakes, and in other works. Often the second fang, that is to say, the one behind the most prominent one, makes a puncture as well as the large one.]

Mexican Rattlers.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico.—On a recent trip to a high range of hills, bordering on the east the dry mesa in which San Luis Potosi is situated, I found and killed two rattlesnakes. The hills I have mentioned are often enveloped in fog, and their dense green vegetation is in striking contrast to the drought-stricken country of the plain. The timber is almost entirely oak, and the slopes are covered with sward, and in protected corners with high weeds. The snakes were the darkest in coloring I ever saw, almost black. This seems to be out of adaptation to their surroundings, the weeds and decaying oak boughs.

Did you know a rattler's music box would not perform if wet? It stands to reason, as the saying is, but I never happened to run up against the fact before.

I have just read Ranlacker's account of the Chinaman that did not die. I was surprised to learn from my Mexican guide that the bite of the rattlesnake was not usually considered fatal in the section alluded to. He mentioned a man whose arm had decayed and sloughed off from a bite in the finger, but said it was because he had not had it treated immediately. I inquired about the treatment, knowing no drugs were to be had and hoping to get on track of some interesting plant. But he knew nothing except cauterizing with heat. He had not heard of sucking or ligature, nor even, what is passing strange, of that "snake-bite remedy" which fishermen and hunters so generally carry in flat bottles. Could there be any better exhibition of pristine simplicity? AZTEC.

The Woodcock's Whistle.

MAINE, Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At various times during the past few years I have read with much interest discussions in FOREST AND STREAM as to how the woodcock makes his whistle, that delicious ripple of melody so fascinating to the ear of the sportsman who hunts this shy and handsome game bird.

While shooting woodcock recently in company with a friend this question was discussed, my friend at once asseverating that the whistle was made by the bird's wings and not through the bill by aid of the throat, at the same time saying to me, "When next you shoot a woodcock without injuring his wings and without killing it, simply making a body shot sufficiently hard to bring the bird to the ground, call your dog to heel, retrieve the bird yourself, hold him by the bill suspended in the air at arm's length, and in fluttering to escape from your hand the whistle will be made by the bird's wings."

While shooting a few days later with another friend I was fortunate enough to make a body shot on a woodcock, which came to the ground with the wings unbroken. The dog caught the bird, which had attempted to fly after it struck the ground. I took it from the dog's mouth, and seeing its wings were unbroken I determined to make the test then and there.

After telling my friend what I was about to do I held the bird by its bill at arm's length, and the result was that it made the whistle three times, each time by executing a rotary movement of the wings and body while fluttering.

If any sportsman doubts this statement I wish he would do as I have done and all doubt will be dispelled from his mind as to how this enchanting whistle is produced.

W. H. HARRIS.

Coyotes Catch Cats.

SHIRLEY BASIN, Wyo., Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For many years I have been a reader of your paper and I have never asked you a question, but now I want some help.

I live on a ranch, and we are somewhat troubled by field mice and mountain rats, and so we must have cats. We have them, but we do not keep them long because they are caught by coyotes. Within a few months I have lost four cats in this way. The one I have now, however, I have had for some time. Why she has escaped the enemy I do not know, for she often goes 200 or 300yds. from the house on her hunting excursions. I fear, however, that she will go the way of the others before long. How can I protect her? Don't suggest killing off the coyotes. I have been trying to do that for, lo, these many years, and without success. E.

Our Audubon Bird Plates.

SPEAKING of birds, the FOREST AND STREAM is showing much appreciated enterprise by presenting reproductions of Audubon's bird portraits chiefly for the purpose of affording its readers an opportunity for seeing for themselves the pictures of which every one has heard, but which few have ever been privileged to see in the original because of the extreme rarity and inaccessibility of the work. The copies of Audubon now in existence are confined to a few libraries and fewer individual possessors; and when the work falls upon the market, as it does now and then, it sells at prices ranging from $2,500 to $3,500. The series of pictures are and will be of full-page size, and the first reproduction (black ducks) has remarkable artistic excellence. The engraving is by photographic process direct from the original.—*The Easy Chair in Syracuse Herald.*

Game Bag and Gun.

SOME AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.*

III.—The Quail.

From the personal point of view, each one generally has his own preference in respect to the bird which he prefers to shoot to secure the greatest pleasure, and this preference in turn determines the shooter's opinion in that such bird is therefore the best of all birds for the purposes of sport. Thus one prefers ducks, and not considering that his own personal idiosyncrasies, or greater success, or habit and long association, or what not, may have much to do with his preference, he solemnly affirms that duck shooting is the best of all shooting. And so with him whose choice of sport is the shooting of some other bird—that bird is sure to be exalted above all others.

But from the standpoint of the greatest good to the greatest number, quail shooting for many reasons is the best of all shooting. It is a kind which affords such mixed shooting—open and cover, slow and swift—that parts can be found to meet the skill and fancy of all, be the former little or great, and the latter fastidious.

There is much of the open shooting which is not so difficult as to dishearten him of moderate skill, while, on the other hand, in cover the shooting tests the skill of the most expert sportsman. And again, taken all in all, whether in open or cover, the shooter of good average skill can compass a good showing in results, having the consequent pleasure which comes from reasonable success. And in this connection it may not be amiss to maintain that a certain degree of success is essential to the shooter's pleasure. Many writers deprecate the consideration of the bag, treating it as an irrelevant gross incident, or one so dominated by the beauties of nature and the ethics of shooting in the abstract that it should be mentioned in hushed tones or viewed with eyes askance. The beautiful and the useful should go hand in hand. Each is a part of the great whole, and as such should be equal factors in sportsmanship. To the sentimental, which ennobles and adorns the useful of life, there must be added the material and the practical; to the shooter there must be reward for his efforts. It has often been said that it is not all of shooting to shoot, nor all of fishing to fish, forgetting the converse that all of shooting or fishing being absent there is no shooting nor fishing at all.

Moreover, now as to quail shooting in respect to quantity, there is more of it than there is of any other kind of shooting, hence each shooter can better satisfy his longings for sport if it be measured by the size of the bag or the number of opportunities offered. And there also more of it when measured by the matter of time, for it extends through a season of about five months, taking it as it is in the North and the South. Thus the man whose business cares leave him but a few days for shooting, and these at no definite time, has more possibilities of sport on quail than on any other bird. But the very abundance of the bird seems to have checked the proper appreciation of it. Not that it is treated with neglect, but there seems to be a lack of the enthusiasm and lavish use of the superlatives, as is often to be noted when writers are discoursing on the ruffed grouse, or woodcock, etc. Nevertheless it is not uncommon to have a keen relish for what is rare, even if it be not of the best, while the good may be so common as to escape notice.

The quail is more uniformly and widely distributed throughout the United States than is any other game bird. Its habitat generally comprises both open and cover (though to this whole districts are exceptions, as will be touched on later), thus, besides giving the sportsman a mixed style of shooting, is added the charm of constant variety and the testing of his skill in woodcraft. It differs in this respect from the ruffed grouse, whose habitat is in the woods, and therefore in a much smaller section of the United States than is that of the quail; the former being strictly a bird of the forest, it in practical shooting never can be the bird of the people, though it be a bird whose qualities win the most admiration, qualities equal to testing the skill of the best sportsmen.

All works on natural history, so far as I know, teach that the quail's habitat comprises conjointly both open and cover, and while such is true in a general way, there are important exceptions to it—so much that a work devoted to the habits and habitat of the quail as they are in one locality might be distinctly erroneous if applied to the quail of some other locality. In this respect it differs from the prairie chicken and the ruffed grouse; for of the one it may be said without qualification that it is a bird of the prairie, of the other that it is a bird of the woods; and such saying of them will be found to be true wherever those birds may be found. The quail thrives wherever it can obtain a food supply, in open or cover. It readily adjusts its habitat according to the dominating circumstances of food and cover, whether it be in prairie or woods, or a country comprising both open and cover.

In the country north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi rivers it frequents the open fields largely, preferring such as have a good food supply, with hedges or old walls and fences fringed with brush, or nearby woods and thickets to which it can run or fly for shelter or safety. In these sections it rarely goes far into the woods, preferring to skirt along the outer edges of them merely for protection and shelter, as the hawks are its deadly enemies and it needs to be ever alert in avoiding them.

Flights.

Often the flight of the quail is a compromise between cover and open, it including both, so that on the other hand it is never so easy a prey to mediocre skill as is the bird of the open, the prairie chicken, the bird of slow wing, little given to strategy in evading its enemies, and trusting for safety to open flight, which is neither swift in itself nor puzzling to the shooter. As the ruffed grouse is so difficult as to be discouraging to most of shooters as being beyond their skill, patience or endurance, so the prairie chicken, being at the other extreme, soon dulls the sportsman's interest from the monotony of the sport which is afforded and the ease with which the bird may be killed. The chief merit of chicken shooting consists in that it is summer shooting, coming at a time when the zest of the sportsman is keen from months of deprivation from sport with dog and gun, and when the outing has the charm of the prairie in its most beautiful adorning and the novelty of the shooting season's beginning. There is a monotonous sameness to chicken flights which begin and end in the open, thus lacking the spirit which pervades the sport wherein is a variety of flights in cover and open, and wherein the trees and brush force the shooter to time his shots and to quick decision to take advantage of the opportunities offered. Such combinations of obstructions and flights, combining curves and straight lines, require a style of shooting differing in every particular from the spiritless and calculating shooting so commonly practiced by the methodical chicken shooter. When the chicken becomes very wild, as it does late in the season, flushing at long ranges, it is difficult to shoot it, though shooting then is a test of the gun quite as much as it is of the shooter, and it is at a time when nearly all shooters have finished their shooting on the prairie, hence late chicken shooting is not worthy of much consideration as a sport of the many.

Roosts and Shooting.

It oftenest roosts in the open fields where there is at least a few inches growth of grass, or stubble, or weeds for concealment, and it uses the same place many times if not constantly disturbed, as indicated by the grass or other vegetation being beaten down in the small circular opening—the roost—about 2ft. in diameter, and the pile of droppings in the center of it. The birds roost on the ground, bunched up close in a circular form with their heads outside; thus all facing toward the outer circumference of the circle, which cannot be approached without coming to the view of some bird; and thus the arrangement is said to provide for the safety of the whole. In theory it seems an admirable arrangement; in practice it works very faultily. They often fly reluctantly when they have comfortably adjusted themselves for a night's rest, and the pointer or setter can draw very close to them then, generally doing it with greater precision than when they are more scattered about, the evening hours also being more favorable for stronger scent. Were not dogs trained to such stanchness as is required in shooting, they could easily at such juncture spring in and capture, as indeed some partially trained dogs will do under the circumstances.

In the States of greatest bird abundance, as in Arkansas, Mississippi, etc., and where there are many ragweed fields, in them very destructive shooting often takes place near the twilight hours, when the birds have settled themselves for their night slumbers. When the dog points, the shooter fixes himself at a good distance from the roost to obtain the best scatter of the shot. Then the birds being flushed, they swarm up loosely all together for 3 or 4ft., where the shooter snaps them and often does nearly as much damage as if he had potted the birds on the ground. It is hardly necessary to add that this practice is disapproved by all true sportsmen.

In the Prairie Region.

In Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and other prairie States the quail readily adapts itself to the local peculiarities of the different sections, utilizing such slight advantages as may offer, as hedges, fences, the cover with which most streams are fringed, high weeds, etc., in this respect the habitat of one bevy being quite distinct from that of another even in the same immediate locality.

Its Enemies.

It sadly needs cover for its protection, its enemies being both of air and earth—hawks, foxes, dogs, etc.—and the eggs too fall a prey to the rapacious appetites of some of its enemies. In the South the cur dogs of the negroes—every family owning from one to as many as they can possibly maintain, and all kept in a kind of half-famished condition—prowl through the fields seeking for food, and they are the very worst of egg destroyers. Were it not so hardy and prolific a bird its fate would be swift and certain extermination. The negro dogs seem to be almost omnivorous. In the fall they may be seen making daily visits to some persimmon tree, where they eat the fallen fruit with great apparent relish, and the ones which have some claim to hound blood are not averse to making a meal in the cornfield on corn when it is in the milky stage. With such rapacious enemies to contend against, the destruction of the quail must be great, but in addition to all that, many are trapped and netted, methods which destroy whole bevies at a time.

Quail of the Woodland.

But to return to the matter of the quail's habitat—in certain parts of the South, as in the oak woods in sections of Alabama, Texas, Arkansas, or in the pine woods of Louisiana, Mississippi, etc., the quail may live wholly in the woods, food being therein secured in abundance, and food is always a first consideration. In cover some of the shooting is easy and some of it very difficult, though hardly ranking in the latter count with ruffed grouse, in respect to which bird the quail is neither so wary nor so wild. Shooting in some parts of the pine woods is almost as easy shooting as is that of the open, the ground being bare except for its covering of dry pine needles. The smooth trunks of the pine trees standing several yards apart and free from limbs upward of 30 or 40ft. offer no serious obstacle to the shooting. In other sections of the pine woods, where the growth of the trees is more stunted and the limbs grow from near the ground up, the difficulty of the shooting is second to none, and in some sections almost impossible.

Prairie Quail.

Again, there are sections wherein the quail lives on the open prairie, as in parts of Arkansas, and that being strictly open shooting it much resembles chicken shooting, excepting the difference in the size and speed of the two birds, the quail being much the quicker to get away at the start. It makes its flight in the open prairie, lighting near any little bit of shrubbery, be it no more than a bush or two of sumac, which by the way grows here and there on the prairie in Arkansas. In the woods when pursued it frequently takes to the tree tops for safety, where it is safe indeed. On the warm days, or when there has been a long spell of pleasant weather, it is far less wild than when the weather has been stormy, or when there has been a sudden change from warm to cold. Such changes add to the difficulties of the shooting immeasurably.

Northern Shooting.

In the North it makes its habitat where some buckwheat or other grain field will be available for a food supply. It so arranges its haunts that it has some cover within easy flight, to the densest part of which it flies for safety when flushed, not refusing the heavily timbered swamps if too much persecuted by the shooter. In such places it has an excellent chance to foil its pursuer by simply running away, or if pressed to take flight it has many chances to escape owing to the difficulty of shooting accurately in the dense cover.

New England shooting is the most difficult of all quail shooting, excepting perhaps shooting in the dense pines of some sections of the South, the shooting being difficult in itself, and to have any satisfactory success the scattered birds must be diligently followed and sought in the thickets, be they ever so dense. In this respect it differs from shooting in the sections of more abundance, where such close attention to the scattered birds is unnecessary either for sport or the interest of the bag.

In the South, where there is an abundance of birds comparatively, the sportsman rarely tarries with a bevy which gives him any special difficulty. It is much easier and more satisfactory to go on and seek more birds. For this reason, even under favorable opportunity, the scattered birds are never as a rule hunted till the last one is flushed and marked down, and flushed again when it is possible, the limit to seeking them in the North being generally when there is no hope of finding the birds at all. These are good reasons why the birds of the North should be wilder than the birds of the South, and why there should be differences in the methods employed in shooting them.

In New England buckwheat fields are the choicest resorts for food, and any adjacent brush or long grass of swamp or upland or the skirts of woods afford them the shelter and protection that they need or seek. No doubt the birds become wilder in the North than in the South, for first of all the inclement weather of the North tends to make them so, and there is a much more relentless pursuit of them by the shooter. The birds being scarce, after the bevy is scattered the search continues while there is a hope of finding a single remaining one, and if success with them has been unsatisfactory the shooter may return later to catch them, when they are whistling to each other in their attempts to come together as a bevy.

Quail Dogs.

In the broad plantations of Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, etc., a dog of reasonably wide range is necessary—much wider than would be either desirable or

* The first paper of this series, the Woodcock, was printed in issue of Sept. 12. The second, the Ruffed Grouse, Oct. 10. Others to follow will be devoted to the Quail and the Snipe.

useful in New England or similar sections in respect to cover, for there is much of the country in the South, open and cover, which everywhere affords a bountiful food supply, and therefore the birds are to be found in the most unexpected places, the cover and cultivated fields not aiding the hunter's judgment to the degree that they do in New England shooting. In the latter place there are comparatively few areas in which the birds can get both food and cover together, or even food alone, and the sportsman soon learns to distiguish the favorable places; in the South there is food in abundance everywhere, in cover and open. There are vast fields, some of which are overgrown with sedge grass, others with weeds, with fields of cotton and corn interspersed, any part of which is a fit habitat for the birds; thus the dog working out such ground in the South can beat out all parts of it with probable success. In the more open grounds of the South the dog can be seen at long distances, so that a wide range is not detrimental in that respect, providing that the dog is really working to the gun and not self-hunting or semi-self-hunting.

As to the manner in which the dog should hunt, no hard and fast rule can be laid down which would apply to all sections. Whatever may be the habitat of the quail, it learns to make the most of its surroundings in promoting its own safety and interests. It learns whether it is better to fly or run in evading its pursuer, and the best strategy to attain that end. If good cover is conveniently near it may trust to its wings at once for safety, and to its legs and wings if followed into the cover.

If the country is open or with narrow and insufficient cover, as in parts of Louisiana and other sections where the ground is thoroughly cultivated, it trusts a great deal to its legs and cunning devices. In working on such birds the dog must learn to govern his work by the circumstances of it. He might be an excellent performer on quail in the North and a poor one in the South, or he might be a good one in Mississippi and a poor one in Louisiana, though the presumption is that if he was good in one section he would soon be so in any other after the necessary experience.

Dogs in Louisiana.

Many of the plantations of Louisiana are drained by open ditches running parallel at reasonably equal distances from each other, though the distances may vary greatly one field with another, and may be 50 or 200yds. more or less apart, while other ditches of like arrangement intersect them at right angles; thus a plantation may be cut up with more or less regularity into small squares surrounded by ditches. Some plantations may be irregularly ditched, while others with a fair degree of watershed may not be ditched at all. The heavy rains round the banks of the ditch and its bottom, and a fringe of weeds and brush thick and thin in places string along the banks and make a fairly good shelter for the quail. On the squares are grown cotton, or corn, or nothing, as the case may be, though if not cultivated there is always certain to be a good crop of weeds. There is always plenty of quail food. When flushed in such places, the quail may fly a few yards to the first ditch, or may cross over two or three ditches before finding a place to its liking. As mentioned elsewhere, the state of the weather may greatly affect its habits. Then the bevy having gone to the ditch for safety, the dog to be useful must have great superiority in roading in the ditch or in the open. When in the ditch, the birds run swiftly along the bottom. It is almost impossible at first to induce the dog to go into the ditch, or being in it is impossible to make him remain therein, though it may not be over a foot deep and dry at that. He will cross out from one side to the other, missing the scent and accomplishing nothing useful. He does not know what is required of him. But once he catches the idea he soon improves on it, following carefully along the bottom of the ditch and pointing the scattered birds here and there every few yards apart in ones and twos, the shooter having a good opportunity from his position on the outside to kill as the birds whir out. The shooting is not so easy as one might imagine. Sometimes the birds run swiftly several hundred yards or more in the ditch and may then cut across to other ditches, giving work which may try the most experienced dogs in following the puzzling trail. If the birds happen to be near a cotton or corn field, where the ground is bare and no ditches for concealment, they may run so fast and far that the dog may never get near enough to them to secure a point, and the shooter who is inexperienced in this work will think that his dog is surely deceiving him. When near the woods or switch cane the birds often take shelter therein, and when in the latter it is well to give up further pursuit of them.

In the sugar country, where there may be cornfields here and there among the broad levels of the sugar cane, the character of the shooting again changes. Many birds will be found in and around the cornfields, and then it is very pretty shooting. It may not be amiss to mention, for the benefit of those who shoot about sugar cane fields for the first time, that they should keep their dogs out of such fields as much as possible. The cane in harvesting being cut diagonally across with a knife, the stump has an edge which will cut a dog's foot almost as a knife would, and it is a common matter for a dog to split his toes or heel if run in a sugar field, with the result of a crippled dog and no more work for the time being.

Winter Shooting in the South.

In Mississippi in the midwinter season the birds stay in the woods mostly. Good shooting may be had in the South from the middle of November to the first of March, though many of the Southern States have a much longer open season, but the dense cover and warm weather make a natural limitation to the sport. The weather is mild, the birds are strong and the sport is at its best in the winter months of the South.

Guns for Quail Shooting.

Quail shooting is close shooting as to the ranges at which the birds are killed. Most birds are killed within 25yds., some much nearer than that distance. A gun weighing from 6½ to 7½lbs. is of ample weight, and the 12-bore is most commonly used, though the 16 and 20-bores are excellent and preferred by many sportsmen, and of course the smaller bores may be much lighter than the 12-bore. The 16 and 20-bores being smaller, their killing circle is less, though they shoot with quite as much force as the 12-bore. Closer holding is required to shoot them well. Whichever is used, the gun should be a cylinder. There is no need of a choke-bore in quail shooting. Some shooters use a .44cal. shotgun.

It is an extremely difficult matter to induce the average shooter to use a cylinder-bore gun. Its use seems to be construed as reflecting on his ability to shoot a close gun instead of being accepted as a matter concerning the gun fit for that particular kind of game. It requires time to effect a cure in the use of choke-bores in quail shooting. One has to treat indulgently the emotional attacks, sentimental and practical, which appertain to shooting, from the romance of it which requires that the landscape be bathed in mellow sunlight, the prairie bespangled with flowers, the breezes laden with the fragrance of the wild woods, the glories of nature coloring all, to the attacks in the practical details which require the closest of guns in shooting quail and woodcock, the heaviest of loads when the lightest are better and what common sense dictate, or that a point, be it ever so well done and so accurate withal, is sporting heresy unless made by a black, white and tan dog. The sportsman should go forth equipped for his sport according to its needs and not to the whimsicalities of senseless fashion. He should not take a full-choked gun in cover nor a cylinder-bore gun to shoot ducks. There should be intelligent adjustment of means to ends. Industry and skill and woodcraft should not be balked by inappropriate theories and weapons.

The foregoing is written of the quail as it refers to man's pleasure afield with dog and gun. It naturally is not fearful of man and rather prefers to dwell near his haunts, not from an affection for him, but from the fact that near the cultivated sections there is always more food to be found than in the uncultivated. The matter of providing food for itself and its young is quite as constant and insistent in the life of the quail as it is in the life of man.

It often nests close by the cultivated fields. Its cheery, ventriloquous whistle reiterating its favorite utterance "Bob White" may be heard about the farms here and there particularly in the morning hours, and the name "Bob White" has come into use to designate the bird itself. Sometimes the call is uttered with a short introductory note, and these, with a few alarm calls, or calls of inquiry when the birds have become scattered, seem to be about all the calls these birds have.

In many parts of the South, where the birds are in greater abundance, their sweet notes may be heard in many directions in the early morning and evening hours, and work great harm to it, for the shooter hears them and thereby learns of the whereabouts of all the birds in his neighborhood and "locates" the haunts of every bevy. In the fall the notes of the quail often serve to inform the sportsman as to the best course for the morning's hunt. In the South it is called "partridge."

In the fall when the shooting opens the quail soon learns of its danger, and its habits thereupon change quickly to conform to a life of greater safety, compromising on the dangers, the food supply and the thickets as places of refuge from danger, for the quail will run many risks to be near an abundance of food. However, when danger is impending it avoids the open much more than when danger is not, and is more alert, quicker to suspect mankind and quicker to take alarm.

When spring returns the birds seem to lose their fears of man, and they breed with little reference to concealment from him. Their confidence is unimpaired till fall approaches, when there is a repetition of all the fears and troubles and dangers of the preceding years.

He who can average three kills out of five shots is an excellent marksman. The shooter may make a run of ten or twenty straight kills, but there are soon sure to come misses if he does not pick his shots, and in winter the shooting is much more difficult than in the fall. Of course the man who never misses might do better, but the man who never misses is of the parlor and not of the field.

B. WATERS.

ARKANSAS GAME.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 5.—One by one the bars of restriction have been taken down, until now it is lawful to shoot all kinds of game in the State, with the exception of pinnated grouse, which are protected.

Aug. 1 it became lawful to shoot deer, and from then until Feb. 1 deer may be hunted without restriction. Notwithstanding that opening day was an extremely hot one—the thermometer registering 103° in the shade—a number of parties were out. Encouraging reports concerning the deer come from all parts of the State, and though the weather has up to the present time been very unfavorable for hunting, quite a number of deer have been shot by local hunters, and our commission merchants have also received quite a number. Friday I saw a consignment of six that came from Winchester, Drew county, a little station on the Pine Bluff branch of the Iron Mountain road.

Sept. 1 the opening season on turkey began, and for the next eight months a war of extermination will be waged on this noblest of game birds; a season entirely too long by three months. If the bird was only given a chance to mature he could manage very well to hold his own with the majority of hunters; in fact, better than any of our other game. With the exception of gobbling time in the spring it takes a skillful and crafty hunter to meet with anything like success when in quest of this bird. In gobbling time he who is well up in the art of calling will find it no difficult task to lure the then bent on love-making gobbler to destruction, and it is at this season of the year that most of our turkeys are shot. This bird, I am pleased to say, is reported in increased numbers from all parts of the State, and not a few have already been shot.

Oct. 1, the opening day on quail, dawned bright and clear, just as every shooter desired; but the breeze that had been blowing from the north was succeeded by a calm, and the sun shone down with a summer fierceness that soon took all the hunt out of man and dog, and also added to the difficulty of finding birds. For in such weather they only remain in the opening for a short time, going into the woods and thickets, where they remain until about 5 o'clock in the evening, when they again come out into the opening to feed and roost. This they continue to do during the hot days of early fall, but on cloudy days they generally are to be found in the openings all day, while later on in the season just the reverse is the case. For when the weather gets cold and it is clear they always seek the sunshine, while in cloudy weather they take to the woods or just skirt them.

Though the conditions were altogether unfavorable to success, I could not resist the temptation to at least make one effort for a quail supper. Having some six weeks previous found four coveys in a little pasture just below the city, I thought I would have no difficulty in bagging a half dozen, which was all I desired. A start was made at 7 o'clock, and when I arrived at my little pasture you can judge of my inward disgust when I found that some of my friends had already preceded me, and were working over the field with their dogs, but without success. Not satisfied with their showing, I made my dog work carefully over the whole field again, and also the adjoining woods, but all to no avail; several other fields were hunted over with like results, and while the dog several times showed signs of game nothing was found until about 10 o'clock, when he found two scattering birds in some high ragweeds. These proved to be very strong and entirely too swift for me, so I quit in disgust, as it now was very warm. I never saw so many shooters out as on this day, yet a careful inquiry failed to find any one who had met with anything like success; sixteen birds to two guns was the best bag I heard of, and that was the result of a hard day's hunt. Though the open season has just begun, the netter is already plying his vocation.

To-day the sportsmen of the city were treated to the disgraceful spectacle of a whole bevy of quail being displayed in a show window of one of our restaurants. That these birds were netted is beyond the shadow of a doubt, for in this season of plenty it would be next to impossible to catch them in a trap. The most aggravating part of the whole matter is that the sportsmen are powerless to take any action against it. Under our existing statute it is legal to trap quail on one's own premises, and furthermore to shoot them at any season if in the act of destroying fruit or grain. This perhaps was the transgression these birds were guilty of; very likely digging up the farmers' sweet potatoes. As the burden of proof is on the prosecutor, it is impossible to convict any one for trapping or netting quail, no matter where they are caught.

Nor is this the only thing the sportsman has to contend with here. From all reports it is very evident that quail have been shot for a month or more past. Six weeks ago there were numbers of coveys to be found in the fields on the outskirts of the city, then nearly grown. Yet of all of the coveys that had been located by the sportsmen at that time few were to be found on the 1st, and these only in broken and depleted number, while from their extreme wildness it was apparent that they had been hunted. To-day I was told by a gentleman whose integrity cannot be questioned, that on Sept. 26 he saw a man walk up one of our main streets, right in the heart of the business center, with five quail, which were displayed in full view. Yet no one had the courage to arrest him, and if any of the officers saw him they evidently did not understand or did not want to do their duty. What's everybody's duty is nobody's. Despite these discouraging circumstances I still believe this will be one of the best quail seasons we have had for a long time, though to get good shooting one will have to go to a less populated district. The vegetation is quite rank and there is plenty of cover, so that a fair estimate of our quail cannot be made until we have had several frosts, which will enable one to go thoroughly over the ground. This will likely not occur before November.

The prospect for good duck shooting is not brilliant. Wood duck shooting in this vicinity has been a failure, and really so all over the State, with a few exceptions. The slaughter of this beautiful bird began as early as June, when the early brood was scarcely able to fly. It was at this time that the market hunters on the Sunk Lands in the northeastern part of the State, near Paragould, Greene county, resumed operations, and this will continue into May next year. Nothing like the usual bags were made here this year. Some of our local shoot-

ers began shooting what few wood ducks there were in this neighborhood in July, and since then they have kept persistently at it, but six is the largest bag I have heard of. Wood duck shooting in the summer time is a most unsatisfactory sport. The flight never lasts longer than an hour in the morning, and about the same length of time in the evening, and frequently much less. About 50 per cent. of the birds shot are lost, as no effort is made to retrieve them until after the flight has ceased, during which time all the cripples have made good their escape. The shooting is generally where the water is covered with buckbrush, lilypads or flags, where even the dead ones are difficult to find, while on the evening flight the retrieving must be done after dark. Imagine a man pushing his boat through such obstructions seeking his dead ducks with a torch, with millions of mosquitoes buzzing around and very likely the temperature up to 90°. This is what some people call sport. This handsome duck, once so abundant in our neighboring marshes and lakes, has almost disappeared. Yet some of our shooters are at a loss to account for its departure, for only five short years ago a bag of forty in an evening was no extraordinary feat. To me the solution of this problem is very apparent.

For the past ten days there has been a good flight of these ducks near Cache, a small station on the Helena branch of the Noble division, which is a part of the Iron Mountain system.

Our prospects for fall duck shooting are not any brighter. The extreme and prolonged drought of the past summer has dried up many of our lakes, sloughs, bayous and marshes, so that unless we have a great rainfall within the next two weeks I fear this sport will be of a rather inferior quality here. Some few teal have already arrived, and our first flight is now about due. Teal are reported to be quite numerous on the lakes near Van Buren, in the northwestern part of the State. A bag of thirty-eight was made on the Sunk Lands last Tuesday, Sept. 29.

A tidal wave of squirrels seems to have struck the State, as though to overrun it. Everywhere large bags are made daily, and without any visible diminishing of the supply. At Wilmot, in Ashley county, there is a market hunter who first ascertains how many squirrels he can dispose of, and then kills just that number; no matter how many, he always fills his orders.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

WILD TURKEYS.

I HAVE killed wild turkeys. But there came a day when I was entering my 'teens and living on the farm that I saw more wild turkeys than I ever saw before or have seen since, and I did not kill any of them either, though I was armed with father's favorite rifle. Where those turkeys came from and where they went after the chasing I gave them is not plain to me, for I did not hear of them before nor after that day.

It was my habit in those days of boyish irresponsibility, whenever a leisure hour afforded me the opportunity, to take down the old muzzleloading rifle and make a bee line for the woods. I did not have far to go and kept the family table pretty well supplied with squirrels. In this way I became a tolerably sure shot even before I had the strength to hold the long-barreled piece off-hand. I usually kept the rifle in order and the old shot pouch supplied with everything needed. So on this day I slung shot pouch on shoulder, took down the gun from its rack, and crossed the highway that separated our farm from a neighboring wood. I reached the corner of the wood about 100yds. from our house, walked along the fence a few rods to find a top rail that would not roll, climbed to the top of the rail fence and took a look at the woods. I would not have been surprised to see one or more gray squirrels going up trees or running on logs, but imagine my feelings when I counted just twenty-five full-grown wild turkeys on a large oak log not 150yds. distant. One would have been enough, but twenty-five all in a row, and not over 250yds. from our house. By the time I had recovered from my surprise the turkeys were off and going, some walking, others stopping to pick a bit of nut or look at me, then running to catch up. Of course some of those turkeys were mine. I concluded that two would be about the right number, so slipping off the fence I started to sneak within rifle shot.

It was impossible to keep behind trees from all of them, and when the turkeys saw that I was following them they just laid themselves out to have fun with me. One would raise himself on his tiptoes and flap his wings, and just as I pointed my gun around a tree at him another one would say quit and my intended victim would move on. Thus for half a mile I followed, dodging from tree to tree, and trying for this one, then for that, but never being able to get a bead on one before it moved. Finally, after they got me so rattled I could not have hit a flock of barns, a fine gobbler stepped on a small log and gave me the first fair chance for a shot; of course, I missed. The turkeys flew a short distance and went to scratching for their dinner.

Blowing through the gun to open the tube, if perchance burnt powder had lodged therein, I poured the powder home, then fished out bullet and patching and placed them on the muzzle. Next I felt for my knife, with which to start the ball and cut the heavy drilling. No knife there. Could I tear the drilling with my teeth? Of course, I must. And I did succeed in getting a portion torn off large enough for half a dozen loads, and rammed the charge home. The turkeys were no doubt looking for me and gave me the same old "song and dance." I fired at the first one that came in range, but missed; and with much flapping of wings the twenty-five turkeys flew over me and back toward the place where I had first seen them. Again I chewed at the drilling and enveloped the bullet with a goodly portion, then wiping the perspiration from my brow started after my turkeys. When I reached the edge of the woods, the turkeys had crossed the highway and were running across our farm. I went to the house and got my knife, then started to get my turkey. I had concluded that I could get along with one turkey. They seemed a little shy when I tried to approach within easy gun shot, so I took the first chance and fired. Twenty-five turkeys arose and sailed away, and that was the last I ever heard of wild turkeys in the vicinity of my old home.

During the winter of '69 to '70, while getting my first experience in pedagogy near where the Wabash River enters the State of Indiana, I took a stroll in the neighboring forest one evening, and for a companion took along a rifle belonging to the gentleman with whom I was boarding.

I did not expect to kill anything; simply had to work off some of that pent-up wildness that was not allowed to assert itself in the schoolroom, and to draw on my imagination for the rest.

After going some distance into the timber I stopped by accident, facing a large dead oak tree that stood some fifty paces distant and towered head and shoulders above its neighbors. I scanned this once mighty oak from base to branch, meditating the while on the ravages of time. But what is this? Perched high upon a branch and looking out over a sea of gentle swaying tree tops stood a lone wild turkey. What a fitting *finale* to my meditations. The decaying oak, once the monarch of the forest, now hoary and withering, the worms gnawing at its trunk, and its roots mouldering in the earth, and supporting with one of its lifeless arms what was the last specimen I have seen in eastern Indiana of the noblest game bird known to America.

I have never forgiven myself for killing that bird.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

RHODE ISLAND GAME INTERESTS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just at the present time the members of the sporting fraternity of this State are more or less interested in the ultimate results of the prosecution of Allen Stone, who was captured red-handed during the close season with nineteen partridges in his possession. The details of his arrest and the technical quibbles whereby his lawyer has endeavored to secure his liberty have been given at length in these columns. Last Friday the matter again occupied the attention of the court, when something of a surprise was given by the discontinuing of these cases, it being deemed unwise to prosecute on the warrants in those cases, because of technicalities involving the legality of the appointment of the game warden who made the complaint, and the manner in which the several warrants were issued. Lawyer F. W. Tillinghast, who has been called into the case by the Rhode Island Game Protective Association since the first calling of this case, advised this discontinuance after a careful examination of the authorities. He said:

The statute clearly intends to punish the offender for every bird found in his possession, but it does not follow that a separate complaint must be made for each bird. It is the having in one's possession that constitutes the offense, and whether it be one or many birds, the offense is the same, only the penalty is changed. For the nineteen birds found in the possession of the defendant Stone, he may be made to suffer the penalty prescribed in the law of paying a fine of $20 for every bird, but it should all be alleged in the indictment.

He also argued that the intent of the word bird was the act which constituted the offense, and he quotes a case in point, that of State vs. Prescott, 153 Mass. 396, in which it was alleged that the defendant did unlawfully take 1,000 smelts. The court held that but one offense had been committed and that the number of fish was of no consequence except for the purpose of determining the penalty to be imposed.

Mr. Tillinghast said that when the birds, however, were separated the case ceased to hold. However, the matter of W. L. Plabsted's qualifications to serve the warrants was not a consideration, as the intent of a warrant was to get the offender into court, and after once appearing and pleading it would make no difference if a seven-year-old boy had served them.

As to Mr. Stone's once having been in jeopardy, he stated that in the lower court it was not possible that he be in jeopardy unless he had been tried and sentenced.

Stone was immediately arraigned again on a warrant including the nineteen birds in one. He pleaded not guilty, and was placed under $500 bonds to appear for trial next Friday, Albert Burgess being his bondsman. The warrant was sworn out by Game Warden Thomas W. Penney, of Providence, to avoid mistake. H. F. Thompson is counsel for Stone.

John Comstock and George L. Keach were tried, following the above case, for each having a partridge in his possession unlawfully during the close season. Fines of $20 and costs were imposed and both men entered appeals.

Efforts to Stock Warwick Neck.

The Warwick Neck Game Association was organized in September, 1895. It is composed chiefly of summer residents who are interested in field sports and are desirous of protecting the game in the depleted covers of the Neck.

The club has a small number of members, and they are allowed a limited number of days shooting during the season. If they start to hunt on a day and spend but an hour, that counts as a complete day. They are limited to ten birds to each gun, and are fined 50 cents for each bird above that limit, and must not shoot more than fifteen in all. No birds may be sold. The officers of the association are: President, F. H. Peeham, Jr.; Vice-President, H. N. Campbell, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, C. A. Nightingale.

Warwick Neck is favorably situated for the experiment, as it is surrounded on three sides by water and has continuous cover which is congenial to quail. Leases of the land were readily obtained from the owners, who preferred that the shooting on their premises should be done by responsible parties, who would use due care and not injure the property. These leases were carefully prepared by a prominent Providence attorney and contain provisions authorizing the taking of such measures as they may deem necessary for the protection of game on their premises and to bring suit against any trespassers.

It being too late for stocking when the association was organized, the grounds were posted and pains taken to preserve what native game birds there were on the Neck, and it is stated that there never was so little shooting as during the fall of 1895.

In March, '96, about 400 Kansas quail were purchased of Charles Payne, of Wichita, Kan., and liberated on the preserves of the association. Kansas quail were chosen, as they were considered more hardy than other birds and are of larger size. Of the 400 quail purchased by the association, only about a half dozen died in the transportation of 2,000 miles.

Care was taken to feed the birds after they were liberated, and as the season advanced they spread out all over the Neck and wandered over the lawns and meadows, piping their cheerful notes in all directions. Many nests were found in quite unusual places. One containing twenty-seven eggs was placed in some weeds not 10ft. from high water mark. Another was located beside a large rock in a pasture where blasting was going on within a few rods. The mother quail continued to "hold the fort" through it all, and brought off seventeen lively chicks. One of the residents put off for two weeks the cutting of grass, until the quail could be hatched from several nests that were in the field.

The association proposes to care for the birds that are left over, and in the close season have them fed and cared for. This is in a measure necessary, for the quail will go where they can get food. And as they are dependent upon seeds and the like for their sustenance, when the ground is covered with snow, they will go long distances in search of food. To avoid this and keep them on the Neck an effort will be made to induce the farmers to throw out a little grain at such times as may be necessary.

Another game bird which this association is to have on the preserve is the English pheasant. The organization has received 158 eggs, and from these some fifty birds were hatched. There is a peculiarity about the pheasant, for she will continue to lay some fifty or sixty eggs if they are taken from her as fast as they are laid. As soon as these eggs were received they were placed under twelve setting hens within one week from their leaving the other side. As soon as they were shipped a wire was sent which gave notice to have the setting hens ready, and they were secured. The hens were set in small houses especially prepared. Unfortunately they were placed too near the ground, and during the heavy rains which occurred about that time some of them became wet and were chilled, so that only fifty hatched, or possibly they were made weak by the journey. As it resulted only twenty-six birds lived to maturity. It is a question whether these birds will be able to take care of themselves in this climate and find food, but at all events the association will see that they are cared for. The young birds required a special kind of meal and they have grown very rapidly.

The members will refrain from shooting them this season, and application will be made to the General Assembly to place a close law on English and Mongolian pheasants until Oct. 1, 1897. The club feels much encouraged by the results of these efforts to propagate the pheasant, and propose another season to enter upon it on a much larger scale.

All these experiments cannot but prove beneficial to the sporting interest of the State, and these birds will help the shooting all over the vicinity.

The association has posted a notice to sportsmen: "The land on Warwick Neck is posted, and shooting rights have been acquired by the Warwick Neck Game Association. Sportsmen will kindly take notice and avoid trespassing on these grounds."

Notes.

Stray deer have been reported as having been seen in different parts of the State during the past fortnight or so, but with one exception I have seen no reports of any having been shot. Edward Underwood, seventeen years of age, shot one a few days ago in the Buck Hill woods, near Pascoag. It weighed about 150lbs.

John D. Tiplady and Joseph E Oates were recently fined $20 and costs each for shooting quail in the close season in North Providence. W. H. M.

THE SORA OR RAIL BIRD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 10 you have an article entitled "Some Queer Ways of Game Birds," it has occurred to me that it would be a good thing if any reliable information can be obtained as to the habits, etc., of the sora or water rail. I have hunted them in the marshes of Maryland and Virginia for many years, and the queer stories about these birds and their habits are legion.

The negroes and many white sportsmen down their positively say that they originate from frogs, and assert that there is nothing more strange in this than "that butterflies should come from caterpillars and frogs from tadpoles." At first thought this seems ridiculous, but in a recent rail shooting trip away up on the Rappahannock River, in Virginia, I found any number of the natives who stuck to this story, and in another location in Maryland, fully 200 miles away, they one and all made the same assertion. One thing is certain, that if the hunter goes on to the marsh one day and is deafened by the croaking of frogs, his guide will quickly say, "No birds to-day," and diligent search will fail to find any. The next day if he visits the same spot, and the frogs are silent, the guide will say, "The birds are here, sir," and sure enough they will be found on hand.

Now everybody knows that the water rail is a poor flyer. When he first appears he can fly but a few hundred yards at the utmost; toward the latter part of the season, when he becomes fat, he cannot fly any distance at all. In the September *Outing* there is a very interesting article on the rail bird, in which the writer says that the birds "arrive in the marshes in May and depart at the first frost." How could they do this when they can't fly? I have made diligent inquiry, and have never found anybody who ever saw them in May or found their nests or young. Men who have spent their lives in the vicinity of the marshes ridicule the assertion that the birds ever appear there until August or September, and I have been repeatedly told by these very men that the birds do not entirely disappear at first frost, but have been seen and killed even as late as Christmas.

Several guides at points far distant from each other have even asserted that "in digging out muskrats, they had dug up the birds out of the mud in a state of torpidity," and the same has been said of the house martin. I once overheard one of them telling a group of his friends that in turning up his nets one winter day near a muddy spot they found a house martin in them, "torpid and sort of gummed up." They wiped the bird dry and laid it in the sun, and in a few minutes it became lively, rose in the air some 50ft. and then dove straight down into the mud and disappeared. At any rate this is a most interesting subject, so much so that I have heard it discussed for years by rail hunters everywhere I have been, and the natives one and all agreed that the birds "came from frogs." I know of a marshy place in a valley in the mountains of West Virginia where rail birds have fre-

quently been killed, and the mountains are so high that it would be a physical impossibility for them to surmount them when they are fat, which is always the case later in the season. How did they get there? How could they get away?

At 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, Sept. 15, I left Baltimore on Weems Line steamer Westmoreland, and after a pleasant trip down the Chesapeake Bay and up the Rappahannock River I arrived at the pretty little town of Tappahannock, Va., at 1 o'clock P. M. the next day and was met on the dock by Capt. A. F. Bagby. He is a sportsman and also is mine host of the Hotel Bagby, and a mighty good host is he. The hotel is pleasantly situated and well kept. They get their drinking water from an artesian well 720ft. deep, from which the water flows under a natural pressure. This water supply business is an important item, for most of the country towns get their water from nearby wells too often infected from surface drainage, which results in more or less danger of typhoid and malarial fevers. Tappahannock was troubled some in this way until they used artesian water, and is now one of the healthiest of towns.

Capt. Bagby is a sportsman and good fellow, and had most kindly made every possible arrangement for me, so that when he drove me out to the marsh (three and one-half miles distant) the next day we found boats and pushers ready, and as soon as the tide served he and I went at it and bagged fifty-one rail birds, which was doing pretty well, as the tide was not high enough to enable us to get to the best parts of the marsh.

The weather was too hot and tides too low for the next three or four days, so he supplied a nice team of horses and on Tuesday, Sept. 22, he and I rode twenty miles across the country to the Matapany River, and he located me at the hospitable old colonial house of W. T. Henley, Esq.

Mr. Henley owns a marsh of some twenty or thirty acres in extent, located directly opposite his place, and as the tide served about noon we gunned on it and bagged forty-four birds, and Capt. Bagby returned home that afternoon. I remained two days longer, but tides were too low for much sport and I got only twenty rail birds there; we could not get at them on account of low tides. If the sportsman can happen along there just after a big easterly gale toward last of September or early in October he is sure of fine sport in rail bird shooting, for there are two marshes near Tappahannock of considerable extent and they are swarming with birds, and Capt. Bagby will always make arrangements for boats and pushers. And so ended my rail bird shooting for the season of 1896.

ROBERT C. LOWRY.

ACROSS THE OLYMPICS.

SEATTLE, Wash., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Frank Reid, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Roland Hopper, of Orange, N. J., have in their possession two sets of magnificent bull elk horns, a trophy of their eventful trip over the Olympic Mountains from Hood Canal to the Pacific Ocean, a trip which has not been taken previously except by two parties—one the Government expedition in 1890, and the other a press exploring venture about the same time. The little party of which Reid and Hopper were members traveled more miles, endured more hardships, and had more genuine pleasure and saw more grand sights than any other hunting party which has yet had its experiences in western Washington given to the public. The trip was planned about a year ago, while Frank Reid and a party of friends were camping at Clifton, which is the extreme head of Hood Canal. Reid had been anxious to visit the practically unexplored portions of the Olympics for some time and briefly outlined his plan, which included a trip over the Olympics, through the stamping ground of the elk, blue grouse and bear, to the headwaters of the Quinault River on the western slope, and then down the river to the lake of the same name. After a hunt and fish at the lake he proposed to secure the services of Indians and shoot the rapids of the lower Quinault River and land at the Quinault Indian reservation on the Pacific Ocean. From there he suggested a trip either along the shore or by canoe to Cape Flattery, and then up the Sound to Seattle, making a trip of 265 miles. He found kindred spirits in Roland I. Hopper, of Orange, N. J.; Fred Church, son of the famous painter, who lives on the banks of the Hudson River; and Edward Munn, who was manager of the Princeton football team in 1895. Reid had been "holding down" a claim on the shore of Lake Cushman for two or three years, but his home is in Buffalo, N. Y.

Every member of the party was living near Lake Cushman, that beautiful little body of water which lies in a deep valley at the eastern base of the Olympics, surrounded by forests of giant firs and within hand-shaking distance of Mount Rose and Mount Ellinor, which tower 5,000ft. above it. In preparing for the journey it was calculated that six weeks' provisions would be necessary. Each man was allotted a 40lb. pack in addition to his firearms and ammunition, which all hunters will recognize as no small burden in itself. Only four rifles were taken along—one .30cal. new Savage rifle, two .45-90 Winchesters and one .38 55 Marlin. The camping outfit and provisions were put on three small but strong and sure-footed cayuses. The combined weight of the loads carried by the cayuses was about 500lbs., and great care was taken to see that these burdens were securely fastened to the beasts, because the shifting of a pack on a narrow, mountainous trail not only means hard work, but possibly the loss of both animal and luggage as well. On the evening of July 24 everything was ready for the start, and the next morning witnessed the assembling of a picturesque party at the west side of Lake Cushman, where the Government trail, made in 1890 by Lieut. O'Neil's party, has its beginning. Each one of the party wore the toughest looking wide-brimmed sombrero ever seen, coarse shoes with hobnails, and a pair of overalls and undershirt. In fact, each one had aimed to cut the weight of his outfit to the minimum and still keep it serviceable. To a person who has never plodded through a Washington forest or clambered up a mountain side in pursuit of a deer it is hard to convey an adequate idea of the wear and tear on clothes and footwear. If a person not acquainted with the Olympics becomes lost, even though a short distance from his friends, he will ofttimes find his clothes in shreds when at last he hears a response to his "whoo-hoo."

At the end of the second day out from Lake Cushman the little party found itself at the head of the Skokomish River, twenty-five miles from home. Many people speak of this place as the "First Divide," and although the Lake Cushman boys looked upon it as a comparatively easy part of the journey, a man unaccustomed to such jaunts would involuntarily remark, "Deliver me from any harder work with this pack on my back."

The rain came down in torrents now and there was a great hustling to make camp and get a fire started. The camp having been made and the coffee-pot set to boiling and the bacon to frying, all gathered around and calculated which would get the lion's share. Out camping in the Olympics a man unconsciously arrives at that stage when he figures on the size of each piece of bacon and amount of coffee left in the pot after the first round.

They talked that evening of the trip up the Skokomish and congratulated themselves that they still had three horses, because it was a wonder that one of the beasts had not been killed while it was rolling down the mountain side. It is truly wonderful how near a man or beast will come to death on a mountain journey, and yet escape with a few bruises and scratches. If one of those three cayuses could talk, its story of a roll down the mountain would be interesting. What caused the outbreak is still a mystery, but without the slightest warning this animal commenced plunging, and a moment later cleared a 4ft. log at the side of the trail and went rolling down the steep decline to the river below, carrying with it a pack weighing 150lbs. Fifty feet below the trail a friendly log that was propped slightly above the ground stopped the cayuse in its mad flight, and the startled hunters had the "pleasure" of gazing down upon a conglomerate mix-up of a big pack and a small animal, whose four feet were pawing the air in a wild manner. With some misgivings the hunters worked their way down to the scene of disaster and cut the pack loose to effect a rescue.

Along the river at stated points may be found the places where Lieut. O'Neil camped. Each camp has a number, and even to this day the ranchers who live in the Lake Cushman country speak of them as Camp No. 3 or 4 or 5. The last-mentioned would afford a writer material for a clever story. At this point the restless waters jump and tumble over ragged rocks that form the bottom of a cañon. From bank to bank it is fully 100ft., and from top to bottom 80ft. A log not more than 3ft. in diameter spans this chasm, making a convenient footwalk for any one who desires to cross. Sometimes hunters walk boldly out on the rough surface and after reaching the middle suddenly think of home and mother, and make the remainder of the journey on their stomachs, while the waters roar below them in vain efforts to induce a fall. Tradition has it that Lieut. O'Neil used to drill his men on that log in order to cure them of any disposition to look right or left. Did this party walk the log? Oh, no; they had horses to get across, so all went up stream to a ford and crossed in safety. Roland Hopper tried to walk the log two or three years ago with a heavy pack. When he was part way across the pack shifted, and for a moment it was a life and death balance act with him. Finally he effected a compromise by embracing the log. Hopper says he is glad he was not one of O'Neil's soldiers.

After four days of almost incessant rain camp was broken and the party made its way over a rough country to the headwaters of the Duckabush. This point is called the second and sometimes the main divide. It is the point that separates the rivers which flow into Hood Canal from those that make their way down the steep western slope to the Pacific Ocean. On a clear day a magnificent panorama stretches itself in all directions before the eyes of the adventurous hunter. Within a quarter of a mile is the Duckabush glacier, a sight in itself worth traveling miles, and from its base creeps the stream that finally loses itself in the salt waters of Hood Canal. At the left hand, far away, can be seen Gray's Harbor, while down below stretches the beautiful country of the Quinault Indians. To the northwest towers Mount Olympus, its jagged head 8,000ft. above the level of the sea. In the northeast another mighty sentinel, Mount Constance, blocks the way, raising itself into the clouds as if to rival Mount Olympus. Close at hand lies Lake Marmot, whose waters are cold as ice; and in all directions peaks, some large, some small, rise up like barriers against the inquisitive hunter.

The main divide is about 5,500ft. above the sea's level, but from it more of the rugged beauty of the Olympics can be seen than at any other point. When the party pitched camp near Lake Marmot and commenced the construction of a cabin, they were compelled to dig down into deep snow banks. Before the end of a week, however, much of this had disappeared, and the valleys became transformed as if by magic into gardens of paradise. As the hot rays of the sun beat upon the snow and drove it back foot by foot, rich, luxuriant grass made its appearance and grew like mushrooms. The valleys glowed with a carpeting of wild flowers. There would be immense patches of red here, blue there, white somewhere else, and yellow further on. Fir trees had disappeared, and in their place could be found Alaska cedar and shrubs. During the three weeks that the party camped in this country of flowers, valleys, glaciers, mountain peaks and big game, the weather was hot and there was no call for heavy clothing. The moonlight nights were wonderful to behold, and Reid became sort of moonstruck until one evening he saw a shadow stealing steadily across its surface. He looked and looked, and rubbed his eyes and rubbed them harder. A horrible idea entered his mind. He could not bear to think of it, but yelled to his companions to come and look at the most wonderful sight the heavens had yet shown them. Some one remembered that there was to be an eclipse of the moon Aug. 28 and mentioned that fact, which gave Reid instant relief.

It was four days from the time camp was first made that Reid and Hopper were able to take their first hunt for elk. A heavy fog had hovered over the mountains, making it out of question for an extended trip over the "hogbacks," down steep snow slides, or through deep and narrow ravines. Probably this enforced delay made them all the more eager and determined when they did shoulder their rifles and take to the woods. They had not gone far from camp when they discovered signs of big game. They tramped nearly all day with the alluring track before them, but not a horn was seen. Finally they stopped on a ridge and were discussing the best direction in which to turn their steps, when they caught sight of some moving objects coming down a steep slide.

"Sure as you're born, we've got 'em at last," whispered Reid in smothered excitement.

"There is elk dead certain," replied Hopper, "and they will work right along down the cut at the base of this ridge. We've got 'em at last."

The elk, unconscious of danger, came down the snowy road, sliding and jumping, the herd being led by a magnificent young bull. The declivity was so sharp that when they would take a step forward their bodies would swing around, but this did not seem to worry them in the least, and they trooped along. The hunters watched them for several minutes before taking to cover and commencing the arduous journey to a position of vantage. It is impossible to detail here all the difficulties encountered in working to and around the herd. At last it was accomplished and the hunters were within 100yds. of forty fine specimens of the Olympic kings. Some were stretched out on the snow resting, while others were standing peacefully or browsing. Hopper unslung his kodak and moving up a little nearer took a snap shot at the herd. This interesting piece of work accomplished, each man picked out a young bull and moved up. A twig snapped and the sound, slight though it was, reached the ears of two cows that were slightly separated from the main herd and nearer the hunters. The cows jumped to their feet, and instantly the whole herd was aroused. The hunters lost no time, but moved rapidly into the open. With this forty elk sprang up in alarm and made off up the mountain, but not before two sharp, ringing reports were heard in the crisp mountain air, and the two young bulls had been won.

No time was lost bringing horses from camp to pack in the prizes of the chase. More pictures were taken, and this developed the fact that the curtain string had been broken when Hopper snapped at the herd.

One day after this Reid and Munn were out in the mountains when they came upon a large black bear asleep at the base of a tree. Reid stopped short and threw a shell into the chamber of his rifle. As he did so the bear awoke with a grunt and made off only to fall dead with a bullet in his head. The same day Munn killed a fine specimen of the fisher. This ended the hunting. Of fishing there was none to be had. Lake Marmot furnished an abundance of fine frogs' legs, but so far as the party discovered there was not a fish in the lake.

On the morning of Aug. 25 camp was broken and, according to previous arrangements, Munn started back for Lake Cushman with the horses and the greater part of the outfit. Church, Reid and Hopper each took a pack of 60lbs. and started for the Pacific Ocean, intending to follow the O'Neil trail, which has a course along the bank of the Quinault River. On the downward journey the first object of interest is the Lindsley glacier, which is about 6,000ft. above the level of the sea. It is a huge mass of ice, easily discerned from a long distance, and rivals in grandeur many of the already famous glaciers. It gives rise to a small stream of water, which after flowing a short distance is known as the Quinault. The water is white and, although it flows with great rapidity, it is not difficult to cross owing to its narrowness. The hunters soon discovered that the O'Neil trail was overgrown, and that in many cases the blazings made on the trunks of trees had disappeared, and could be found again only by the closest scrutiny. Indeed it would have been a difficult matter to follow the trail at all had it not been for the knowledge of Church, who acted as guide for Lieut. O'Neil. The party worked along for a considerable distance through dense thickets and over large windfalls. Such slow progress was made that it became a matter of policy as well as expediency to resort to another method of reaching the lowlands. The forest was literally covered with elk trails, and it was to this kind of a road that they trusted their footsteps. A great difficulty lay in keeping on a straight course, because at frequent intervals cross tracks would lead out into new feeding grounds. On many an occasion, when the trail appeared to be clearly defined and certain of an extended course, it would suddenly stop in the midst of some dense thicket or against a windfall. Any hunter who has attempted to make his way over a moderately rough trail with a 40lb. pack on his shoulders, cartridge belt around his waist and a rifle in his hand will recognize the actual hardships endured by these hunters. At night they slept by a small camp-fire, rolled up in blankets, and, after the trials of the day, were not troubled by sleep-disturbing dreams. Their sleeping bags are ordinary blankets folded lengthwise, then sewed at one end and up the open side. At night they crept in, pulled the upper edges close around their necks, rolled over and thus found themselves as snug as if they were in a weather bed.

On the second day the fishing began to be good. In fact, they did not have tackle strong enough to hold the trout that were eager to grab the fly which struck the riffle or eddy. It was an easy matter to step out into the river and in five minutes kill enough trout for a meal. It took five days to reach Lake Quinault, a beautiful little body of water about five miles long. The journey could have been made in a much shorter time, but the pleasure of spending a half day upon the banks of the beautiful stream could not be passed. There were signs of bear, elk and cougar everywhere, but the actual game did not put in its appearance.

It was surprising how many fine farms, with good improvements, are located around Lake Quinault. The farmers were invariably hospitable, and did everything in their power to give the visitors from the other side of the mountain a good time. Many pictures were taken, and it was with regret that the little party got ready for its exciting trip through the rapids of the lower Quinault River. Before going one morning was spent in watching the Indians catch salmon. It is claimed that the Quinault salmon are superior to every other variety known except those taken in one part of Scotland. The Quinault salmon do not exceed 7lbs. in weight. They are called blue-backs. Their flesh is very red and of a very fine grain, oily and rich.

The trip through the rapids of the Quinault is certain to become famous within a few years. There are fifty shoots and in many cases life is in danger. Our hunters' estimation of George Underwood, the Indian guide, who sat nonchalantly in the stern of the canoe, avoiding a rock here, gracefully skirting a curve there, and heading through a sea of foam, went up several points. Ten miles from the ocean the sound of the surf could be heard. At first the sound resembled that from a great battle, and as it came nearer it seemed as if volley after volley was being fired from immense guns.

After resting a day at the reservation the hunters

walked sixteen miles along the beach to the Queetz, where the Indians held them up for every cent they had for a ferry across. They camped on the beach that night, and along toward morning were awakened by a fierce fight close to their camp-fire. Every man grabbed his gun and rushed out, only to find that a lot of Indian dogs had stolen all their bacon. They tramped twenty miles more over what is known as the Ruby Sands to the Hoh River, where they found an Indian family consisting of thirteen people, which was about to embark for Port Angeles. Arrangements were made with the head of the family to take them along. The canoe was 42ft. long with a 6ft. beam. It was made at St. George Island and was one of the finest of its kind, capable under the hands of the Indians of riding a severe storm. It was a great experience to watch the Indians work the canoe through the breakers into deep water. It took four days to reach Port Angeles, and the experience of going outside Cape Flattery in rough weather was novel and exciting. Once during the trip the Indians put the canoe out of sight of land and ran in with the sealing schooner Viva, which had been seized in the Behring Sea. As the canoe hove in sight the first words asked by those on board the schooner were: "Where is Cape Flattery?" The schooner Sutherland, with a big load of disappointed Alaska miners, was also hailed near the cape.

From Port Angeles the party took a steamer for Seattle, arriving Sept. 14. A trio of tougher looking objects have not struck the city for a long time. Their whiskers resembled tules and their clothes made every policeman suspicious. When they walked into Jim Sheehan's place on Second avenue and made themselves known, Sheehan remarked: "Begorra, boys, you look tough, but you can have anything in the house." The invitation was accepted and for a couple of days the heroes of the greatest hunting trip ever taken in western Washington had a glorious old time. Having their acquaintance with the world, they returned to Lake Cushman and are now leading the lives of every-day ranchers.

PORTUS BAXTER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Reed Birds.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 10.—The sportsmen of Chicago have heretofore never included the reed bird in their list of game birds, although they may have frequently seen the reed bird upon the menu at hotel or restaurant. There is a tradition, which I am sure is an altogether unjust one, which goes to the effect that my friend and companion Italian Joe, the famous upland market shooter of Chicago, kills and sells reed birds in this country all through the winter, delivering them ready picked. Of course in the winter time the reed birds have all gone South, though the English sparrows still remain. Very few shooters of this region know that the bird they call the bobolink is good to eat, but he is. There is a place down on the Calumet River where for the past few weeks countless numbers of these birds have been passing over, and numbers of them have been shot by duck hunters from their blinds. The shooters, who are also *cognoscenti*, have had some sport and plenty of eating out of this flight of bobolinks. On the platter before cooking the reed bird is a corpulent little beast, about as big as an unshucked butternut. On the platter after cooking he is not much bigger that your thumb, but good all the way through. A good relish for broiled reed birds is to make an orange salad, with a dressing of lemon juice, olive oil, salt and pepper. At least I saw this in a Sunday paper once.

Rail Birds.

In the East the tiny rail is looked upon as a game bird, and the time is coming when he will be viewed in like manner in the West. No snipe shooter of this country would ever pay any attention to a rail, and the bird has had neither a market nor a sporting value attached to it. Yet it is good to eat and does well enough to fill up the corners of a bag which does not carry as many jacksnipe as one has hoped. This fall the great Kankakee marshes are unusually full of water, and where last year there were good snipe grounds there are good rail grounds this year. The snipe hunter, splashing along in the shallow water, very often puts up one of these singular, heavy flying little birds, and sometimes does not resist the temptation to cut down the sluggish creature. If he only marks the bird down in the grass without shooting at it, and then attempts to put it up, he will find that he is rarely ever able to do so, for the rail is first a runner and then a flyer. The lesser rail is not shot for the market, but some of the hundreds of market shooters who haunt the Kankakee bottoms make a business of shooting king rail for the market. These men sometimes kill some of the small rail for their own eating purposes. The native rail shooter who is successful needs a dog, not to point the rail, but to chase it. This dog is usually a cur, and his duty is to follow the rail to its alighting place and then to run after it as hard as he can go, chasing it out of the grass and forcing it to take wing. There may be hundreds of rail all about one on a marsh, which the shooter will never see or hear if he hunts without a dog, whereas with a well-trained cur dog he can kill 100 rail a day if he likes, and at times can make a bag of three or four dozen of king rail, which bring a very good price on the market. The king rail flies about like an ice wagon, and so cannot be called difficult to hit. He is much more difficult to eat, especially in respect to his hindlegs, which constant exercise has developed into a toughness similar to that of the nether limbs of a bicyclist. There never was a season on the Kankakee when rail were as abundant and as easy to kill as this fall. Of course they cannot be shot at all in the Eastern way of hunting them from a boat, but have to be walked up on the marsh. In this way they can never be exterminated, as the spots where they are most abundant are in the deep and heavy cover of the wet marsh, where they cannot be reached on foot or in a boat.

"English Partridges."

There is another native industry on the Kankakee, which I venture to say is unknown to the public. I learned of it through a local hunter, who thought I was a good kind of man to keep it quiet. It seems that the market hunter is a lot wiser in his day and generation than he is sometimes considered. So far from being reckless and prodigal, he is thrifty and prudent to the point of conservatism. I presume that every man who ever went on a marsh anywhere in this whole wide world has had the big brown bitterns, locally called "fly-up-the-creeks," "squawks," etc., etc., fly up under his feet and flap heavily off, with long neck extended and legs hanging back in dragging helplessness. These birds are held in disrespect of the public, and though many are shot, few are ever eaten. Yet I am told in confidence that they are not bad to eat—if you are hungry. More than that, I am told and believe it to be true, that at the time of the World's Fair there were several market shooters on the Kankakee marshes who shot these bitterns regularly for one of the big restaurants at the Fair, where they were sold as "English partridges." Let visitors take counsel of memory, and declare if they ever ate any English partridges at the World's Fair. The shooters got from $3 to $6 a dozen for their birds, and I presume the restaurant man got about $3 apiece for them. Those were golden days. If I should lose my job, I think I would avail myself of this professional secret and go into the business of killing English partridges, at which one should make about $50 a day with one hand tied behind his back.

The Arrival of the Mud Hen.

The above references to lately unknown or generally despised game birds reminds one of yet another fowl whose portion was once humility, but which now has risen to recognition, none less than the mud hen, of gregarious and accessible nature and habits. Not long ago the man who would bring a mud hen home with him would have received the contempt of the fraternity, but not so to-day. The native of the Kankakee eats the mud hen and declares it good as any duck, and many sportsmen there be who are fain to make the same admission. Bags of mud hens at some of our swell clubs are not unknown, and more than one shooter has this fall surreptitiously brought home to the city a few of these birds, in the hope that he might find something upon the table which would warrant him in pursuing the birds upon the marsh, from which, as in the case of Casabianca, all but it has fled. It is an easy prophecy that we shall see the time when meadow larks, blackbirds, bitterns and sparrows will all be classed as game birds.

Shooting Notes.

Mr. H. J. Root, of Omaha, Neb., writes regarding game prospects in his State as follows:

"I returned a few weeks ago from a chicken hunt in the northwestern part of the State, and while I had very good sport and was successful in bagging something like 150 birds in a week, at the same time I am afraid it is only a matter of a short period before this magnificent game bird will be a thing of the past.

"I have visited this particular part of the country more or less for the last eight years, and while this season chickens were more plentiful than they had been for years, I can readily see that they are gradually disappearing. This, I believe, is caused by the laws. From inquiry I found that they had been shooting them since July 1, not only the people in the small towns, but parties from Sioux City. They were shot before they were hardly able to fly.

"I believe that under the enforcement of the laws in this State the birds would be plentiful for years to come, as when the law is out they are plenty strong of wing to take care of themselves.

"Jacksnipe have commenced to come in good numbers, and we are looking forward to some good shooting on marsh and lake this fall, as there is plenty of water and no reasons why game should not be plentiful."

Mr. F. R. Bissell is back from North Dakota, where he took out a State license like a little man. He says the shooting he had was worth the license. He bagged 280 birds, ducks, geese and cranes, and had a delightful trip.

Joel Kinney bagged fifty-six jacksnipe a week ago Thursday on Maksawba marsh, and says that if he had shot as well as some men do on snipe he could have killed a hundred.

It was Mr. Kinney's report that sent Mr. W. P. Mussey down to the marsh in a hurry, but meantime had come the heavy rains and high water mentioned earlier, and the birds were scattered. Mr. Mussey and Mr. John Watson together only got twenty-seven birds in two days. From now on the chance for a good day's sport at the jacks will be less than it was two weeks ago, as the water may flood the bottoms of the Kankakee country all fall. Other country is not so good, and I hear only of small and scattering bags.

At Lake Koshkonong, Wisconsin, ducks are coming in at this writing in good numbers, and there are also a good many jacksnipe reported there. This is a good place to keep an eye on for the next three weeks.

I do not get word of any good duck shooting in this country at all this fall. W. W. McFarland killed forty ducks opening day, Sept. 15, at Hennepin Club, and I am not sure this is not near the top for the vicinity this season. A few scattering bags of small numbers and no general interest are reported here and there, from Poygan to Kankakee, but no shooting of which it is safe to make mention as worth looking into. The flight of fowl has begun down the Mississippi River, but shooting there is better in the spring, when shooting should not be done. So far as I can learn, Dakota and Minnesota are the nearest field of much interest for October.

W. L. Wells is at Momence shooting snipe to-day, having gone down on a report that he thought indicated a cinch for a bag of fifty birds or so. Momence has some excellent snipe ground near it, and in the past it has offered as good shooting as was to be found in this vicinity.

A party of Chicago shooters, which included Messrs. R. R. Clark, C. D. Gammon and their friends Messrs. Pease and Kelly, are back from Colorado, where they had a big game hunt. They brought back to this place for mounting twenty-three heads of blacktail deer and three elk heads, so it would seem they had meat enough.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, chief of the Saginaw Crowd (the Forest and Stream Co., Ltd.), left his card for me one day this week when I happened to be out of the office, and stated, all too briefly, that the special car conveying himself and party to their hunting fields in the Northwest was then lying at the depot, due to start in a few hours. I regret very much that I could not meet Mr. Mershon and his friends, and see the famous car of which readers of FOREST AND STREAM have heard so much and so pleasantly.

Messrs. H. B. Start and Ernest Bell, of Elgin, Ill., leave soon for Dallas, Ark., where they will stop and hunt and fish for about six months. They go by rail to St. Louis, and then finish the journey on horseback from that city. They should meet some very interesting experiences.

National Association.

The annual meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association will be held Feb. 10, 1897, instead of the second Wednesday in January, as formerly announced in the literature of the Association, this change being made by consent of the committee having the executive matters in charge.

Game Prospects.

So far as can be determined at this date, the shooting season for this vicinity this fall will be nothing extra for ducks. For snipe it has been beyond the average. For plover it has not been so good as usual. For prairie chickens it has not been good, on account of a great deal of early illegal shooting. Quail will be unusually abundant in this State and in Indiana this fall. Woodcock are not much included in the plans of shooters of this place, nor is the ruffed grouse, although there are many points not far distant in Wisconsin where very fair ruffed grouse shooting can be had. These birds are about as abundant as they have been for the past few years. In general there is a marked settling back of this country into the inevitable times of a permanent game scarcity. Our shooters are hunting all over the West and South for country where they can get something to shoot. The few remaining good game countries cannot take measures too strict to keep what game they have out of the markets and out of the game pockets of the sportsmen. Yet we have game enough, even now and even here, to give everybody good shooting if each would be willing to stop at a fair divide, and not want the whole cake for himself.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

TENNESSEE QUAIL.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the season advances and the leaves begin to turn my hunting fever rises, and I feel as though I would die if I did not have the glorious privilege of making my complaint to some sympathizing ear. I received a letter from my old hunting chum in Chattanooga the other day and I inclose it to you. It simply tells of the abundance of game in East Tennessee, and I can vouch for it being plentiful in West Tennessee, if the people out here tell the truth, and I believe they do. Quail are more plentiful this year than I ever knew them to be before in this State, and I hear that these conditions prevail all over the South. I asked an old farmer who chanced to come into our office to-day how the "crap of patridiges" was out in his country and his answer satisfied me.

But the cable that is welded around my leg is larger and stronger than the one which held poor Prometheus captive, and I fear the "patridges" will not be hurt by my shot this year. Business! that is a terrible word when a fellow wants to go hunting. I saw a deer hanging up at one of the commission houses to-day, and I could hardly persuade my legs to go by it. My eyes were riveted on it, my legs refused to move, and my mind went back to many a happy scene in bygone days. Will some sympathizing fellow sportsman answer one question for me? Why is it that a fellow who cannot hunt, who is absolutely anchored to business—why is it that he cannot get the notion out of his head and forget all about it? If some kind person will give me a recipe to cure the hunting fever without going hunting I will look upon him as a benefactor. A. B. WINGFIELD.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Oct. 1.—*Dear Mr. Wingfield:* * * * I am beginning to take the hunting fever, and think I will have a pretty bad case by Nov. 1. I think there are more quail than usual this year; there are at least ten coveys in one mile of my home on the ridge, and in all of our usual hunting ground in Tennessee and Georgia I hear there are more than ever before. I went squirrel hunting Labor Day, Sept. 7, at Flintstone Tannery. I left home at 6 A. M. in my buggy and got to Flintstone about 8:30 o'clock. Found a man and dog, and went up on the side of Lookout. We spent an hour after a groundhog and got him, and killed six squirrels by noon. I only saw seven, and only shot seven times. The little sixteen is the gun for squirrels as well as quail.

If I had had a sportsman with me that day I think we could have killed fifteen or twenty; the dog treed at least twenty-five, and they were not in holes either. The negro never saw one that day until I had shot him (the squirrel, I mean), and *I* got too lazy to look up in the trees.

I don't think I will go after quail until next month, though the dogs, Billy and Mack, are dead anxious to go now. White and Cowart are arranging for a deer hunt, and it is booked for me to go with them. John Ridge has killed forty-two wild turkeys this fall. He brought me two last week. He killed seven in one hour the day before. W. C.

Better Game Protection in Bergen County, N. J.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Oct. 8.—The largest meeting that has been had for some time of the Farmers' Game Protective Association was held at Cherry Hill on Tuesday last. Discussion on the subject of the present game laws showed that they are regarded as weak and insufficient, the various open seasons on the different game rendering it difficult to properly protect the game and enforce the laws. The constables reported that a number of convictions had been obtained and fines imposed, and it was the sense of the meeting that the laws should be vigorously enforced and maintained, and an endeavor made to obtain better laws next year.

The association offers a reward of $10 for the arrest and conviction, or information leading to the arrest and conviction, of any person killing rabbits or quail before the 10th day of November, or for trespassing on lands posted by the association, and the association will waive all its rights to the fines imposed for the violation of game laws to the person securing the arrest, which is $30 for each bird or rabbit so killed. It also intends to vigorously enforce the law against shooting on Sunday, or the killing of insectivorous birds. Fish and Game Warden Geo. Ricardo is also on the alert and will prosecute all cases brought before him either by members of the association or by the farmers.

SENTIMENT IN MINNESOTA.

STATE OF MINNESOTA BOARD OF GAME AND FISH COMMISSIONERS, St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are some amendments to our game laws that we hope to have passed at the next session of our Legislature, and one of them will be to stop the sale of all game, and brook trout and black bass fish. We believe this is the essence of game protection, and the FOREST AND STREAM has always aided us in our efforts in this respect. Of course, we will have to fight, but this is the only way we will ever preserve our game, because as long as there is something in it in the way of money men will be tempted to go out and kill it. The effect of our law last winter, in stopping the transportation of venison by any common carrier, commission man or sale market, had a wonderful effect, and not 35 per cent. of the venison was killed in Minnesota last year that was killed in '94 and previous years, and it was all on account of their not being able to ship it for sale to any great extent.

Of course, they avoided the law in some respects, as it is almost impossible to stop it in every case. The Minnesota transportation law was carried up to the Supreme Court on a test last fall, mention of which was made in the FOREST AND STREAM, and it was decided in our favor. The Supreme Court decided that the Legislature had the right to say what should become of the game of the State, and all the decisions we have ever gotten from our Supreme Court have been along the same line; so if we get legislation to stop the sale of game altogether, it will surely be declared constitutional by the Supreme Court.

We believe we have more game in Minnesota at the present time than has been in the State for a good many years, and that people are taking a deeper interest than ever before in the matter. Numerous clubs have been formed all over the State to aid the Game and Fish Commission in enforcing the law and creating public sentiment, and this movement has had great effect. People look upon the game and fish of our State as worth something in dollars and cents, and this is a vital matter with people when anything touches their pocketbooks. We have noticed the effect of it this year in so many men coming from other States to fish and hunt in Minnesota. They all leave a great deal of money in our State, which is just so much richer by the transaction. We welcome everybody to come and fish and hunt here, but they must obey our law the same as our own citizens. We limit the amount of game that can be killed and the catch each day, and we allow no game to be taken out of the State. If this policy is carried out in the future, we believe we will have game and fish in Minnesota for all time to come.

Thanking the FOREST AND STREAM for the great assistance you have given the Game and Fish Commission, and the cause of game and fish protection all over the country, I remain yours very truly,

SAM. F. FULLERTON, Executive Agent.

HUNTING RIFLES AND CALIBERS.

TOLEDO, O., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been a very interested reader of the discussion which has been going on in the columns of your paper upon the subject of hunting rifles, and thinking that a little experiment which I recently tried might be of interest to others, I write concerning it.

I have used rifles of the .32-40, .38-55, .40-65 and .44-40 calibers, and as an all-round gun for use on game from the size of a deer down I like the latter best.

In testing the .32-40 and the .44-40 together I found that with both guns sighted to shoot center at 100yds. each shot under about as much as the other at 200yds., so that in elevation there was practically no choice between them. However, the .32-40 had by far the greater penetration. Now, the bullets commonly used in the .44-40 cartridge are of pure lead and flatten out very easily upon striking any hard substance, and desiring to see if the penetrating powers of this cartridge could not be improved by hardening the bullet, I cast some containing about one-tenth tin, and then to test the matter I fired first a lead and then a hardened bullet into a seasoned chestnut post 6in. in diameter.

The hardened bullet went clear through the post and cut its way cleanly, but the lead bullet only penetrated about 3in., and when recovered was a flat, thin piece of lead nearly 1in. in diameter, and the wood was a good deal slivered for a considerable distance each side of the track of the bullet.

I have never used hardened bullets in a .44-40 on game, but from having seen what it will do on game with a lead bullet, and then in seeing how greatly the penetration can be increased by hardening the bullet, I am inclined to think that very few of the latter bullets would fail to go through a deer at any distance up to 200yds. Next month I am going out to look for a deer, and hope to give the matter a practical test.

AUTOKEE.

Indians and Game in Jackson's Hole.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On my way to Jackson's Hole this fall I saw Bannock Pete with a party of eight Indians. He was extremely happy, saying, "Mebbe so come 1st of September killum elk." Four days after their arrival nine residents of the Hole, with Constable Manning at their head, arrested five Indians, three not showing up, and allowed old Pete with the squaw to return to the reservation. The five Indians were taken to Evanston and a penalty of thirty days apiece was imposed for hunting without a license.

During their four days' sojourn in the Hole they had killed eighteen elk. In view of this slaughter and the abundance of game this season, it is but just to the residents of Jackson to allow their claim that the performance of last year was entirely justifiable.

J. J. NALL.

Quail in an Illinois City.

MACOMB, Ill., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A fine bevy of quail made their appearance in the Court House yard to-day in this city. They took refuge in the tops of the large elms in the yard. The boys got after them with their little BB rifles and shot every one of them. Evidently they had got lost and bewildered or they never would have come here, as this city has a population of 6,000, and the Court House yard is surrounded with business houses.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

Texas Game Notes.

PETTY, Tex., Oct. 4.—The quail crop in this section is larger than usual. In walking a mile or so, I flushed two large coveys of about twenty-five birds each. The weather has been favorable to nesting and brooding this season, as in wet seasons the chigres are a very dangerous foe to the young chicks.

The scarcity of water during the long dry spell has caused some of the birds to migrate to the watercourses, but the recent rains have replenished the water supply and the birds are returning to the prairie again. The present crop of young birds is about grown, and the birds are in good condition apparently.

Shooting will be fine by the 15th of this month, when nearly all the cornstalks will be out of the way.

The cold snap about Sept. 27 brought a considerable flight of waterfowl. A good many teal were seen in the pools and ponds, but very few were shot that I heard of; there were also several large bunches of geese seen to pass over on their southward journey to the Gulf. The indications are good for another cold snap in a few days, when the flight will be renewed.

From Grand Saline, Tex., comes the report that the quail crop this year is good; the young ones are about grown, and seem to be strong on the wing. The duck season has about commenced; several have been killed already. The snipe marsh is not in good condition, as there has not been rain enough to cause them to stop; it is rather too early yet for a flight of jacksnipe.

We hope to get plenty of rain soon, and if so we will have good shooting of both ducks and jacksnipe from Nov. 1 to 15.

PROVO.

The .303 Smokeless.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have lately returned from a hunting trip in Wyoming, and before setting out purchased a Savage repeating rifle, .303cal. I had no doubt as to its trajectory and penetration, but feared the shock of the small bullet would not be sufficient for big game. My first trial was at a bull elk, 80yds. off. The ball, a metal patch with soft nose, struck him through the foreshoulder, ranged up and back, penetrating the backbone, and stopped just under the skin on the opposite side. Instead of making a small hole at entrance and a large one near the exit, the place of entering was large enough to thrust my thumb in, and it was even larger inside. The bull was dropped flat in his tracks, and never got up. My next was at a buck antelope, and was a very lucky shot. I shot from an elevation of about 100ft. at the buck on a slow trot. I made no allowance for drop, but shot point blank in that respect, only allowing 1ft. in front. At the report he dropped dead. I paced the distance, with my brother following, and it was 480 paces. The antelope was a splendid specimen, and shot directly behind the foreshoulder, and showed the same large bullet hole and perforation as the elk at the short range. This may be interesting to your readers, as it is practice, not theory.

C. P. S.

Geese at Sweetwater Lake, North Dakota.

J. E. N. writes of a goose-shooting trip to Sweetwater Lake, in North Dakota. The route was from Langsdon over the prairie, twenty-two miles. "Soon after leaving our camping place we noticed thousands of geese feeding on all sides, and we wasted some time in trying to get a shot. An hour later the lake came in sight, with geese everywhere roaming, screeching and flapping their wings as only thousands of geese do congregated on a sheet of shallow water one mile square. Our shooting started during the afternoon, but not until next morning did the guns get heated up to anything like full working temperature. I did not keep the individual score, but the aggregate bag after six days' shooting consisted of 253 geese, 60 ducks, 5 chickens and some rabbits. The weather during the week was most disagreeable and very much against our shooting. We had a wagon come to meet us to convey our game, and the return trip over the prairie was uneventful. Excepting six deer, nothing was encountered."

Sea and River Fishing.

THE SCIENTIST SPEAKS.

I KNOW all the electrical and mechanical lore
Of Roentgen's rays, Tesla's oscillator, and more,
Even some things scientists must not tell;
But, best of all, I know (and treasure well)
Of a brook which runs where the crickets sing,
And the pool where the black bass is the king.

W. H. B.

FARMERS AND THE TROUT LAW.

A FRIEND has sent me two editorial clippings from the New York *Farmer*, and asks me to say in FOREST AND STREAM what I think of them. This I cannot do, for if I should say all I thought FOREST AND STREAM would not print it. The articles are so irrational, illogical and prejudiced that to any one who really understands the subject of which they treat they contain their own answer, which is, that they are based upon an unintelligent knowledge of the objects of the game law complained of and what has caused it to become a law of the State.

The articles seem to be an attack upon what the writer terms "the cranks who preside over our State fisheries" for the passage of laws to which he objects. From my knowledge of the Commissioners, I seriously doubt if any one of them would dignify the articles with a reply of any sort. They do not make the laws and are not responsible for their passage, except as they may recommend certain measures and oppose others (a privilege granted to every citizen in the State as well as to the Commissioners), which their official experience teaches them are best to advocate or combat, and in their capacity of advisers they are far more competent to make suggestions, from the very nature of their official positions, as to what the laws should provide than one who shows his utter ignorance of the subject and his unfitness to write of it without prejudice, when he speaks of "the Fish Commissioners, who think it high treason for any one but a sport to capture such a specimen"—referring to a fish.

The tenor of the whole article makes it read like a grand-stand play on the part of some interested party to capture the farmer for some purpose or another, but I believe the farmers are much too intelligent to be fooled by any such gold brick game; for I must assume that the very small number of farmers who could in any way be affected by the statute complained of have no desire to wipe out a law which would result in the extinction of a food product which in the seeking by the people is the means of healthful recreation to thousands. But here is the article to speak for itself under

A Law that Greatly Injures the Farmer.

There are times when brook trout sell readily in the New York market for prices ranging from 50 cents to $1 per pound. In many parts of the State, especially in counties like Delaware, where springs abound, trout could be artificially propagated and grown for market purposes, and the business could be made to yield a desirable addition to the farmer's revenue. But he cannot do this business under the existing laws. He may build his pond and, by stealth, may stock it, but he cannot take the fish from it save by hook and line, though the pond is his own, and the fish are as much his own property as the fowls in his poultry yard or the cattle on the hillsides. No other human being has any right to them, no one else may catch them. The law forbids him to take them with a net or by drawing off the water, so it destroys a possibly lucrative business. But if he were allowed to catch them he must keep them at home or throw them away. Parties in the city might and probably would be glad to pay him $1 a pound for them, but the law steps in and says emphatically "No." In order that our readers may see the odious character of the law, we transcribe Section 100 of the game Law. [Here is printed the law which forbids the transportation of trout of any kind unless the fish are accompanied by their owner.]

There you have it. The city fisherman may come up in the mountains for a day's fishing and in most cases he is welcomed. When he has filled his creel he may give it to the expressman on the train on which he himself returns or he may carry it with him undisturbed by the law. When he gets the fish to the city he may sell them, eat them or throw them into the sewer. On the other hand, the farmer may catch his own trout, not from public streams, but from his private pond, but he cannot send them nor may the express company carry them for him. It does not need a profound intellect to see that such laws are outrages, that they are tyrannical and unjust. The instance quoted is only one of a multitude of phases of the law which must be mitigated. The trout in a private pond are the property of the owner and he has a moral right to catch them when he pleases, eat them when he pleases or send them where he pleases, unhampered by the law. That is obvious to any one with a spoonful of brains.

The conditions described in this bid for the farmer's support are, aside from the quoted law, it seems to me, wholly imaginary, for I do not believe there is a farmer in the State who can, as an adjunct to his farming, build a trout pond, rear trout artificially, feed them till they reach a marketable size and make a dollar at the business, provided the statute complained of was wiped from the books.

It has been tried by trained fishculturists who have given their entire attention to it, and as one expressed it, he hauled his food for the fish to his ponds in a two-horse wagon and carried his trout to market in a basket on his arm. There are a number of successful fish farms in operation in this country, but they are not a side issue to raising wheat and corn, and they are under the direction of competent fish breeders trained to the business, who devote all their energies to the work of fish rearing.

I am not sure that any one of them, even under the most favorable conditions of water, temperature, situation, and natural food, would be successful financially if they aimed only to raise trout for the table, to be sold in the open market. The chief objects of these fish farms are to furnish impregnated ova, fish fry, yearlings or older fish for stocking or restocking other waters, but this requires more skill and more training than it does to plant a hill of beans. If a farmer has a natural trout pond, all his very, very own, which is self-sustaining, and he desires to dispose of surplus fish, he finds the best market for the fish at his own door. Not to the "sport" mentioned, for sports are gamblers and prize fighters—and I never heard of one of these being an angler—but to the sportsman from the city or the country (is it not funny that some people have an idea that all sportsmen come from the cities?) who will pay a good price for fishing a wild trout pond; or, if the farmer prefers to catch his own fish and then sell them, he will find a better market and deliver them in a better condition in his market town.

One dollar a pound for trout is vary alluring to some people when they see it in type a long way from the market place, but as yet there are no free pneumatic tubes by which trout can be shot to markets, and ice and express charges make a hole in the price of each pound. Furthermore, the extremely high prices given for brook trout in the New York market are given for live fish. A writer upon culinary topics in a recent issue of a New York city newspaper said: "The black bass, brook trout and lake trout cannot be found in their best condition in our markets because they lose flavor in every hour they are out of their native waters. To be properly served they must be cooked in the simplest manner as soon as they are caught, and their fine flavor left undisguised by sauce of any kind."

If I were a farmer who desired to try the experiment of a private fish hatchery on a private trout pond in rearing fish for city tables, I would hesitate about accepting advice from one who intimated that the first thing to do after building the pond is to break a law of the State and rob the people before I could commence business.

The people of the State are taxed that the public trout streams may receive contributions of State fish to maintain the supply, and Section 103 of the game law makes it a misdemeanor, with penalty attached, to rob the people of their fish and place them in a private pond, and yet the farmer's advocate in his editorial says to the farmer that he may build his pond and "by stealth he may stock it," and then goes on to prate of fish thus stolen from the taxpayers of the State as belonging to the farmer as much as "the fowls in his poultry yard or the cattle on his hillsides."

No matter what he said after that, I would be afraid that his purpose was to land me in jail while he professed to be my friend, and was trying to sell me an elegant gold brick in the shape of a chimerical trout pond to sink my money in that I had made from my corn crop.

This would-be reformer of our laws that have not a spoonful of brains in their construction, according to his idea, says that "the trout in a private pond are the property of the owner, and he has a moral right to catch them when he pleases, eat them when he pleases or send them where he pleases, unhampered by the law."

Not so; and for the same reason that we have laws which protect the people from bob veal and milk from swill-fed cows. A trout after spawning is a poor, miserable, slimy creature, no better for food than bob veal, and no one has a moral or legal right to send such fish to market for human food, and the people are guarded from such an imposition by the close season for trout. Trout cannot be caught or possessed during this breeding

season, nor for a sufficiently long time after to enable the fish to recover from the exhaustion of spawning and to regain their normal, healthful condition. The people attended to that matter without having to resort to the boards of health for action, and "it does not need a profound intellect to see" that it would be an abominable outrage to exempt the farmer or men of other vocations from the operations of such a righteous law simply that they might profit financially because they happened to own a trout pond that no other human being has a right to approach. Why should the farmer or the minister or the horse editor of an agricultural newspaper have a law enacted for their individual and imaginary benefit when such a law would work injury to the rights of the rest of mankind?

Let us see what led up to the passage of the law complained of, a law which has been in operation for seven years, a just and reasonable law, favored evidently by a large majority of the people or it would have been repealed before this. In this State laws that are "tyrannical and unjust" do not remain for years on the books, for the people have a way of expressing themselves through their representatives in the Legislature when it is known that a bad bill has become a law. Sometimes they are a little slow to act, as in the case of the law which permits the sale of game at all seasons and puts a premium on crime in our neighboring States, a condition of things similar to that advocated by our agricultural friend for the sale of trout, but they will arouse themselves over this game matter as they have already aroused themselves over the sale of trout when they fully understand the injustice of it.

The natural history of the brook trout is unlike that of any other fish in the State, and the trout requires peculiar conditions to exist at all. It will not live in warm water like the pike; it is not a fish of civilization like the black bass; it is not a spring spawning fish like the pike-perch, and it is the least prolific of our food fishes. The smelt, the pike-perch, the pike, the mascalonge, the pickerel and the shad may produce from 50,000 to 600,000 eggs for each female fish, and all are spring spawning fishes, which means that it requires but a few days, comparatively, for the eggs to hatch, and the fry can swim away and disperse through the water as soon as they leave the egg, or within a few days after. The black bass is also a prolific spring spawning fish, but I did not mention it, as it is the one so-called game fish that broods its young after they are hatched. All the fish mentioned will thrive in waters where trout cannot live because of the high temperature, and they will thrive in waters of commerce where trout will not stay if they can get away. The trout is a shy fish, a fish of remote mountain streams and ponds removed from the ordinary haunts of mankind. A two-year-old trout may yield 150 eggs or it may yield twice as many. The average yield of two and three-year-old trout may not be over 500 eggs, and when they get to be four and five years old they may not yield more than twice as many. The eggs may hatch in fifty days or it may take 156 days to hatch them, and after the little fish are hatched it will be another thirty days or more before they are relieved of the burden of the umbilical sac and are able to swim unhampered. During all these days, from the time the eggs are deposited until the fry swim freely, they are the helpless prey of countless enemies. In a state of nature comparatively few of the eggs deposited by the fish are impregnated—in one case where the eggs of the salmon were counted in a Canadian salmon river only two per cent. were found to be impregnated. All these facts combined, that the trout is not as prolific as other fish; that only a small percentage of its ova is unpregnated; that it requires months to hatch the eggs, and that the eggs and fry are subjected to unusual casualties, and are surrounded during the entire period of helplessness by a horde of enemies, make it necessary to surround the fish with every safeguard that the law can provide, and at the same time do everything that the science of artificial propagation can suggest to keep the species from extermination. Because trout waters are remote from ordinary observation, they are the more easily despoiled, and it is simply impossible for the force of protectors furnished by the State to watch over them all at all times. There is a poetic halo about the very name of the trout not shared by any other fish. A boy does not feel that he is a full fledged fisherman until he has caught trout, and men will eat trout simply because they are trout, when a fresh bullhead would be much better and cost much less.

Under the circumstances it is not at all remarkable that the fish command a high price and are sought in season and out of season by various kinds of law-breakers, some tempted by the price and some by the desire to possess trout.

It was not possible to protect the trout streams and ponds for the reasons given, and they were netted by night and by day and shipped by express to market—generally a summer hotel. Once in the possession of a netter, it was out of the question to prove how he caught them and he openly boxed and shipped them. There was one way to reach this class of offenders and that was the transportation clause. He might go to the innermost recesses of the forest and net trout free from observation, but when he brought them into daylight for transportation to market he was met by a law that stopped the business in a great measure, and the same law was afterward applied to deer and game birds with beneficial results.

Admit, for the sake of argument, that there were fifty or more private trout ponds in the State, the owners of which might make a profit from the sale of their trout if the transportation clause should be repealed, would it be just to all the rest of the people in the State to remove this safeguard and permit the old order of things to come in and open every trout water in the State to those who have no fear of the law provided they can get their fish to market after they are netted? It is not imagination on my part that this would be the result of a repeal of Section 109 to benefit a favored few, for if the farmer was allowed to ship trout at any time the poacher would do. Before this section became a law I was at a summer hotel for two seasons and saw the boxes of trout received there from the Adirondacks. The proprietor received and paid for more than he could use because, as he explained to me, if he did not take what was sent the supply would go to some other hotel. It was a moral certainty that every trout so received was netted, and the hotel-keeper and I both knew it, but it could not be proven in court. The trout came such a distance and were so long on the journey that no one who knew what a fresh trout was would care for them, but there was a demand for them all the same. I know positively that the law stopped that traffic, as it did similar traffic elsewhere in the State, and nothing but the transportation clause could stop it. If it is repealed, artificial propagation and all that nature can do to keep up the stock of trout will not save them in public waters for any great length of time.

A. N. CHENEY.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XVI.—Corporal Henry R. Neaville.

HENRY had the taste for observing the habits of beasts, birds and fishes which leads a man to study them, a taste which may, if not checked, cause him to count the fin-rays of a fish or the scales on the tarsus of a bird and then inflict his fellow man with a monograph on fin-rays and scales. Henry never reached that stage, but loved the woods and waters just the same, and was a very quiet companionable fellow of my own age. His father kept the only hotel in Potosi at that time, and Henry and his younger brother Frank were kept by the hotel. Few things troubled Henry; with him "it was always afternoon" and pleasant visions floated in his mind; yet he was not indifferent to the passage of time if aroused by something which interested him. In still-hunting deer he was tireless and no amount of fatigue dulled his ardor. If, however, wood was to be cut for the house Henry somehow never took an absorbing interest in it, and it soon turned out that Henry and I had many traits in common.

We fished for crappies, another fish new to me and one which I considered the best pan fish in the Mississippi. This is the fish, or brother of the one, called "strawberry bass" in western New York, and if my youthful judgment was correct it is a fish worthy of more attention from fish-culturists than it gets. There is a chance that my more mature palate would confirm the verdict of forty years ago, for I never did care to eat a black bass if perch could be had, and residence by salt water has intensified this preference. My friend, Prof. Jordan, says the crappie should be called *Pomoxys*, and in his "Manual of Vertebrates" gives what he thinks the word means in Greek; but I guess the name comes from the Latin *Pomum*, fruit, for the crappie is, in the argot of the day, "a peach"; a few years ago it would have been "a daisy," and so in the process of evolution the fruit succeeds the flower. Darwin, "thou reasonest well!"

A tree top was a favorite place to find the crappie and incidentally to lose fish-hooks. We used short rods, cut in the woods, but not over 7ft. long, for fishing in the tree tops, and the crappies were flat as a pancake and sometimes a foot long. In a tree top if one of them was allowed a bit of line the angler was lucky if he saved the hook. They fought fairly well too, of course not to be compared to the fight of a black bass nor of some perch, but it was sport to take them. We strung the fish through the gills and hung them in the water to keep alive. Once while pulling in my string to add another it pulled heavily and a catfish, which looked to weigh 10lbs., came to the surface. It had swallowed one crappie, but let go when it saw us. Soon after this Henry put his hand in the water and a big catfish seized it and tore the skin badly, causing him to make remarks calculated to hurt the feelings of all catfish which heard them.

As my mining partner, Charley Guyon, never objected to having a holiday, it happened that Henry and I fished frequently in the summer, and hunted for ducks, deer and other game in spring and fall. Shortly after Guyon's adventure with a buck, related last week, Henry and I were following deer up the Grant River, and I saw three of them cross to my side within easy shot. There was a buck and two does. As they came out of the water I dropped the buck, and like an echo of my shot one of the does fell. Henry took off his clothes and swam over and found me talking with a man about fifty years old who had killed the doe. He proved to be a French-Canadian named Antoine Gardapee, with whom I struck up a friendship which will be related "in our next." He was a trapper, and like my old friend Port Taylor was a "character." We dressed our deer, and Henry and I swam the river with it and took turns with the heavy saddle wrapped in the skin and the lighter forequarters.

Gardapee came to town with us and sold his venison. In those days many men threw away the forequarters of a deer. I asked Antoine to come to my house for dinner, and he did, but he insisted that a rib chop out of a fat deer was the best portion, and we had them broiled. He was right, and to-day I follow his advice when venison is in season and buy rib chops. He took a fancy to me because our tastes were in common and I had education enough to write his letters to his friends, and would talk to him on subjects in which he was interested. I looked up to him as a combined Port Tyler and Natty Bumpo rolled into one. It was a sort of love at first sight, or like that of Desdemona for Othello, of which he says:

"She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them."

Henry Neaville had that keen sense of humor which often accompanies a poetic temperament and permits one to both enjoy a sentiment and to burlesque it at the same time. This is a possibility unknown to solemn souls who think burlesque or travesty irreverant or disrespectful, which it is not always intended to be. Byron had this faculty in perfection, and lets you down from a poetic flight with a d. s. thud. Shakespeare turns from heroic Hotspur to fat Jack Falstaff—and Henry Neaville, who had a considerable knowledge of Shakespeare, often paraphrased him. This is what called up the above quotation. Henry once said:

"She lov'd me for the fishes that I caught,
And I lov'd her that she did pickle them."

Frank Neaville, Henry and I one summer day went fishing, and we rowed up against the current of Swift Sloo and around into more quiet waters, made fast to a tree top and dropped our lines. Tree tops in these waters were abundant where the freshets had washed the soil from the roots, and the tree toppled into the water; usually it kept on growing, or at least in full leaf during the season, and afforded a good place to tie a boat and fish either among the branches or further out. A queer tapping noise came from the boat's bottom. I suspected Frank of making it because he was full of tricks of that kind, but they kept up and he did not seem to be the cause.

"Are there spirits among us seeking communication with mortals?" I asked.

"Yes," said Henry, "and I'll try to call that particular spirit from the vasty deep, and find out why he knocks on our boat."

"He wants to come in," Frank explained, "and he's too polite to do it without knocking first."

Henry put on a plump worm, took off the little bullet which served for a sinker, and let his line drift under the boat. In a short time it was evident that something was tugging at his line, and his little rod bent as the spirit, or whatever it was, struggled to get loose. Soon a large fish was pulled from under the boat, and made several kicks and splashes before it was flopping at our feet, showering water and scales. It was a "red-horse," and would weigh about 2lbs., guess weight.

"Is that the cause of the spirit-like raps on our boat?"

"Yes, he was sucking off snails and water worms. Did you never see 'em do it?"

"No, never heard of such a thing before."

"Here's another at it now; come over this side and you can see it. Come still and don't rock the boat, or you'll scare it."

I went and saw about half of the fish extending beyond the boat. It was on its back and its red fins looked bright against its white belly and straw colored sides. At every tap on the boat a slight contraction of the body was observed as he sucked his food from the boards. Frank thought he could capture the fish with his hands and tried it, but had to fish his hat from the water instead. "Golly," said he, "that fish was quick. He jumped when I touched him and slipped through my hand like an eel." After this the drumming of the red-horse was often heard, not only on the boat, but upon logs that were several feet from us. This sucker is the "mullet" or "red mullet" of western New York. It is eatable in cold weather if it is the best you can get.

Henry threw the fish overboard, saying: "Might as well let it go; we never eat 'em in summer. I only hooked it for fun and to show you what made the tappings on the boat. Don't you have red-horse where you've fished? There! Look over on the bank of the sloo. Keep still, Frank, sh!"

A queer-looking object was rolling about on the shore in a singular manner. It grew large and then small. Sometimes it was the size of a small cat and then would increase until as big as an old Thomas. It twisted, rolled sideways and back until it reached the water, where it kicked up a great bobbery.

"I'm durned if I know what that is," said Henry, "I never saw such an animal before. What do you think it is?"

"It's a coon rolling in the dirt and then washing himself off," said Frank.

Henry sneeringly replied: "Coon! yer granny! A coon's got a big bushy tail and is gray. Frank, you don't know a coon from Driesbach's pet leopard."

By this time the splashing ceased and one animal crawled out of the sloo dragging another. Henry and I said in chorus: "It's a mink!" So it was, but he had a muskrat with him, and musky was dead. Our exclamation startled the mink, and it jumped into the grass with its prey. I said to Henry: "That sight is worth more than all the fish we have caught and all the mineral Charley Guyon and I might have dug to-day, or for a week. I knew that mink were fond of muskrat meat, but a fellow might fish for a lifetime and never see a mink kill one."

"What made the mink hurry off so?" asked Frank, "he wasn't in any hurry about killing the muskrat. I'd like to have seen him eat it.

"Frank," said Henry, "that mink had several good reasons for hurrying off. It was dinner time and Mrs. Mink and all the little minks were wondering why papa didn't come home from market with the dinner. Then Mr. Mink may have thought his family might mistrust that he was lingering at Sam Coons's bar and would forget to bring any dinner at all; but the chances are that when we spoke he looked over at us and thought: 'It's best to hurry home before that durned fool, Frank Neaville, asks me a whole mess of questions.' That's the reason he went off so suddenly. Frank, he took one look at you and saw your mouth wide open ready to ask him a question and he sneaked."

Frank looked at me and said: "Henry knows a heap o' things, but somehow nobody seems to realize it but himself. He knows just why that mink hurried off as well as I do, but he won't tell the truth. Now, I'll tell you why he skipped out: the mink was so interested in his fight that he did not notice us until Henry called out. Then he looked over here and said to himself: 'There's that mean Henry Neaville and he'll take my musquash if I don't get out. That fellow is mean enough to take acorns from a blind sow.' And so that mink, which would have been delighted to have eaten his dinner in decent company, sneaked off with it into the woods for fear he would be robbed."

I had taken my rifle along because the boys thought it would be well to kill a pig on our return, and as I had "bought into a claim o' hogs" we went ashore, and after some work among these very wild animals I got a shot and dropped a "likely shoat" that would dress about 60lbs. After skinning the pig we laid it across the bow and rowed around into Swift Sloo about sundown. The strong current was taking us along toward home when Frank saw a wounded pelican near shore and grabbed a tree top to hold the boat. Quicker than it can be told the sudden check in the swift current filled the boat and it left us in the water. Henry was in the stern steering with one oar and fortunately grabbed the painter and held on. Frank and I got out from the tree top and struck for the nearest shore. A bend hid the boat and Henry from sight by the time we landed and then Frank began to cry: "Henry is drowned, I know he is, and all on account of my foolishness!"

I consoled him as well as possible by saying that his brother was a good swimmer and must be on land below the bend, and then we heard his yell, "Yee-e-e hoo-ooo," and answered it. We went down to him, and found that the boat and one oar was all there was left, except the three strings of fish which were tied to the gunwale.

"Well, we might as well go on home," said Frank.

I thought a moment and said: "You boys can go if you like, but my rifle is in the sloo near the tree top and I'm goin' to stay on this island and try to get it when morning comes."

The boys decided to remain after I produced a little bot-

tle of matches, a trick learned from my old preceptor, Port Tyler. Said Port: "You don't never want to go a-shootin' nur a-fishin' with yer matches loose in yer pocket, nor in one o' them metal match boxes; they leak, an' if ye get caught in a rain or tumble in the crick yer matches are all wet when ye want 'em most." The lesson had been firmly implanted by a neglect to follow it on one occasion, and here was proof of the wisdom of the old woodsman. At such a time, when wet, cold and hungry, one good match was worth a king's ransom, and I had it. Dead wood was plenty, and the little breeze which kept the mosquitoes from the open sloo was not felt in the underbush. Before the fire we stripped and spread our clothing on poles out for the purpose, and then—there is a dim remembrance of three fellows trying to keep their bodies in the smoke and their eyes out of it.

This was a mosquito paradise, for them. For us the term might be reversed, and it would require the pen of Dante to describe the place. Still, most readers of FOREST AND STREAM have sat in smudges and have wondered whether it were nobler in the mind to suffer the stings and poisons of tormenting 'skeeters or by smudging end them. "Smoke follows beauty," is the adage; but when sitting in a smudge of dry fungus we old campaigners know that we are not beautiful because the smoke dodges us. Sometimes it is a question whether the insects are not to be preferred to smarting eyes, but eventually the ayes have it, and more smudge is made.

Our lunch was saved and there was plenty of it—but the bread was soaked too much to use, the pies which Mrs. Neaville had put in the basket had disintegrated, and the ham and chicken had been eaten. We slapped mosquitoes and roasted fish and shifted to keep in the smoke. When the fish were cooked we ate supper.

"Where's the salt?" asked Frank.

Henry looked up and quietly said: "Frank, look in the basket; you'll find the salt tied up in a rag; bring us some;" and he never cracked a smile while his brother held up the soaked rag, looked at it, and threw it down. "I never like salt on fish," said Henry, "it makes me think they're not fresh." Frank and I ate fresh fish and made no comment. After dinner Henry took his felt hat and went to the sloo and brought it up full of water. Said he: "I always want a drink after a fish dinner, and of all the drinks in this world there's nothing like Mississippi River water; it's rich, food and drink too, and there's no better place to get it than from Swift Sloo! Boys, here's fun!"

It was desirable to get our clothes on at the earliest moment, so that there would be a minimum of cuticle exposed to the enemy, and after dressing we could dry the garments from the inside as well as by the fire, so we dressed and dragged the boat ashore, turned it over and slept the sleep of the just under it, leaving the hordes of mosquitoes to sing us a lullaby on the outside, while only a few of them found entrance from the ground.

Frank said: "I've had enough of this, and I'm going to get up!" And it was morning—broad daylight! The dawn had been obscured by the heavy timber and the overturned boat. A breakfast which somehow was much like the supper, in the presence of fresh fish and the absence of salt and everything else, was satisfactory to all but Frank. He said: "If I only had a cup of coffee I wouldn't care."

"Frank," I replied, "you are not an epicure. There is no more delicious breakfast known than roasted crappie cooked without salt and washed down with water from Swift Sloo. Your palate is not educated; coffee just now—hot coffee, I mean—would spoil the combination; you don't want coffee, nor anything else."

"Coffee!" exclaimed Henry, "why, coffee would spoil the taste of those delicate crappies, which all epicures eat without salt." And then he added: "Coffee would queer the whole show," a remark which made me ask if he had gone off with Charley Guyon, Montpleasure and the others on their trip into Iowa, and he admitted that he had been the treasurer of the troupe. How little things serve to show what will "queer" a larger thing! I asked: "Henry, what was it that 'queered' our trip?" And he simply answered: "Frank."

Don't think that Frank was any sort of a "hoodoo" because we guyed him in this way. He was a good, honest boy, but had no taste for camp life—hunting, fishing and mosquitoes. He afforded plenty of sport to his brother and I because he was green at these things. He wanted to know what there was interesting in seeing a mink kill a muskrat.

Henry replied: "Why, you bloomin' idiot, you might live in the woods for fifty years and never see such a thing but once.

"Well," drawled Frank, "after you've seen it what does it amount to? You knew that mink killed muskrats and what more is there to it?"

Henry was dazed at this practical question, and no one replied to Frank. What could you say? If a man has no liking for a thing, what can be said to prove that he ought to like it? We could only feel sorry for a fellow who had no care to observe animals in a state of nature when they were unaware of the presence of man. If a man doesn't care for literature, science or art, there's no use talking to him about them. This may be illustrated by the following story: Two fellows had journeyed from New York to see Niagara Falls, of which they had heard much. As they came in sight of the mighty cataract one said: "There, Jim! them's the falls!" The other asked: "Is them the falls?" and added: "Them's nice falls; now let's go and get some beer." That, I think, puts the case fairly—perhaps as strongly as that of "casting pearls before swine," but not in such an offensive manner. If Henry Neaville was alive to-day he would spend a week to see that solitary animal, a mink, capture and kill his prey in the manner one did when we were fishing near Swift Sloo. Frank had no interest in such things.

We cut a stiff pole, and with our remaining oar poled and paddled back to the tree top, where Frank capsized the boat in order to look at the wounded pelican. After a survey of the bottom we found the spot where the rifle lay, and I undressed and brought it up at the first dive, for the water was not more than 6ft. deep, there was no mud to cover the gun in the swift water, and it lay within 3ft. of where the boat upset. We then saw where a board had lodged in the last freshet, and as our loose seats were gone I proposed to replace them with the board.

"But you have no saw. How are you going to cut that board to make two seats?" asked Frank.

I showed him how to cut a board off square with a pocket knife by taking the measure and following the mark with the point of a knife. Then slightly bending the board at the mark and drawing the knife in the cut, taking care not to bend it too much; the fibers separated with a snap under the point of the knife and we had two seats with ends as square as if sawed. It was done so quickly that he was surprised and I showed him how a small tree could be cut by a sharp-pointed knife if the tree could be bent so as to strain the fibres, and he very ungrammatically remarked: "Well, I'm be blowed!"

Henry Neaville was one of those rare fellows who are charming companions in camp—one of those cheerful men who never grumble no matter what happens. It might rain and wet him to the skin when there was no chance to make a fire, he might lose his fishing tackle when no more could be had and he would joke about it. He would be happy when it was a choice between being eaten alive by mosquitoes or being smothered and blinded by smoke. Mark Tapley could not have been jollier under adverse circumstances than was Henry Neaville. I was with him a year and a half later in camp in northern Minnesota with a surveying party and saw him come in with both feet frozen so badly that I feared amputation might be necessary, and as I dressed his feet afterward when they were swollen almost to bursting he said: "If you should have to cut these feet off just box 'em up and send 'em back to Potosi and write father to tell the girls that I'm not dancing this winter." That I loved such a cheerful companion is not strange; any sportsman would have taken him to his heart, for if there is a disagreeable quality in a man it will show itself in camp. If he is cranky, cross or grumbly it will come out in time, and if he is a hog who will take the choice corner of the tent every time, or the best fish in pan, it is soon known, and right here let me say I have met many such: men who seemed to think that no one was wet and cold but themselves, nobody tired and hungry except their own carcasses; one trip with them is always enough. They are the fellows who will shoot across you at your birds, throw out their lines alongside yours if they see you have a nibble, and in many ways, beside bragging of their personal prowess, make themselves disagreeable. You've all met 'em and dropped 'em. I will tell you more about Henry two weeks later.

We drifted down Swift Sloo and poled and paddled to the landing, made the boat fast, and marched through the partly deserted villages of Lafayette and Van Buren to picturesque Potosi. Mr. Kaltenbach, who had been postmaster for some twenty years then and who recently died in office, the oldest postmaster known to the service, hailed us with: "Hello! boys, did you get so many fish that you couldn't carry 'em?" But Henry told him that several wagons were on the way with our catch. John Nicholas and Bill Patterson wanted to know if we forgot to spit on our bait, but they got no reply. We had enjoyed the trip, that is, Henry and I did—it was not certain about Frank, and it was useless to try to explain it to people who measure your fun by the amount of game brought back, a most false measure and one that should come under the supervision of the State "sealer of weights and measures."

In the fall Pete Loeser, who you will remember came from Albany with me, sent an invitation to go up some fifteen miles to Fenimore Grove and shoot prairie chickens. Henry went along and was enthusiastic about the sport, which could not be had in the heavily timbered district near Potosi.

On the drive to Lancaster Henry learned that I had never seen a prairie hen alive, and he gave me an account of the habits of the bird and how they went in flocks like quail, and while scattered about feeding would rise by dozens, by twos and threes and single birds, affording a chance to use both barrels and often to load again before the last bird took wing. Said he: "I've heard you talk about partridge shooting, but it beats that all hollow. Why, the partridge is not to be named the same day when we talk of prairie chickens." Such talk naturally raised my expectations of great sport with a new and untried game bird which was said to excel the ruffed grouse as an object of pursuit, and when we met Pete and he said, "The tay vos yust ride, und dere was t'ousands of bra'rie shickens in de wheat stubble und de cornfields," we were elated.

We had no dog, but we spread out at proper distances to take in cross shots without interference, and walked the birds up. The ease with which they were dropped surprised me after being wrought up by Henry's extravagant talk. On our return with big bags of this fine bird, Henry asked what I thought of the sport and I summed it up in about this style: "Henry, the prairie chicken is a fine large bird and a good game bird, but as a bird to shoot it is easier than the little quail; it flies in the open, and in such a way that a duffer could hardly miss it if within range. It doesn't compare with woodcock shooting in a thicket as a test of skill, and as for partridge, I tell you that there is a feeling of triumph in downing a wary old bird, which starts like a rocket and puts a tree between you and himself before he has gone 10ft., if the tree is there, that the killing of 100 prairie chickens cannot equal. Come with me some day and try them back of the river bluffs toward Cassville, and if you don't agree with me when we return I'll eat my hat." [Since this was written I have read the excellent article on ruffed grouse by Mr. Waters in last week's paper, and he and I agree on this point.]

Since that day I have shot prairie chickens in Kansas and in other States, and still adhere to my opinion concerning the merits of the two birds from the standpoint of a sportsman whose object is to bag a difficult bird regardless of whether he gets two or twenty. For the table I prefer the dark-meated prairie fowl, but that is another question. Also I would say that up to that time I had never seen nor heard of the practice of treeing partridges with a dog. It is only in sparsely settled districts where this can be done, and it was many years after that I had practical knowledge of this method of shooting. About the thickly settled districts of New York, where I learned to shoot, the ruffed grouse would never take to a tree for a yelping spaniel; they crouched for a spring at the approach of man or dog, and often the thunder of their wings was the first intimation the gunner had of their presence, and he was lucky if he could flesh his shot before the swift bird had put a tree between them. It was largely snap shooting, and, as I have said, the feeling of triumph in dropping one under such conditions was great, and there were men in that day and there are men to-day who will agree to every word of this. At the risk of calling down a host of antagonists who will go for my scalp, I will say that the grandest game bird of America is the ruffed grouse, called "partridge" in New York and New England, and "pheasant" in Pennsylvania and the South. The wild turkey is a wary bird and carries more meat about his person, but an experience in shooting both makes me put the turkey in the second place.

This talk has led me from Henry Neaville, whom I wanted you to know, but a vagabond pen wandered from the subject. I will tell you something of him later on, for he and I joined a party of Government surveyors a year later that explored a portion of northern Minnesota; but before we get to that I must, in the natural order of events, tell you about a winter spent in trapping for fur with Antoine Gardapee, whom you met in the first part of this article. Henry was my intimate companion on the surveying trip and afterward; we had so much in common that we could not keep apart if we had tried.

In gathering information about my old-time friends I was pleased to find that Hon. J. W. Seaton is still living in Potosi. During the time of which I write he published a weekly paper there and was afterward a member of the State Senate for several terms. He writes me as follows: "Bill Patterson is living at Portland, Ore. All your other friends are dead except Thomas Davies, who went with you on the surveying trip. Henry and Frank Neaville went out with Company C, 2d Wisconsin Infantry, afterward part of the famous 'Iron Brigade.' Henry was made a Corporal and Frank was First Sergeant. Frank was killed at Bull Run Aug. 28, 1862, and Henry was killed at Antietam nineteen days later."

"The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight."

FRED MATHER.

GEORGE DAWSON'S LETTERS.

LANSING, Mich., Sept. 26.—I have just returned from a visit to my old home in the State of New York. Before I started for the East I read Mr. Fred Mather's article on George Dawson, and it reminded me of a circumstance. When I was a lad, living on a farm near Batavia, N. Y., the Albany *Journal* was one of the papers which came to our house regularly for many years. Mr. Dawson was at that time in the prime of life, and every season for many years he took his outing in the Adirondacks. Every week while he was in the woods the *Journal* would contain a lengthy article giving a detailed description of his doings, and I need not tell you that I looked very anxiously for the coming of the *Journal*, which would tell me all about Paul Smith's, and the big trout, and the wonders of life in the big woods. Every week for some years I would cut out these articles, roll them together and put them away, with the expectation of some day making a scrap book. But the war came upon us and I left my home, and when events brought me home again I was a bigger boy and had other hopes and aspirations, and I drifted away, never to return nor to know what a pleasant reality my early home life had been.

During all of these years I have often thought of that big roll of clippings, and when I was at our old farmhouse home a few weeks ago I hunted the house high and low, from cellar to garret, in hope of finding the articles, but it was all in vain; I could get no trace of them. To be candid—it seemed to me but yesterday that I could pick them up, read them over and carefully roll them up again and put them away in the big drawer, but thirty-five years have passed since then. Do you wonder that I want to thank Mr. Mather for his articles, and to say to him that I enjoy reading them very much?

Mr. Genio C. Scott, another of Mr. Mather's fishing friends, was also an early time acquaintance of my own. This was some years before he wrote "Fishing in American Waters," and he was making notes at the time for his book. I spent three days with him at Silver Lake, in western New York, about that time, and I well remember the talks we had about the book and what he was going to say in it. One thing about his fishing I shall never forget: at Silver Lake the fishing in those days was all done by trolling except an occasional cast with a crab after bass, but Mr. Scott insisted upon standing up in the front end of the boat and with a heavy bass rod and small spoon cast among the lilypads for hours, and I do not recall that he took a single fish. He laughed about his bad luck and said that the only trouble was that the fish at Silver Lake were not educated and did not know a good thing when they saw it. So Mr. Mather has again freshened my memory and taken me back to pleasant days in early life. I wonder how many men in this country can appreciate the articles which Mr. Mather is writing, and draw upon memory for something of actual fact to illustrate the days that are past and gone.

JULIAN.

Some Iowa Fishing.

CHARLES CITY, Ia.—Pike fishing has proven exceptionally good below the dam on the Cedar River this the first few days in October, the writer and one other party having secured fourteen wall-eyed pike weighing 42¾lbs. The five largest weighed as follows: 7¼, 6½, 4, 3½ and 3lbs., the other nine averaging 2lbs. apiece.

Seven miles above here, on Sept. 30, Dr. Sitzer caught six of the largest small-mouthed black bass taken (at one time) from these waters in years, the lot weighing 18½lbs., the largest one 4¼lbs.

While fishing three miles below this place, some few weeks ago, one young man of the party caught a monster snapping turtle, with a strip of brass securely fastened through a hole in the back part of the top shell. When removed and cleaned the following inscription was found upon it: "A. W. Cook—1866." This was the name of a prosperous farmer (long since dead) who lived only a short ways from where this fellow was caught.

A few years ago, while fishing in Spirit Lake, Iowa, I caught a croppy that weighed 2lbs. 2oz. Will some one of the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM state about how large croppies grow? V. V. S.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Comparative Anatomy of Fish.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 3.—This fall one day two Chicago gentlemen, Messrs. Jim Donnell and Charlie Jurnagin, were fishing for muscallonge up near State Line, Wis., and they had an awful strike and fought a tremendous muscallonge all over the country for an hour or two, the struggle being one worthy of an Iliad with two Homers and a full set of Siberian bloodhounds. At last they got the monster up to the boat and Mr. Jurnagin struck the gaff into its heaving sides, from which the rainbow spray was flying like suds in a laundry on Monday morning. The fish broke away with a mighty effort and escaped, with the gaff hook hanging in his side. The two fishermen looked at each other with pale faces and gasping breath, and then slowly wended their way back to camp. Conservative estimates placed the weight of the fish at not less than 40lbs., and it was thought to be one of the moss-backs which are so rarely seen nowadays. The next day two guides out on the lake found the fish, which had come ashore dead, with the gaff hook still fast to it. It weighed just 6½lbs., gaff hook and all.

Among the Anglers.

Gov. Wm. Pitt Kellogg, of Louisiana, passed through this city for his home in the South this fall, after a long trip to the grand fishing waters of Canada. The Governor is a hale and hearty-looking gentleman, with white hair and a clear eye, who appears good for many more trips to the woods.

Mr. Graham Harris has been having some late fly-fishing for bass, taking ten nice ones one day last week in the Kankakee river, near Davis, Ind. He used the scarlet-ibis.

Fishing Notes.

Muscallonge are biting the hard, glittering, unreal spoon hook up in Wisconsin this month, but no big fish have been taken and no number of small ones worth special mention. The Fox River west of town has been yielding some nice catches of small-mouth bass. Paul Bielenberg, of Elgin, last week got two small-mouths on the same day which are said to have crowded 5lbs. each very closely, and had four whose total was 16lbs.; certainly a very fine day's take.

Mr. C. W. Stansell has returned from a pleasant fishing trip with a yachting party of Detroit gentlemen who went out to the St. Clair Flats. They met not the best of wind and weather, but Mr. Stansell had thirty-seven small-mouths to his own rod in one day, which is good enough for anybody.

Richmond Rod and Gun Club.

Richmond Rod and Gun Club, of Richmond, Ind., are doing a notable work in stocking waters with the small-mouth black bass. Their fine club preserve is gradually coming to be well supplied with this admirable fish, owing to an intelligent selection and breeding of the fish. The water this club preserves is, as I understand it, tributary to the White River of Indiana, a famous bass water. It is the wish of the club that the U. S. Fish Commission should help them in their efforts to stock thoroughly the waters in question with the small-mouth bass. Surely the Commission might do worse than aid so worthy an enterprise, keeping meantime quite within its prescribed duties. The cars of the Commission pass not far from this region, and the club would probably not ask a contribution for private purposes alone. Mr. C. P. Holton is president of this active body of sportsmen, Mr. M. B. Craighead treasurer, and Mr. W. S. Iliff secretary. The membership holds strong at about thirty, and the club is something more than a trap-shooting body. The shooting clubs of the country can do a lot of good when they try.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Salt-Water Fishing Near New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—The fishermen who frequent Sheepshead Bay and that vicinity are having their first good fishing since the fluke fishing early in the summer. The snappers, whose arrival everybody awaited with impatience, didn't arrive at all. The porgies, too, were very scarce. Nobody seems able to account for this state of affairs. Last season the snappers and porgies were very thick, and catches of fifty to 100 were not uncommon. On Labor Day of last year Will Fox and George Gatje caught 180 odd snappers and porgies, while on the same day this year Will Fox and myself got seven porgies.

But while the snappers and porgies proved disappointments, the blackfish and sea bass, especially the former, are doing nobly, from a fisherman's standpoint, and striped bass are being caught as they never were before in that vicinity. There are not many fish in the bay, but one can catch a good mess in a short time at the "stone pile," which I described in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 19 as being off the Oriental Hotel on Manhattan Beach, but which is really off the Manhattan Hotel.

John O'Neill, who keeps the boat house at Sheepshead, caught eighteen striped bass off Manhattan Beach last week. Most of these weighed from 3 to 6lbs., and one weighed 18lbs. This is the season's record striped bass for that vicinity, I believe. He uses blood worms for bait and trolls for the fish. Most of the fishing boats are put up for the winter. The owners report a profitable season despite the poor bluefishing.

The route to Sheepshead Bay is by trolley car from Brooklyn Bridge or ferries, or steam cars from Atlantic avenue depot.

G. F. DIEHL.

As They Esteem It.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Inclosed find check for renewal. This has been my first year with FOREST AND STREAM, and I never expect to try to do without it. I admire its sportsmanlike tone. O. P. S.

THOMPSONTOWN, Pa.—I desire to tender my thanks for the spotless purity of FOREST AND STREAM, free from anything coarse or bitter. Also for nice discrimination in selections for publication. T. S. T.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y, Roxbury, Mass.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 2.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidle, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Oct. 21.—Altoar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Tupelo, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

FIELD TRIALS AND FIELD DOGS.

CONSIDERING the time, attention and money expended on the field trial dog, he has not won his way into the permanent good opinion of sportsmen, nor improved in his manner of doing the work required in field shooting. He has not come up to the sportsman's standard as he should have done, and as the sportsmen, whose interest and support make field trials possible, had a right to expect that he would do.

Aside from any consideration of hard times, the field trial dog as such has steadily lost ground in the opinion of most sportsmen who once supported him, and he has not added to the list of his admirers to any noteworthy degree. There is no sound reason why the field trial dog of the correct stamp should not be the accepted field dog of all sportsmen, one to delight them in actual shooting as well as being successful in competition.

There have been, however, some constant features of field trials which are repugnant to the sportsman's standard of a field dog. Bad breaking has been one of the most constant, for there is never an important trial held which has not dogs in it which are remarkably disobedient, or which require laborious effort, offensively loud continuous whistling and orders loudly shouted, all to keep them within reasonable bounds and all very much of an exhibition of how a dog should not be handled. Indeed, dogs which are practicably uncontrollable from the standpoint of what is required of a dog to give pleasure to a sportsman in every-day shooting are not so rare as one might think they are. There has been a kind of understanding that bad breaking was in some way useful in trials. Some trainers permit their dogs to be disobedient on the score that the opposing handler's whistle or the work of the opposing dog may not deter the partly broken dogs from getting all they can, though there have been suspicions that this plea has been advanced to cover up an imperfect and neglected training, and to make all training easier from the lower standard thus set.

However much such imperfect training may have been of use in field trials, and it was of use as a means to win money so long as field trial clubs and judges accepted it, the sportsman could only derive ill success and disappointment from it in actual shooting. Too often the imperfectly broken dog for field trials was not finished as he should be for field shooting. The fact that the dog had the stamp of field trial approval was set forth to the owner as proof of the dog's good training, so that the rule worked both ways and the both ways worked anyhow—the dog needed to be partly trained for field trial competition from a field trial view, and having run in a field trial he was all right to return to the owner as a dog for field shooting. Not only did the field trial dog fall into disfavor, but the field trial style of breaking likewise fell into disfavor, and very properly so.

The bad breaking, fostered so long by field trials, was not all. The wide-ranging dog, the dog of transcendent merit when he is really seeking birds and working to the gun, had many imitators and shams. Some dogs will range wide and appear to be seeking birds when in reality they are not, as a greyhound or a cur might be ranging wide and still have no thought of birds. The distinction between the wide ranger which was really seeking birds, and the wide ranger seeking amusement and exercise, was not properly observed. They were classed too much as being alike. In actual work afield the field trial estimate was worthless.

Again, an impossible style of speed was encouraged. Instead of the steady, trained, swinging gallop which denotes the dog of real working ability for all day or part of a day, a nervous slam-bang sort of speed, the overflow of restrained energies, the dog whose speed has been timed for an hour's sprinting and which not infrequently falls short of it, was fostered and established. Thus came about the hit-or-miss sort of dog work over which was thrown the glamour of style and dash, both of which seemed to transcend in merit the really useful instead of being subordinate to it.

As if all these things were not enough in themselves, some of the trainers made an invidious distinction between the field trial dog and the dog for field shooting, designating the latter as a "plug shooting dog," as if there was some stigma on the dog over which a gentleman could really shoot birds for no other reason than that such dog was useful to the gun. If field trials are to have a new support now that the commercial incentive is waning, it must be by returning to the principles of real usefulness for field work instead of a quick means of winning prizes.

That dogs can be well broken for field trial use, and handled quietly and skillfully when so broken, was demonstrated by Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, in the last Continental Club's field trials in Minnesota, and in several of the members' stakes in recent years, where the absence of shouting and the incessant tooting of the whistle was a pleasure to note. If owners would insist that their dogs be broken properly to obey orders and work to the gun, discarding all field trial excuses, they would have better trained dogs and field trials would be relieved of much that a field trial dog should not be.

ALABAMA AND FOX HUNTING.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Court adjourned here two weeks ago, and finding a few days' leisure I hied myself to the dear old County of Limestone to mingle with those congenial spirits and peerless gentlemen, Dr. Ike De Loney, J. W. Tillman, Clarence W. Spiers, Capt. W. N. Richardson, and a host of other magnificent men. Arriving at Athens at 12 o'clock P. M., after seven hours' rest I betook myself to the residence of Mr. Tillman, who greeted me with that incomparable cordiality peculiar to those who love the chase, and after the compliments of the day were exchanged we prepared to dine at Dr. De Loney's. Behind his smart roadsters, the drive of six miles through a hunting country that even pessimists must allow is splendid, the distance was lessened by his interesting conversation, and the thrilling manner of relating the incidents of a fox chase.

Arriving at the Doctor's residence, our coming was made known by the salute of some thirty hounds. Among the number I recognized the peculiar type of the strain worshiped by that prince of modern chevaliers, Wilford Ivanhoe Spiers, Esq., of Willis fame, and when that gentleman came out and extended his noble and honest hand my happiness was complete. Mr. Spiers had come up to visit Dr. De Loney and his nephew Clarence, and expected to jolt the foxes up and down the beautiful serpentine stream of Sevan Creek, but, the drought still being on, could do aught but hunt, jump and lose the fox.

"Say, boys," I said, "are there any foxes around here?"

"What are you talking about, John, Jr.? Don't you know foxes are thick in Limestone county?"

"I know, Wilford Ivanhoe! I never have been hunting in this section in my life, when favorable conditions of weather prevailed, and failed to start game."

"John, Jr., I'll tell you candidly, Clarence and I went hunting yesterday morning after that little shower, and started two foxes. That evening we ran another, and last night we had a chase that lasted until 12 o'clock."

Dr. De Loney then spoke up: "Gentlemen, I am of the sincere opinion that in a radius of five miles from where we sit there can be started fifty foxes. Just across Round Island Creek there are three dens, which at least would represent twelve foxes, and all of them are reds too."

The conversation then turned to the next meet of the Dixie Red Fox Club. I told the gentlemen of the large increase of members and of the interest manifested by the sporting fraternity in the welfare of the club, and called the names of many well-known hunters who had expressed their intention of attending our next meet. All present were extremely hopeful and confident that from the point of attendance our meet in December would eclipse our last, and any one familiar with the climate of north Alabama knows that the middle of December is always the most propitious season we have for hunting.

After partaking of a sumptuous and elegant spread Mr. Tillman and I bade our friends a fond adieu until the ides of December shall be thrilled and mellowed by the hunting horn.

At Athens the young men insisted on taking their old bachelor friend to see the ladies. And the women of old Athens, with the first bloom of youth tinting their dimpled cheeks, their magnificent Di Vernon beauty, flashing black eyes and flowing tresses, which can only be rivaled by their patrician lineage and the high culture bestowed on their minds, were glad to see me, and promised that on Friday night, Dec. 18, a leap year ball would be given at the City Hall, complimentary to the gallant knights of the horses and hounds who attend the meet in Dixie. May their immaculate lives be lengthened and may their ability to charm and entertain never be diminished!

JOHN, JR.

C. F. T. C. Trials.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned home from the South and have located the quail trials of the Continental F. T. Club at Tupelo, Miss., where I have secured 15,000 acres of the finest field trials grounds that I have ever seen. Mr. N. B. Nesbitt drew the grounds for me with champion Jingo, and although the conditions were not favorable, the dog found and pointed plenty of birds. There are as many birds at Tupelo as at any place in the South, while the grounds are of easy access, and the hotel and livery accommodations are ample and first-class, at reasonable prices. The hotel rates are $1.50 per day; double teams with driver, $3.50 per day; saddle horses, $1 per day. I found the citizens of Tupelo hospitable to a fault and anxious to have the trials at their town, they promising to do all in their power to make our stay pleasant and the trials a success. I am satisfied that they will keep their promise.

Mr. N. B. Nesbitt, of Chesterville, Miss., will take pleasure in locating in desirable places all handlers who write to him.

I desire to publicly return thanks to the citizens of Tupelo for the attention paid to me while there, and also to especially thank Mr. Nesbitt and Mr. J. N. Seale, superintendent of the Mobile & Ohio R. R., for courtesies extended.

I ordered posters printed while at Tupelo and the grounds will be posted at once. The time for holding the trials will be determined in a few days.

I see that I failed to mention Fishback & Baughan's black, white and tan English setter dog Vim Gladstone, by Gladstone's Boy out of Gath's Belle, in the list of Derby entries in the Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials. Please make correction. P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

TECHNICAL TERMS.

Elbow out.—The elbow, it need hardly be said perhaps, is the joint at the top of the forearm. A dog is said to be "elbow out," or "out at elbows," when this joint, instead of being carried just free of the ribs, as it should be in a well-made dog, sticks outwardly. This may be the result of weakness in a young puppy; but in an adult dog, except in the case of the bull dog, in which it appears to be accepted, is a decided malformation.

Faking—Is the term used when a dog's natural appearance is dishonestly interfered with for the purpose of making it appear otherwise than it naturally is. For instance, dyeing white on a retriever's or Irish terrier's feet or chest, or coloring a Dudley nose, or performing an operation to make a fox terrier's ears fall correctly, and similar practices are called "faking." Trimming a dog's coat, such as the coat of a Bedlington or wire-haired fox terrier, is not, however, considered "faking." A dog is said to be "faked" when some illegitimate operation has been performed. A "fake" is the action taken.

Feather.—The fringe of hair on the legs, ears or tail of some breeds, such as setters and spaniels.

Felted.—When the hair of some long-hair breeds becomes matted through neglect it is said to be felted.

Filled-up.—A dog is said to be well "filled-up" below the eyes when there is no falling away or undue narrowing of the face at this point. The term is frequently used in describing terriers. A well "filled-up" face is a good point.

Flag.—A term for the tail; in use when describing setters and wavy or flat-coated retrievers.

Flews—The chops or hanging upper lips of a dog; the bloodhound, for instance, has very pronounced flews.

Freckles.—The specks of color on the face and legs of some dogs, such as the spaniel.

Frill.—The fringe of hair on the chest of a dog; a marked feature of the collie.

Froggy-faced.—A term used in the case of the bull dog to denote a level-mouthed or overshot dog. A bull dog should be considerably under-shot; a "froggy-face" is therefore a bad point.

Furrow.—A deep line extending from the brow upward to nearly the occiput, in the bull dog.

Go-bye.—A term used in greyhound coursing. A "go-bye" is when one dog, starting a length behind another, passes him in the straight and gets a length in front.

Gooseberry-eyed.—Yellow-eyed.

Grin.—A dog is said to "grin" when the skin of upper and lower jaws do not meet in front, and so disclose the teeth.

Hare-footed.—See also *cat-footed.* A dog is said to be "hare-footed" when its feet are long, narrow and projecting in front, like the feet of the hare.

Hare-pied.—A color; hare-color and white; fairly common in beagles.

Harlequin.—A harlequin dog is one colored with large or small spots of black, gray, liver or red on a white ground. Harlequin Great Danes are not uncommon.

Haw.—The red inner eyelid of the dog; generally hidden, but very prominent in the bloodhound, and to a less extent in the St. Bernard, otterhound and old Southern hound.

Huckle-bones.—The tops of the hip-joints.

Kinks—Are congenital dislocations in the joints of the tail, very commonly seen in the tails of bull dogs.

Kissing spots.—The tan spots on the faces of Black and Tan dogs, such as the Manchester terrier, King Charles spaniel and others. The moles on the cheeks of the pug are also sometimes called "kissing spots."

Landseer-Newfoundland.—The black and white Newfoundland.

Lay-back.—A term used in bull dogs to denote the facial angle, or the slope back from the under jaw.

Leather.—The skin; a term especially applied to the skin of the ear. Thus, an ear is said to be thin in leather.

Level-jawed—Signifies when a dog's teeth meet properly, and the jaws are neither over nor under shot.

Lippy.—A term which is generally applied to a dog with hanging lips, of a tight-lipped breed, such as, for instance, a bull terrier. The term is therefore not a compliment.

Mane.—The heavy coating on the neck and shoulders of some dogs, such as the collie and the schipperke.

Monkey-faced.—A term used in bull dogs when there is not sufficient depth through the muzzle.

Occipit.—The prominent bone at the back of the skull; particularly noticeable in the bloodhound.

Over-shot.—A term applied when the upper teeth project beyond the lower. A fault in any dog.

Pear-shaped.—This has already been described under the head of "Chippendale." It signifies that a dog's chest, viewed from the front, is very wide; and below the chest the legs curve in toward the pasterns to form what is called a "pear-shaped" front. The "pear shape" is more or less out of fashion in bull dogs at present, but at one time it was a much admired point.

Pencil-marks.—The black marks on the toes of the Manchester terrier. A point of beauty.

Pily.—A quality of coat consisting of a short, woolly growth next the skin, through which grows the longer, coarser hair which is visible, such as the coat of the Dandie Dinmont terrier.

Pinched-faced.—A term used in bull dogs when the face is not sufficiently broad in proportion to the width of the skull.

Pin-wire.—A term descriptive of the hard, wiry coats of some wire-haired terriers.

Pig-jawed.—When the upper teeth project beyond the lower. An overshot jaw in a pronounced form.

Ring-tailed—Signifies when the tail curls into a ring at the end.

Roach-backed—Means when the back rises from behind the shoulders in a curve, which reaches its summit at the loins and then falls away again to the stern. This form of back, called roach or wheel, is the correct shaped back of the bull dog.

Rose-ear.—The form of ear which folds at the back, turning backward and downward, and showing the inside of the ear, as the ear of the bull dog and greyhound.

Rump-high—Is when the back curves up from the shoulders, as in the case of a "roach-back," but does not fall away again from loin to stern. "Rump-high" or "stern-high" is considered a bad point in the bull dog.

Self-colored.—A "self-colored" dog is one that has no black shadings or white markings, but is one uniform color. It is an objectionable point in the St. Bernard.

Septum.—The division between the nostrils.

Snipy.—Denoting a long, narrow muzzle, falling away below the eyes. A "snipy" face is the reverse of a face "well filled up" below the eyes.

Splay-foot.—A foot that spreads out flat, with the toes well separated. An undesirable form of foot in any dog.

Stern.—The tail.

Stern-high.—See rump-high.

Stifle joint.—The hip-joint.

Sting.—A tail is said to be "sting-like" when it tapers to a fine point, like the tail of the pointer.

Stocky.—A bitch is said to be "stocky" when she appears likely to be a good breeder. The term is not always confined to bitches; a strongly-built, lusty dog may also be said to be "stocky."

Stop.—The hollow or indentation between the eyes of some breeds of dogs, such as the bull dog, the pug and the King Charles spaniel.

Thumb-mark.—A dark mark above the forefoot of the Manchester Black and Tan terrier; like the "pencil marks," a point of beauty.

Throatiness—A certain looseness of the skin of the throat, not necessarily amounting to pronounced dewlap.

Tick.—Small flecks of color in the white coat of a dog; common in spaniels and setters, and not rare in fox terriers and other breeds.

Tiger-dog.—See Harlequin.

Tight-lipped.—A dog is said to be "tight-lipped" when it is free from lippiness or flews, as the bull terrier, the white English terrier and the Manchester.

Trip.—A term in greyhound coursing, and signifies when a dog gets hold of the hare, but fails to kill.

Tulip-ear.—An erect, upright or pricked ear like that of the Scottish terrier.

Turn.—A term in coursing, and means when the hare is turned at an angle, not less than a right angle, from her course.

Twisted-jawed.—A dog is said to be "twisted-jawed" when the lower jaw has the appearance of being distorted. The deformity is peculiar to the bull dog; it does not exist in the bone of the jaw, but merely in the soft structures, and is due to congenital injury.

Under-shot.—A dog is said to be "under-shot" when the lower jaw projects beyond the upper, as in the bull dog.

Up-turn.—See "lay-back."

Well broken-up.—A term used to express the loose and wrinkled skin on the face of the bull dog.

Wheel-back.—See "roach-back."

Wrench.—A term in coursing, signifying when the hare has been turned at less than a right angle from her course.

Wry-faced.—See "twisted-jawed."—*John Brown in the Asian Sporting Newspaper.*

Western Massachusetts Fox Club.

THE Western Massachusetts Fox Club contemplate holding their ninth annual hunt Nov. 11 and 12. It is expected to make this gathering the most enjoyable of any thus far. With genial George W. Roraback at the head, nothing will be lacking for those participating in the forthcoming hunt to have an exceedingly pleasant time, providing the weather is more conciliatory than in the past three seasons, which have been handicapped by decidedly unpleasant weather, which interfered very much with the pleasure of those gatherings.

As usual the hunt will occur on Wednesday and Thursday, affording those who come from abroad sufficient time to come, participate and return home in the same week.

The reputation the club has gained in the past for its cordiality, good cheer and its splendid hunting facilities is well known to nearby fox hunters and others who have attended the past gatherings of the club. To all interested in fox hunting I can safely bespeak a hearty welcome. They will find the latch string ever ready to respond to their demands.

I have every reason to believe that every one who participates in the hunt this season will ever refer to it with feelings of gratification and pleasure. WORONOCO.

Eastern Field Trials Club.

GREENFIELD HILL, Conn., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Eastern Field Trials Club's eighteenth annual field trials will begin at Newton, N. C., Nov. 13, with a sweepstake for pointers and setters owned by members of the Eastern and Philadelphia Field Trials Clubs.

Dr. J. Spencer Brown, member of E. F. T. C., has donated a valuable oil painting, value $100, to be awarded to the winner of the stake.

The Derby stake will begin Monday, Nov. 16.

The entries closed June 15 with twenty-eight setters and twenty-one pointers entered; of these entries six setters and five pointers dropped from the list Sept. 1, leaving sixteen pointers and twenty-two setters to compete for Derby honors.

The prospects for a good meeting at Newton are very encouraging. Handlers report birds plentiful, dogs doing good work, and with such desire as is known to exist for field trial honors the sportsmen of this country may expect to see a grand exhibition of field work.

All dogs entered in the Eastern or United States will be returned free of charge.

Further details of the meeting will be given you next week. S. C. BRADLEY, Sec'y.

Central Beagle Club.

SHARPSBURG, Pa., Oct 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Central Beagle Club's headquarters during their first annual trials will be at the Downey House, Waynesburg, Pa. Special rates have been secured, and also good places for the dogs. Trains for Waynesburg leave Pittsburg, Union Station, on the P. C. C. & St. Louis R. R. at 7:30 A. M. and 2:55 P. M., city time, arriving at Waynesburg 10:45 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. The annual meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 10. The drawing will take place on the evening of the 9th. Entries close on the 20th of this month. L. O. SEIDEL.

In response to the call for a meeting of the Bull Terrier Club, to be held in the A. K. C. rooms on Monday of this week, but three members responded, namely, Dr. R. S. Huidekoper, Messrs. James Mortimer and F. F. Dole, and as there was no quorum present no meeting was held.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

WHELPS.

Rochdale Kennels' Marton II., fox terrier bitch, whelped, Sept. 26, three bitches, by Stipendiary II.

Rochdale Starlight, fox terrier bitch, whelped, Oct. 2, four (one dog), by Stipendiary II.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

THE BICYCLE IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO is one of the greatest bicycle towns in the United States or in the world. If the amount of capital invested in the bicycle trade in this city were carefully estimated, it might be found that no city in this country has so much claim to be called the greatest bicycle town, for there are centralized here for a large part of the West a number of factories which would be distributed over an entire State in the East, where manufacturing points are scattered more widely. At any event, it is certain that this city has an enormous number of factories and shops which make wheels, parts of wheels or sundries connected with the wheel. The distributing trade of the city is enormous beyond easy comprehension, and the retail trade bears its own proportion of the big figures of the wheel trade. It is literally true that not enough stores could be rented this spring in the central part of the Chicago business section to accommodate the firms wishing to sell and display bicycles. It is not an unusual thing to-day, even after these matters have more or less adjusted themselves, to see bicycles displayed in the windows of tailor shops, boot and shoe stores, furnishing goods places, etc. Add to these sales places the number of concerns offering in their windows bicycles as prizes, premiums or guessing contest incentives, and the result would convince the most casual street observer that the wheel was in the plans of all Chicago and had come to stay.

The vogue of the wheel in Chicago is entirely a natural affair. It is a natural wheeling town, and has about it a natural wheeling country. Chicago does not lie upon a long and narrow island, as does the great city of New York, but has room to spread in every direction, so that the congestion of traffic will never be so intense as in New York. The wheelman of the latter city has a serious time ahead of him when he undertakes a spin out into the country, and the wheelman of many much smaller cities has a still more serious time. The crowded city streets are no place to ride, and that city is most fortunate, from a wheeling standpoint, which makes it possible for the rider to get out upon the boulevards and roads with the least loss of time.

The FOREST AND STREAM office in Chicago is located almost exactly in the center of the business district of Chicago. Here, as all over the greater portion of the city, the streets run at right angles, and here, as all over the city and for twenty miles around it, the ground is absolutely level. From the FOREST AND STREAM office one only needs to ride across the river—about six blocks—to reach the head of Washington boulevard, along which he can ride into many pretty suburbs. Following the well-known Aurora century course, he can ride on out twenty, twenty-five or thirty miles over streets that are practically boulevarded or paved, for all that country is practically Chicago. He can get out to Wheaton, Glen Ellyn, and many other beautiful places, and by the time he is that far out he will be in a land of black dirt and many wet bogs and sloughs, where very good jacksnipe shooting is often had. He can swing to the northwest more and get into another good snipe and plover ground with equal ease.

Starting from the FOREST AND STREAM office, in the center of the city, the rider can cross the river to the North Side by a ride of about a quarter of a mile, where he then strikes a series of paved streets which will take him in a few blocks directly upon the Lincoln Park boulevards. He can ride through that park and on north along the lovely lake shore boulevards until he strikes the famous Sheridan road, one of the great bicycle ways of the entire world. He can follow this fine boulevard to its end and strike pavement and macadam for miles on out, and so come to Fort Sheridan, Lake Forest, Lake Bluff, Waukegan, Racine, and any number of a whole string of towns which lie along the side of blue Lake Michigan. This is a good direction to take for a ride out of Chicago. It also brings one into a possible shooting country. Some of the best snipe grounds near Chicago are along the little prairie sloughs west of Glencoe, and there are one or two spots not far west of Evanston where very often nice bags of woodcock are made by shooters of those suburbs. Along this northern run the native forest still stands, and there are at spots well north some steep and picturesque hills. One of these is so steep and winding and dangerous that the local authorities have forbidden bicyclists to coast it. Two men have been killed there this season, and a great many serious accidents have occurred there.

Starting again at the FOREST AND STREAM office, one can within three blocks get to Michigan avenue, one of the great boulevards of the world. This is the best place to see the swell riders of Chicago. This boulevard leads straight south, into the residence part of town, and spreads out into several others—Grand, Drexel, etc.—all arriving at the great South Park system, one of the show grounds of Chicago, and in no way less than in the display of bicycles and riders. Thence it is but a step to Jackson Park, the site of the World's Fair grounds, and the course is directly along the famous Midway, which now shows no sign of its former riotous tenancy, but is smooth as a billiard table. Still further south the smooth streets and roads go, macadamized and rolled and paved for miles and miles, to the bathing beaches and other places of enjoyment below the city. Here the shooter who is also a wheelman is close to the marshes of the once famous Calumet Lake, whose glories have now departed. If he be careful, he can once in a while get a good day with the snipe in the wet swales not far from here.

If he swing to the right at Washington Park, turning over on Garfield boulevard for a way, and thence riding

south through the edge of Englewood into Auburn Park, he is on the edge of a snipe marsh on which hundreds of snipe are killed every year. Here are located the shooting grounds of the Eureka Gun Club. A great many of the attendants at the fine weekly shoots of the Eureka Club come to the shoot on their own wheels, and one sometimes sees two or three dozen wheels piled about at a meeting. At Watson's shooting park also, which lies over toward the lake from the Eureka grounds, but easily accessible by means of the electric car tracks, which make a fair bicycle road, one very often sees a great many wheels on hand at a shoot. This is off the regular nickel-plated boulevard system of the park runs, but is not difficult for a rider who can do fifteen or twenty miles without grumbling at a loose paving block or two.

Starting again at the FOREST AND STREAM office, one is eight blocks from Jackson street bridge, from which it is only a step to the fine Jackson boulevard. This opens up yet another way out into the country and connects with another series of boulevards, Twelfth street, Ashland, etc., etc. Here one may ride out into Douglas Park, and thence cross over along the boulevards to Garfield Park. Here he can take Washington boulevard, or go on north to Humboldt Park and Humboldt boulevard. Riding a few cross streets, mostly of cedar block, he can get over to the Lincoln Park system, and strike the Sheridan road above mentioned; or if he does not care to turn toward Garfield Park when he leaves Douglas Park, he can follow on out along Western avenue and presently strike the Garfield boulevard, along which he can ride a few miles and come out upon the South Park and Michigan boulevard systems. Of course, the lake lies on the east side of Chicago, the heart of the business district being only two blocks from the water front, so that no riding can be done in that direction; but by reference to the above it will be observed that all the great boulevard systems of Chicago, to the north, the west and the south, are practically connected. One can ride on the smooth asphalt and rolled boulevards for something like fifty miles, I should say, thus skirting the edge of the thickly settled parts of the city, though he will find fine residences and practically city life many miles further out than his furthest point of such travel. It is said that no city in the country has so fine a boulevard system as Chicago, and from the above it may be seen how singularly easy of access these systems are to the rider starting from even the very business center of the town. The three great boulevard series of the city—of the north, south and west sides of town—are separated in the down-town portion by an ugly strip of some eight or ten blocks of rough granite pavements. The best way to get across from the west side to the south side is over Jackson street bridge. The allied forces of the Chicago bicyclists are beseeching the city council to set aside Jackson street and boulevard it, reserving it for the use of the carriages and bicycles alone. It is very likely that this will be done. Then indeed Chicago will be the luckiest city in the world so far as bicycle riding is concerned.

So perfect are the surfaces of these Chicago boulevards, and so absolutely level, that after a little while the rider, at least the athletic rider, tires of them. It is absolutely no exercise to ride along such roads. But it may be seen that they lead at once directly to the country roads. Along these the lover of the rod and of the gun may ride with purposes not consecrated to the wheel alone. In other words, he can make of the bicycle what it should be and what it will be, a vehicle, and not a toy. This is the future of the bicycle, and here lies the surest foundation for the permanancy of the bicycle trade. People tire of toys, but they will always use the best and readiest and cheapest vehicle. They will not let go of a vehicle which gives them sport, offers competitive athletics and takes them out of doors. The Chicago shooter or angler who goes on his wheel to the Fox River or to the snipe meadows twenty miles from town would not go if it were not that he could ride there. He would not pay a liveryman $4 for a team to take him there. But since he can step into the saddle at no expense and no loss of time, he does go, and he walks and is out in the fresh air a whole day, to say nothing of the exercise he has from the wheel. Therefore he is just one day ahead in life. He has been out of doors, whereas otherwise he might have been in a room, breathing city air, which men endure, but which never did any man any good as compared to the air of the country. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Military Wheelmen.

THE English *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* of Aug. 29 has a picture of the 26th Middlesex Cycling Volunteers uniformed and equipped for the field. This corps was raised in February, 1888, and numbers 118 effectives out of an authorized strength of 121. They are armed at present with the Martini-Henri rifle, but hope soon to exchange this for the magazine rifle, as the latter has the advantage of a shorter bayonet, which is less apt to catch in the spokes of the wheel. The rifle and a hundred spare rounds of ammunition are carried in the bicycle. The "Lintot equipment," whatever that may be, has been adopted, and is found to answer well. If this has to do with the manner of carrying the rifle, the equipment apparently consists of a large leather-wrapped ring permanently attached to the head-post, into which the muzzle of the rifle is inserted, and a U-shaped device on the rear fork which catches the rifle at the grip. The rifles are carried on either right or left side of the wheel, and hang as a rule some distance below the upper brace tube, top uppermost. The officers are armed with sword and revolver carried on the machine.

These cycling volunteers are daring riders. In their recent evolutions at the Volunteer tournament in the Crystal Palace they picked up and rescued wounded men and performed other similar feats.

They carry their bugler into action sitting on one of their members' shoulders, with his feet on the handle bars.

As Regards Comfort.

THERE is a pronounced reaction from the racing models of bicycles toward more sensible road wheels. Brakes will be more in evidence next year than they have been for a number of years, and we may expect to see many other improvements designed for safety and comfort. Willis Troy, who is back in this country after a trip to France as manager of a racing team, is reported as saying:

"Many riders will yet buy 25 or 28 or even 30lb. wheels, fitted with stronger and more expensive tires, gear cases, brakes, and everything necessary for comfort and safety. Where the ball bearings and the various parts of a wheel are made and adjusted properly, road riders will get far more satisfaction out of a 30lb. wheel than out of one weighing much less. In England a few years ago the bicycle market was in precisely the same condition that it occupies here to-day, but it readjusted itself and good wheels over there again bring top prices."

Regarding tires *Bearings* says:

"The days of the shoestring tire are numbered, and next year will see the big tire in use—not universally, but here and there—and the leaven will work to the end that within another year 2in. pneumatics will be as common as the small tires which are fitted to-day. 2¼in. tires were ridden by the winner of the Chicago road race on Labor Day, and although the condition of the roads was bad, and the rider a man out of training, he covered his 100 miles in a trifle over seven hours. The same rider, under the same conditions, could not ride the course in that time with 1¼in. tires, and it is pretty certain that the winner of the time prize in this race could have lowered his mark with the big tires as an aid. Several men have tried the machines refered to, and although it is 2 or 3lbs. heavier than the usual run of light roadsters, they say it handles well and is fast on all kinds of surfaces. Car tracks are not noticeable, and rough cedar blocks become as asphalt. The tires are even easier to the feel on macadam than small pneumatics, and seem quite as fast. It is an open question if they are not even faster for track work than a small tire, granting, of course, that the tread and side walls are of the same thickness. The tires which we have seen are single tubes, of the road-racing weight, and are made for 26in. rims, holding the rider about the same distance from the ground as a 28 by 1¼in. tire."

Regarding gear cases the same authority says:

"A gear case provides for a protection of the lubricant covered chain and sprockets, and contributes more to the comfort of the rider and the life of the machine than any attachment which could be added to our American wheels."

The Mather Wheelmen.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to assure Mr. Mather that if any member of the club pronounces the name in any other way except with the "a" as in "father" or "mat" he shall be immediately requested to get out until he has learned to pronounce it properly. I hope that this will overcome all of Mr. Mather's scruples and that he will now consent "to sit on the fence and review the parade." The Mather Wheelmen are going to do their namesake proud, and he shall hear from us yet in a way that will not make him regret that he is our godfather; and I as the captain wish to say that Mr. Fred Mather has and always will have a warm spot in the hearts of the MATHER WHEELMEN.

Comments.

BROOKLAND, D. C., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 3d inst. I notice that you speak of the cactus as being a detriment to hunting the antelope on a bicycle. In reply would like to state, there are various tires manufactured now which are perfectly impervious to cactus or any other thorn, or even glass and nails. One of them is a single tube made wholly of rubber and fabric, and is very light.

Just a few words in conclusion. It is a pretty hard matter to ride a wheel on the ice, as I have found by experience. The least turn or wobble will send the rider sprawling. Last, but not least, it is next to impossible to mount by one's self on the ice. A. W. RIDGWAY.

Dog, Wheel and Rabbit.

IN the absence of live rabbits the Presidio Club inaugurated a new sport which is quite likely to supersede the original game. It is the running of a stuffed hare by the dogs. To do this an inverted bicycle with the tire off one of the wheels was located at one end of the field. A string, wound around the tireless wheel, stretched 125 yards off, where it was tied to a stuffed hare. The "winder" or wheelman waited for the signal and began turning the wheel so as to haul in the string and the rabbit, which the dogs tried to overtake. In one instance only did the terriers reach the game.—*San Francisco Call.*

Yachting.

THE last serious agitation of the measurement question was in 1889, the first season of the 40ft. class, when the FOREST AND STREAM, with the aid of a number of experienced yachtsmen, made a hard fight for a change of the then universal classification by waterline length to the present basis of racing length. Though excellent reasons were advanced in favor of the proposed change, it was opposed, as other progressive movements had been before, by some influential yachtsmen; some of the then prominent Eastern yachtsmen were very strongly against it, as was Mr. Burgess; and nearly all of the daily papers of New York and Boston were with them.

On account of this opposition, the matter was dropped for a time, but since then it has come forward of itself; without serious effort on the part of those who first opposed it, the opposition has dwindled away, and the change has been made, with only good results; none of those dire calamities predicted in the event of its adoption having thus far presented themselves after several years' trial.

The conditions which prevailed in 1889 are materially altered now, and for the worse; the demand on the part of a few for extreme speed at any cost has introduced the bulb-fin, the shallow hull and a construction that is both costly and lacking in durability. The present movement, in its several different forms, is directed primarily to the correction of these salient evils and the production of yachts of more moderate draft and sail area, added displacement and greater durability. To this general end several means are proposed, the simplest being the placing of certain arbitrary limitations on draft and sail in each class, and ranging from this up to the construction of a new formula, in which shall appear such factors as draft, depth, displacement, area of midship section, etc. This is the same task that has been twice attempted of late years by some of the ablest and brightest of British yachtsmen and designers, with a lack of success that is very close to an utter failure; and we have no very strong hopes that American yachtsmen will succeed in finding any one formula which will attain the end in view and bring back, in connection with some modern improvements, the generally usable yachts that made the racing in the old 70ft. and 40ft classes

From the discussions we have heard thus far, we believe that the clubs concerned in the work are now ready to answer definitely the question that has been almost invariably evaded, as by the British Y. R. A. for years, but which is the foundation of a successful movement for a good measurement rule. "What do the clubs want? Speed without regard to cost, safety and similar wholesome requirements, or an average of good qualities in which speed, even if the first, shall not overshadow all others?" With Defender rusting at her moorings, with Wasp sailing alone for year after year in the smaller division of the single-stick class, with Amorita and Quissetta plowing deep ditches in the bottom of the regular Sound racing courses, and with the comparatively wholesome 15-footers of 1895 completely outclassed by Glencairn and Sothis, we believe that the clubs, the racing owners, and yachtsmen at large would now not only accept, but welcome a rule that, even though it clipped off some seconds per mile as compared with the bulb fin racing machine, would produce certain types in the various classes which would be of durable construction, of practicable draft, reasonable accommodation, and above all, which could not be outbuilt in their first season by the mere use of greater draft and sail area on the part of newer adversaries.

In the one large class in which the America's Cup races have been held for some years the attempt to introduce the slightest restriction on speed would be at once strenuously opposed; but this matters not at all, as the class has no place in the regular interclub racing, and only comes into existence at odd intervals, it need in no way be considered in discussing a change of the rules. In all the other classes, of both rigs, there seems to be an opinion that unhampered experiment in draft, in sail area and in light and costly construction has finally outrun the natural limit, and that little or nothing is to be gained by continuing to seek further extremes. The experiment of Defender, for instance, has been most interesting and instructive, showing the possibilities of the great keel cutter, long a matter of dispute. The yacht is, however, so obviously useless for general yachting and racing that there is no room for argument over the demerits of the type. It would be a decided gain to American yachting if, from the knowledge gained in the experiments with Defender, Vigilant, Colonia, Volunteer, Lasca and Emerald, under one or two masts, the schooners of the 95ft. racing length class, the old 90ft., could be limited to an extreme draft of not over 14ft. This, of course, would mean a discrimination in favor of the centerboard type, but a long experience has shown that, even though a little slower in racing, this is by all means the most desirable type for Sound racing and the 'longshore work between Sandy Hook and Bar Harbor, about all that is required of these yachts.

In the smaller class of schooners the conditions call for a centerboard craft, and one of moderate draft, as in all ways most desirable; it is easy to see that about Long Island Sound a Quickstep of 7ft. draft is a far better yacht than an Amorita or Quissetta, of about the same accommodation, with 11 to 13ft.

In the single-stick classes from 36 to 75ft. racing length everything points to the keel type as the most desirable, both in speed and accommodation; and it is important that while extreme draft, such as nearly 10ft. in a 43-footer, should be prevented, the keel and centerboard be placed as nearly as possible upon equal terms.

In the classes from 25ft. downward there is little need of considering the question of internal space and accommodation; the shoal hull is permissible and the bulb-fin must be recognized, but at the same time some limitations to extreme draft and sail area are imperative.

Even though a suitable rule be found for the decked yachts in the classes from 30ft. upward, it by no means follows that the same rule will apply to the smaller classes with a larger ratio of live ballast, and it is possible that an entirely different rule may be found necessary.

THERE is some encouragement for next season in the fact that four new racing boats are already ordered, and that too in the same class. What is still better is the fact that the class is a good one, and there is reason to hope that the new yachts may be less of the machine type than any that have lately been seen. The 51ft. racing length class, to which the boats will belong, is the legitimate successor of the old 40ft. length class, and will show a longer hull of about the same beam, and a smaller sail plan than the racing forties of 1889–90. Just what the draft will be is dependent on the action of the clubs, in fact the proposed action on the rule, if any immediate results are reached, will have much to do with the shaping of the class; but the main idea seems to be to produce a fast racing yacht of moderate form and sail area, and of sufficient accommodation for owner and crew through the season. Two of these yachts will be designed by Gardner & Cox, one for F. M. Hoyt, owner of Norota, who has just sold her to D. B Burnham, of Oyster Bay. A third will be designed and built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., and a fourth, for J. B. Mills, late owner of Infanta, will be designed by Will Fife, Jr. The certainty of these boats in the racing is likely to bring out others before the season begins.

THE question of the meaning of the "mutual agreement clause" in the new deed of gift is revived by a proposal on the part of Sir George Newnes to challenge for the America's Cup, which proposal the Royal London Y. C. has declined to forward on the ground that it had no reason to alter the position which it took when the deed was first made public in 1887. In this the Royal London Y. C. sets an example in consistency and self respect that is in bold contrast to that of the Royal Yacht Squadron a little more than a year ago When the first copies of the new deed were received by these two clubs, each took much the same grounds as previously taken by the FOREST AND STREAM, substantially that the tampering with a trust was in itself illegal; that the manner in which the change was made was also illegal and contrary to club usage; and that the specific demands of the deed were unfair to all other clubs and contrary to the expressed intentions of the original donors.

After nine years of constant controversy, we have seen nothing to induce us to change the opinion which we expressed the week after the new deed appeared; while in the meantime some of the most objectionable points, such as the demand for the dimensions, have been disclaimed by the men who made them, and generally condemned as unfair by yachtsmen who at first defended them. In the effort to

repair the hasty and foolish work of 1887, an attempt has been made to place upon the clause mentioned an interpretation which is contrary to common sense and directly contradicted by the whole history of the three deeds and of the various negotiations between defender and challengers.

The mutual agreement clause must be interpreted in one of two ways: either as referring—as we have always claimed—to the immediate details of the races, after a challenge has been tendered and the dimensions of the challenger have been filed with the holder, or else as applying to all conditions of the possession, challenging and racing for the Cup. If this latter construction be the correct one, as now urged by those who made the deed, all its elaborate restrictions are as useless and unmeaning as the legal verbiage in which they are enveloped, and any future holder of the Cup may put it up for a race of 15-footers. In this connection Sir George Newnes's opinion of the new deed is important; he says, "The deed of gift can be altered yearly if the New York Yacht Club pleases."

If the new deed was bad in 1887 and 1889—and we believe that both the Squadron and the Royal London Y. C. stated the case very mildly in their condemnation—it was not a whit better in 1893, after the silly device of the mutual agreement had been arranged to quiet the scruples of the Squadron. The Royal London Y. C. has done well to profit by the misfortunes of its fellow, as the cases are very similar. Like Sir George Newnes, Lord Dunraven was a novice in yachting, knowing nothing of its laws and usages, in utter ignorance of the history of the America's Cup, of the long struggle against the unfair conditions on which it was held, or the way in which those conditions had only recently been made worse for the challenger. The result, both to Lord Dunraven and to the Squadron, is enough to deter any club from fostering a challenge from a non-yachtsman and under the new deed.

As to Sir George Newnes, we know nothing save that he is one of the comparatively few men who can afford the luxury of racing for the America's Cup; he may be a good sportsman and he may make a good yachtsman; but for a task like this, requiring to-day the highest technical skill in yachting, joined to much good sense and diplomacy, we should like to see only a man of reputation in the yachting world.

THERE is one very important matter to be settled by the holder of the Cup before it accepts another challenge: that the challenging club shall give an ample voucher for the standing of its representative. It is not fitting that the holder should be compelled to ask who or what the challenger is; but the responsibility for all of his actions must be assumed by the club which not merely forwards but indorses his challenge. In the case of Lord Dunraven the Royal Yacht Squadron was able to escape all responsibility for his actions as the representative of the club, and the very unpleasant task of dealing with him was thrown upon the New York Y. C.

Without reference to this special case, it will be seen that it is only in accordance with the usage in all sporting clubs that the individual contestant should be known personally only to the club he represents. The contest is in no sense individual, but between two clubs, and each tacitly guarantees that his representative shall be in all respects a proper party, and in the event of any failure of the representative, the club must assume the responsibility of atoning for him.

This matter has never come up before in connection with the America's Cup, the long series of squabbles with the late Mr. Ashbury were very different from the case of Lord Dunraven; but now that attention has been called to the matter, it must be made a part of a distinct understanding in any future challenge.

ONE of the details of Sir George Newnes's proposal, which, by the way, he has not abandoned, but will keep in reserve, is that the races be sailed off Halifax. However grateful such a change might be to Lord Dunraven and some of his American friends as a vindication of their efforts to take the races away from Sandy Hook, the proposal is too absurd to call for serious discussion.

THE committee of the Royal Canadian Y. C. having in charge Com. Berriman's challenge for next year has notified him that the club is unwilling to accept a challenge from a yacht of the proposed size, the reasons being, as given last spring, that such a yacht would be of no use save for this special series of races. In accordance with this decision, Com. Berriman has decided to build in the regular 42ft. class. The new yacht will be designed by Poeckel and built by the Racine Boat Manufacturing Co.

IT is reported that W. K. Vanderbilt, the principal owner of Defender, will not sell her for conversion to a schooner, but that she will be kept under the cutter rig for service in case of a challenge at any time.

DURING the hurry and bustle of the racing season it has been impossible to continue from week to week the series of articles on Yacht Designing which were begun last winter. In answer to many inquiries we may say that we shall resume the publication of the articles very shortly; just at present we have in hand several more designs of modern yachts, such as those of El Heirie and Ethelwynn, which must appear first.

IT now seems probable that the 20ft. class will be adopted in several localities to supersede a larger and more expensive class with crews of six to ten men. The expense of racing these latter boats is in itself no small objection to many, and apart from that is the serious difficulty of getting and keeping together a properly trained racing crew, and the uselessness of the boats for pleasure sailing when not racing. With the modern 20-footer and a crew of three, many of these difficulties disappear, the racing is quite as keen and the speed as great.

We note with regret in the discussion of the new class a disposition to adhere to the obsolete and incorrect term, "one-rater," just as the 15-footers are frequently termed "half-raters." There is no good reason whatever for applying the English term to an American yacht when it does not fit in any way; not only has the rating rule been abolished, but even if in existence the yachts of the 20ft. class would not measure to one-rating, nor would the 15-footers measure to one-half rating. Even the few yachts of these rating classes imported from England have been canvased out of their home classes after arriving in America. The new boats are in no sense "raters," and it is a foolish affectation to call them so; let them have their proper names, as 20-footers or 15-footers.

The case is entirely different in another instance, that of cutter and sloop. For some years the sloop rig has been obsolete in America on all yachts of over 30ft.; it is found to-day only on the special 30-footers, the special 21-footers, the 20 and 15-footers and yachts of the older types of 30ft. downward. Not only all of the Cup defenders, but all smaller single-stickers, old and new, have been rigged as cutters, and should be classed as such. So far from this being the case, even the largest clubs continue to class such yachts as Queen Mab, Uvira, Jessica and Minerva as sloops, apparently for no better reason than that they are not schooners. It is not a little absurd and confusing to see these yachts, or even such cutters as Wasp, Gloriana and Gossoon, regularly classed as sloops.

A BROKEN TILLER.

WHEN the little Roamer came into existence she was looked upon by few friendly eyes. She was born amid the turmoil of a fierce yacht designing controversy, for it was in the early 80s when she first slid into her natural elements—back in that time when, gallant and alone, the FOREST AND STREAM stood boldly forth and championed the principles of scientific design.

This was the time when the brilliant but unfortunate C. P. Kunhardt was even slandered by some opponents, who were as weak in argument as they were strong in abuse, and for no other reason than that this powerful writer expressed his honest convictions. His opponents were blind to sound scientific ideas on yacht building. Theirs was blindness in its very worst form; they would not see.

Inch by inch, step by step, was the battle fought; surely it was a mighty battle too. It was the cause of the first adoption of those features which thorough trial has long since demonstrated to be correct, the lead keel and full cutter rig first introduced to the American yachting public by the FOREST AND STREAM. They have been the direct means of preserving to this country, on five different occasions, the much coveted America's Cup.

Arrayed against the FOREST AND STREAM, in this great fight, were what may properly be termed the hysterical forces of a patriotic delusion. These forces were composed of a mixture of sharpie and other shallow, centerboard "death-trap" advocates, who innocently imagined that the centerboard was an American something that must not be attacked, even though lives might be saved by introducing better ideas. These persons were compelled to abandon their first line of breastworks when, to their false patriotic indignation, progressive Americans came to the front and demonstrated, with both time and money, that the imported lead keel was superior to the originally imported centerboard.

This was the first decisive victory for reason, and to the FOREST AND STREAM belongs the journalistic credit for the same. When it was further demonstrated, however, that, in order to study (from a distance generally) the beautiful lines of the graceful, symmetrical overhanging sterns of the much-abused "lead mines" (especially in a heavy weather race), it would require almost superhuman exertions on the part of the retrogressive contingent to get their skimming dishes near enough, even in the first part of a race, then their indignation changed to consternation, and the FOREST AND STREAM had won progressive victory number two.

How this lead keel innovation (combined sometimes with the centerboard) was followed by still other new ideas in yacht designing, advocated by the FOREST AND STREAM, such as flush decks, housing topmasts, pole bowsprits and the full cutter rig, is an old story and a matter of true yachting history.

It must be admitted by the conscientious truth seeker, however, that there are still narrow-minded individuals who will stubbornly persist in calling a cutter a sloop if she wins a race, and who will just as stubbornly pronounce the same boat a cutter if she should lose the next race. The truth seeking yacht historian of the future, however, will not tolerate nor be controlled by such stupid prejudice as this, but will properly classify boats with cutter rigs as cutters, whether they have centerboards or keels; and he will also give to the FOREST AND STREAM full credit for its gallant fight, and the good it has accomplished.

About the time when this controversy had reached a boiling point, there appeared in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM the lines of a small yawl named Windward, if I am not mistaken, designed by W. P. Stephens. It was from this design that I had constructed the little Roamer, which took part in a race from New Haven to and around Block Island and return, an account of which appeared in a former issue of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Unlike Windward, however, Roamer was rigged as a sloop. While I think that, on account of her small size, she would have given better satisfaction rigged in a less complicated manner, still Roamer proved herself on many occasions an honest and able little cruiser. Many a time have I taken a dash on the Sound in her under single reefed mainsail and jib when the sails of no other yacht could be seen.

Roamer's length over all was exactly 23ft.; waterline, 18ft.; beam, 6ft ,and she drew 4ft. 6in. Her least freeboard was 20in. She had a lead keel of 2,000lbs. in weight, and her inside lead weighed 1,800lbs. and was cast to fit. The cabin roof was raised 12in. above the deck aft and 9in. forward. This roof allowed 5ft. 6in. headroom. The cockpit was a small self-emptying well 4ft. in diameter. There were two bunks, so constructed as to allow sleeping accommodations for four persons if needed. Back of and under the companion stairs there was placed a galvanized water tank, which filled through a lead pipe that led from the cockpit rail. The water was drawn from the tank through a small brass faucet in the cabin. There were plenty of lockers and a small table. This table was hinged to the side, and swung up and buttoned when not in use. She was constructed of cedar, oak, mahogany, and white and yellow pine. Her fastenings throughout were of copper and galvanized iron. She carried two anchors: one 45lbs., the other 35lbs. Her tender was a small, handy skiff, 9ft. long and 3ft. beam.

I had owned alone or had been part owner of a number of boats of different kinds before Roamer was built; but I never realized the amount of real solid comfort that it is possible to extract from a cruise in a small boat until I experienced the same aboard this little lead keel craft.

Now that I have given a rather long description of Roamer and the causes that led to her construction (the lines of Windward in the FOREST AND STREAM, and the lead keel controversy), I will tell of a short cruise taken in her in the month of August, 1885. On this cruise we met conditions that I feel sure would have resulted disastrously to us had we been compelled to depend on a turn-turtle skimming dish. Especially am I sure that such would have been the result if I had had anything to do with the handling of such a boat. I confess that I do not like them, and to a feeling of insecurity when aboard of one. I have myself succeeded on one or two occasions in getting their bottoms where their decks should be.

It was a warm morning and the faintest of zephyrs breathed out of the heavy southwest, barely ruffling the bosom of New Haven Harbor and the Sound. Under mainsail, topsail, jib and jibtopsail, Roamer slowly made her way, with the assistance of the ebb tide, in the direction of Southwest Ledge Lighthouse. Although we made slow progress, we did not mind that much, as it was still early morning.

Our ship's company consisted of three—Thomas Humphreys, George Humphreys and myself. We were jolly and contented; why should we not be? Each one of us was captain and we were all members of the crew at the same time. Under this arrangement individual members of the crew could sass the captain to their heart's content, yet there could be no mutiny.

Past the mounds of old Fort Hale we slowly drifted. It took nearly two hours to reach the mouth of the harbor, and it was six bells before we passed Southwest Ledge Light. From here to Pond Point Buoy it was nothing but drift. The Sound appeared like a huge glaring mirror, encircled by a smoky halo of mist. Out of the edge of this mist would creep now and then a serpentine-like string of coal barges, or perhaps a stray steamboat or steam yacht would put in an appearance. By this time the sun was making deep impressions on our memories, for his greetings were warm.

George has a reputation for improving opportunities, so took advantage of this chance to manufacture large quantities of claret lemonade. I like to take advantage of some opportunities too, so I drank large quantities of George's manufactured article, while Tom blasted his eyes and whistled for wind. We lay motionless halfway between Pond Point and Charles Island from four bells A. M. until seven bells P. M. before we were favored with any wind. When the wind did come, however, it was with a rush and out of the S.W. By two bells the conditions that had existed up to within an hour of that time were completely reversed. Instead of there being no wind there was more than a sufficiency of it. The sea, too, rose so considerably that we were soon pounding our way laboriously through it against the tide under mainsail and jib.

We had thrashed out through the white-crested seas, five miles to windward, and were off Stratford Point, one mile out; George was at the tiller, and Tom and I were hanging on with fingers, toes and eyelids, while we kept a vigilant watch to windward, ready to dodge any stray sea that might be inclined to take a "snap shot" at us over the weather bow. Suddenly there was a sharp snap, and George tumbled into the cockpit with the broken tiller in his hands.

Tillerless, of course any boat is at the mercy of wind and wave. This time, however, there was to be no sacrifice of human life to Davy Jones. That we were in a dilemma, however, goes without saying. Had we been compelled to face such conditions with a bob-tailed, triangle-shaped trap we undoubtedly would have had to swim for it. We had hardly time to think, let alone act, when Roamer came up into the wind of her own sweet will and swung off on the other tack; as the wind then hit her with all its force she went down, down, down, until her sails were nearly flattened on the water.

Neptune and his legions found this time, however, a little antagonist fully capable of meeting them in a contest. This was no sandbagger to turn turtle and sink! Gradually eating her way into the wind, she slowly righted until her sails were ashake, then as she fell off she received another knock down like the first one.

The wind and sea toyed with our little vessel in this manner until we managed to disentangle things forward, so as to allow us to lower the sails and let go the anchor. Then as she swung to her cable and bowed defiantly to each oncoming billow, as though challenging them to continue the contest, we realized what we owed to the lead keel.

Six fathoms of cable ran out before our 45lb. right bower found the bottom. As Roamer plunged heavily into the seas, she dragged her anchor and drifted steadily in the direction from which she had come. The tiller had broken off close up to the rudderhead, and in spite of every effort on our part we found it utterly impossible to drive the broken end out. After considerable trouble we managed to lash the boom crotch in such a manner to the rudderhead as to answer for a tiller.

It was after four bells, and we were pretty thoroughly drenched by the time we succeeded in getting our anchor and were away once more, making the spray fly on our way to windward. The tide was running ebb again and the wind came as hard as ever out of the southwest, so we were a good half hour pounding our way back to where the tiller had broken. Although awkward and clumsy, our boom crotch served very well as a tiller. The sun cast long, lancelike shafts of gold aslant the white-crested seas of emerald, or shimmered on schooners' sails and sandy beaches in soft glimmers of light, ere we reached a position that enabled us to start sheet and lay our course for Bridgeport Light. Out on the Middle Ground the lantern of Stratford Shoal Light twinkled in the sun's rays like a far-off star. Gayly we swung in rhythmic time, quartering each snowy crest as we raced over the turbulent billows half a mile off the sandy shore of Long Beach. Out of the golden western horizon rolled masses of snow-white clouds, which, as they mounted the purple vault, burned with all the hues of the rainbow in the rays of the westering sun.

It was nearly eight bells, and the red and white eyes of the lighthouses were silently peering through the dusky night shadows, when Roamer passed the inner beacon in Bridgeport Harbor and cast anchor to the southeast of the long wharf that makes out from the west side of the harbor. After partaking of a substantial supper we retired for the night.

A glance out of the companionway next morning revealed no sign of wind. When breakfast had been disposed of we set to work on the rudderhead, and after considerable trouble we managed to remove the broken tiller end. Taking the two pieces of tiller, we set out in the skiff for a boat-building establishment on a wharf on the west side of the harbor. Here I had constructed, from the toughest piece of wood I had ever seen, a new tiller. I do not remember to what variety this wood belonged, but distinctly remember that it took the edge off the tools which were used in turning it out. When the tiller was finished we went aboard and

got up our sails preparatory to taking advantage of any wind that might stray our way.

The Sound lay as smooth as glass under the sun's scorching rays until nearly eight bells. With a faint west wind we then slipped out of the harbor against the flood tide under mainsail, jib, topsail and jibtopsail. After passing Bridgeport Light we received the benefit of the tide, which now favored us, and made excellent progress in the direction of Penfield Reef Light, passing it at one bell M.

By the time Penfield Reef was two miles astern the wind died entirely out again, and we were left to fry in the doldrums. A heavy haze now settled on the water and before long objects became indistinguishable outside a radius of two and a half miles or so. The sun's rays, however, managed to penetrate this haze and it was so oppressively hot as to impart to us a sense of suffocation. The only object to meet our gaze was Penfield Reef Lighthouse, which, on account of the wavering heat that filled the air, seemed to rise out of a bed of molten copper. To make matters doubly interesting, we were regaled now and then by the heavy grumble of thunder in the southwest. Much to our gratification our expected thunderstorm did not materialize. At five bells we were once more bowling merrily on our way under full sail and over a surface that was wrinkled by a flattering, southerly breeze. The tide had been running ebb for over an hour before the breeze came, consequently we had been carried fully two miles astern. With a fair wind it took but a short time to regain our lost ground, however.

Under the wind's persuasive influence the haze soon departed and the atmosphere became perfectly clear. There was just sufficient wind to put our lee rail within 2 or 3in. of the water's surface under started sheet. Under these favorable conditions we enjoyed those ecstatic sensations of freedom to be experienced only aboard of a boat when on its most perfect sailing point, reaching. With graceful leaning courtesyings, Roamer slid easily over the undulating swells. Meeting the approaching seas, her knife-like stem parted their olive crests in soft furrows of creamy foam. Off Pine Creek Point we passed a number of menhaden seines, they were being hauled by the crews of three or four menhaden steamers that lay rising and falling on the waves near by.

We proceeded in the above manner until six bells, when the wind left us once more, and we lay idly rolling on the waves to the south of the red buoy which marks the Cows Rocks, off Shippan Point.

Like a lusterless copper ball, the sun sank in a sky of dull, hazy yellow. At eight bells the lighthouses were once more sending forth their warning gleams. Night was spreading her sable blanket over the waters; still we lay idly rolling in the same place and there was no prospect of us reaching a harbor. This being the first time we had ever cruised to the westward on the Sound, we were therefore entirely ignorant of the harbors and were naturally anxious regarding our situation.

By two bells we became disagreeably aware of the fact that we might have our hands full of business before long. At that hour a heavy thunderstorm had begun to concentrate its forces in that most fickle quarter, the southwest. Dull flashes of lightning, followed by surly, muttering thunder, trembled at regular intervals athwart the inky sky in that direction. A mile and a half to the north the steady, red glare of Stamford Light peered through the darkness. From its elevated perch in the southeast Eaton's Neck Light sent white warning shafts over the somber waves. Norwalk Island Light too flashed alternating danger gleams of red and white out of the ebony-hued eastnortheast.

Higher and higher climbed the black-robed legions of the storm in the starless sky; fiercer and fiercer the lightning sent its dazzling bolts; deeper and deeper boomed the thunder's mighty voice; the timbers of the little Roamer trembled, and we—well, we would rather have been at home in bed about that time; at least I would.

We had taken in the topsail and jibtopsail and were anxiously awaiting, under close-reefed mainsail and jib, the contest that seemed inevitable. Being unacquainted with the neighborhood, we were undecided as to the best course to pursue, but finally decided to run before the storm for the Norwalk Islands. We had hardly gotten Roamer's bowsprit pointed in that direction before, with a blinding flash and deafening roar, the storm was upon us.

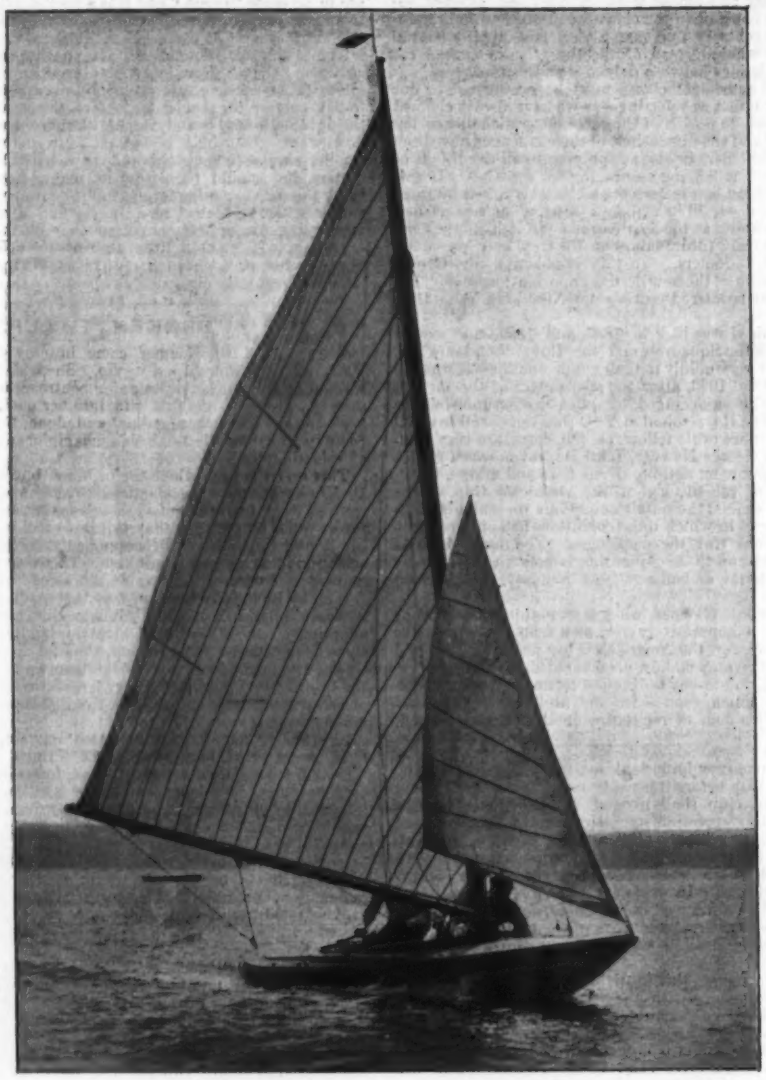
I have often wished for a picture of that scene. Excepting Roamer and the ghostly gleam of the rain-lashed sea, revealed at regular intervals by the lightning's flash, everything was completely hidden from view. Tom and I were in the cockpit handling the boat. The companion slide, open an inch or two, revealed the dimly lighted interior of the cabin and George, with chart and compass before him, coolly directing us how to steer. Although Roamer yawed at a frightful rate, still, considering her small size, she made excellent weather of it and rose and fell on the heavy seas as buoyant as a rubber ball.

Although it remained very dark and cloudy, and the wind and sea continued heavy, we were greatly relieved when the rain ceased to behold the welcome gleams of the lighthouses once more. We were also pleased to find that George from the cabin had directed us correctly in our steering.

After passing a lot of breakers on the port hand which we could plainly hear, but not see, it was not long before we observed a dark object rising and falling on the waves off our starboard bow. By the sound of breakers roaring for a long distance to the east, we judged this object to be the buoy that marks the west end of Green's Ledge. Giving the breakers a wide berth, we ran well to the north of Sheffield Island, then trimming sheet we kept the lead line going and slowly felt our way close in back of the lighthouse; here we anchored in two fathoms of comparatively smooth water. Once more had the little Roamer demonstrated her ability to easily cope with Neptune's briny forces. It was nearly five bells when, after furling our sails, we hung out the riding light and went below. We tackled a late but substantial supper that night with that hungry aggressiveness imparted by hard work in the open air. While it was not raining when we turned in at eight bells, still the sky had a dirty, threatening appearance.

Morning broke with every indication of settled rain. Gray clouds scudding out of the southwest completely covered the sky and banked themselves in heavy masses in the gloomy northeast. When we had disposed of breakfast we hauled our anchor aboard, and at six bells we were once more thrashing our way to windward under mainsail and jib, and against a heavy, lead-colored sea which rolled out of the southwest.

We had gone but a short distance when a disagreeable drizzle set in, compelling us to don oilers and rubber coats. We were fully two hours bucking the heavy sea before we arrived at the place from which we had been compelled to run the night before.



ETHELWYNN, SHOWING "WILSON" JIB.
From Photo by J. S. Johnston, New York. Copyright, 1895.

It was three bells in the afternoon when we rounded Greenwich Point, and we anchored in Indian Harbor at four bells. Here we met friends, and our run to the westward ended.

While it took three days for Roamer to cover fifty miles, that is no proof that she was slow, as she covered the same course in eight hours afterward. The able manner in which she behaved under adverse circumstances, however, demonstrated that, were all small cruisers constructed on such safe, sensible lines as hers were, there would be few sailing fatalities to chronicle each year. The greenest, least experienced novice couldn't possibly capsize such a boat.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

ETHELWYNN.

(Concluded from page 295, Oct. 10.)

IN working under a length classification the designer has an easy task, as the sole limitation is that the yacht shall not exceed in waterline length the limit of the proposed class, and even if she does many clubs have in the past been weak and complacent enough to remit the just penalty by passing each year an exemption clause. The waterline disposed of in this easy way, the designer is free to put on or cut off sail as he pleases, until he has a sail plan that is not only suitable for the stability of the yacht, but that balances as perfectly as is possible. Under the racing length classification and the rules as now rigidly enforced by the leading clubs, the problem is far more difficult; not only must the sail plan be fitted to the power of the hull, but it must be of a certain definite area, as there is no allowance to be had in the event of measuring under the class, and the yacht is certain to be disqualified if she measures over. In addition to this, and no less important, is the balance of sail—one of the first essentials to good windward work.

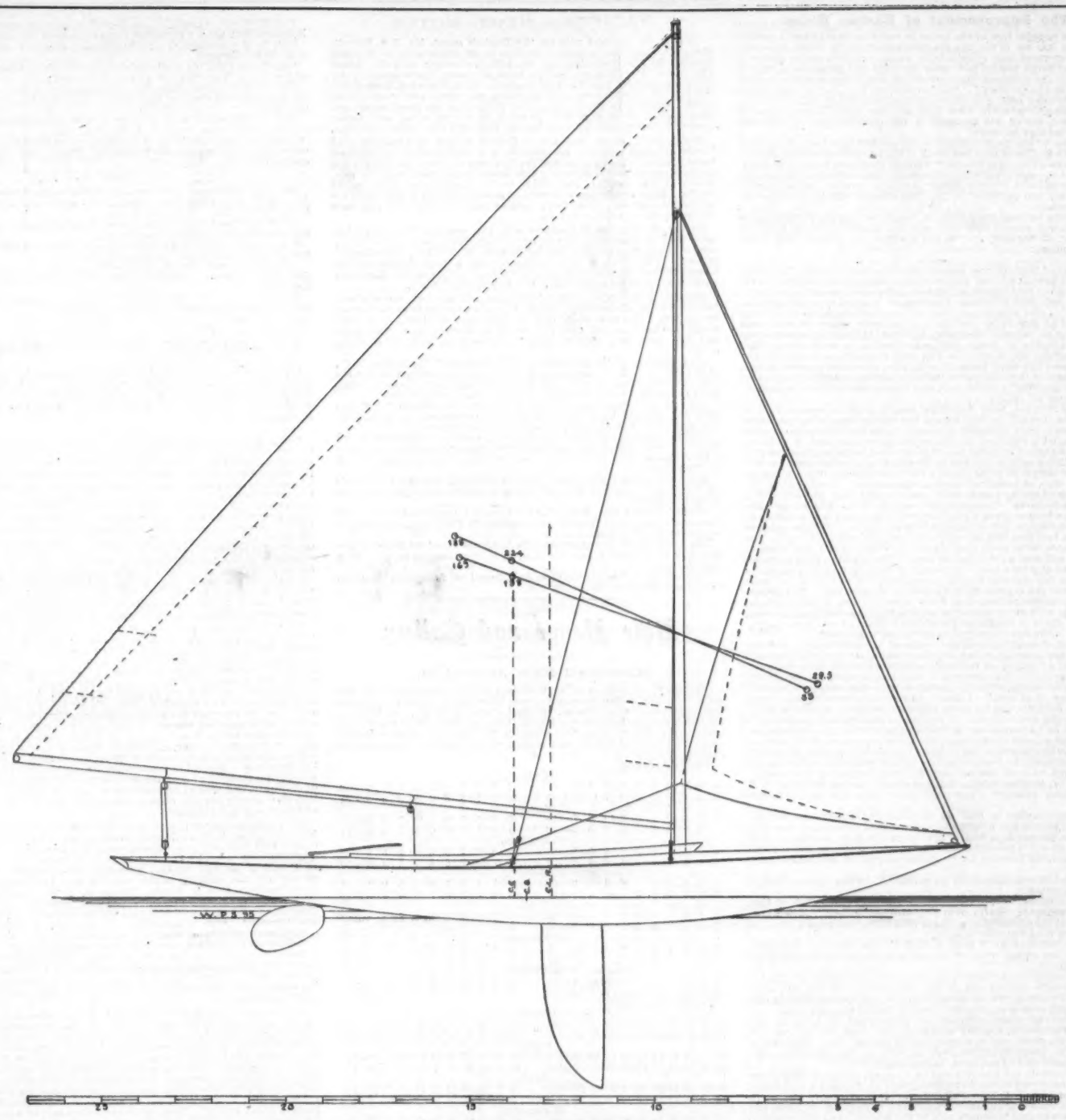
The proposed figures for Ethelwynn, as already stated, were: l.w.l. 14ft. 6in., sail area 240sq. ft., making 15ft. racing length. Though sailed in some of the races with no ballast, as it was intended that she should be, the yacht was never measured with less than 100lbs. of ballast aboard, with this weight going just over 15ft. l.w.l. Had there been any object in so doing, she could have been brought to about 14ft. 6in., but there was little to be gained by this, as she had not sail enough to make it necessary. The sail plan as first drawn had the same mainsail as shown in the present plan, of 189sq. ft. and a jib of 50sq. ft., that nearly filled the whole fore triangle, the luff nearly parallel to the mast and the clew very low, with a light club on the foot, the single jib sheet working on a traveler across the deck. With a new and unstretched mainsail the yacht balanced very badly, having too much lee helm, although the C.E. was placed well aft of the C.L.R. The mainsail at the same time set poorly and was recut, making it still smaller, and to balance it the original jib was discarded for a smaller one without the club. A new mainsail was made which also proved short on the hoist, but being a good sail, it was carried in the trial and cup races. The final result in the way of head sail was a very small jib cut after the peculiar fashion devised by Mr. Gilbert Wilson. The boat was very sensitive, and while she worked admirably to windward under this odd little sail, she performed indifferently with one to all appearances as good in cut, but half a dozen feet larger.

The dotted lines show the sails as officially measured by Mr. Hyslop, by pegging them down on a lawn, the day preceding the first cup race. The area of mainsail is but 168.6sq. ft., and that of the jib 29.5sq. ft., or 198sq. ft. in all. With the longest measurement of the waterline, with 150lbs. of ballast, the allowance of sail would be 218sq. ft., or 20ft. in excess of that actually carried. While this deficit of over 10 per cent. was a serious handicap in the light winds that prevailed, there was no help for it under the circumstances. The larger jib shown in the plan, of 35sq. ft. area, was drawn later as of the proper size to balance such a mainsail as would fill the spars and at the same time to give the amount of sail which the waterline allowed.

In planning the spars there was little to go on as to the diameters for hollow sticks; the matter was discussed with the spar maker, Mr. Young, and Mr. C. J. Stevens, and the result was a 4¼in. mast. Mr. Fraser, of the Spalding-St. Lawrence Co., advocated strongly a much smaller spar, but was overruled, as it was decided to be on the safe side as far as the stiffness of the mast was concerned, the jib being set flying. The experience of this past year has shown that the spar was far too heavy, even for the rig as originally planned, and more so for the small sails finally carried. With just 100sq ft. more sail, the mast of Glencairn was, we believe, but 3½in. diameter at the deck. As it was, the runners were not required, but it would seem now that for the sail plan as it actually was a hollow stick of 3in. and of about one-half the weight would be fully strong enough. The boom was also hollow, of about 2¾in. diameter in the slings. The rigging was of phosphor bronze wire rope, headstay $\frac{3}{16}$in. diameter, shrouds $\frac{1}{16}$in. diameter and runners ¼in. Both main and jib halyards were of the same material, ¼in. diameter. The main halyard ran over a 2in. sheave in the masthead, a single part with a whip tackle at the deck. The jib halyard was double, with a jig. The running rigging was of imported English cord.

The centerboard was of manganese bronze, of $\frac{1}{16}$in. thickness, weighing about 65lbs. It was, we believe, of a sheet of the metal rolled for the plating of Defender. It was fitted with a lifting arm, a separate casting of bronze, with a tackle to the forward deck just abaft the mast. The board was hung from two brass straps, one on each side, with a pin through the lower ends, as frequently illustrated in connection with canoes. As it proved, the board was too light, bending badly during the cup races and taking a permanent set that could not be removed with the appliances at hand at Oyster Bay.

The rudder construction was something of a novelty; the stock was cast in one piece with an oval rim about 1¼in. wide and ¼in. thick, tapering to a sharp edge on its outside, of the outline shown in the drawings. The main part of the blade, in the center of the rim, was to have been filled in with mahogany, in two thicknesses riveted together. A very good casting was procured, but the rudder was spoiled in the making, being filled in with oak fastened only with a few brass wire nails. The result was that after a couple of days in the water the wood swelled and buckled so badly



SAIL PLAN.—ETHELWYNN.

Designed by W. P. Stephens and built by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Company, 1895.

that the rudder could not be used. In this emergency an old rudder was procured, originally made for an 18ft. Scarecrow, and of rough construction, the two plates being poorly fitted and riveted, the edges being bent and anything but smooth. This was fitted to the boat and carried through the trial and cup races, proving to be of the right size.

In thus minutely describing Ethelwynn we have endeavored to show the boat exactly as she was, with all of her imperfections and defects. These were numerous enough, and perhaps may be considered as not to the credit of her designer and others connected with her, but it must be remembered that the whole work of designing, building and racing her was done in a hurry, and even where mistakes were apparent there was little opportunity to rectify them. Of all connected with her there was no one with the necessary time to give his undivided attention to her proper trial and working up. It is easy enough to see where she might have been materially improved, with larger sails, much lighter spars, and better centerboard and rudder.

Among the many criticisms, mostly, be it said, of a friendly nature, are two that may be properly noted here: one to the effect that Ethelwynn was but a copy of the English half-raters; the other that it was but a small task to defeat Spruce IIII. We have already mentioned our obligations to Sorceress for the idea of the knife board, and the performances of this exceptionally fast yacht, as described in the English journals during her first season, demonstrated the merits of this general type in the small classes. At the same time Ethelwynn is in no sense a mere copy of Sorceress or any other boat, but represents a carefully worked out design with many individual features.

As for the merits of defeating the English challenger, as far as the boat herself is concerned, they were little enough, and we have never claimed to the contrary. In weight of construction; in clumsy and useless fittings, such as the oak tabernacle; in complicated rig, to say nothing of her actual form, Spruce IIII. was not a formidable opponent for any boat of fairly good design and construction. With equal handling Ethelwynn should have sailed away from her every time they met, and probably would have done so. When it comes to comparing crews the case is altered; Mr. Brand had grown up with the half-rating class, sailing year after year from forty to sixty races in a season, and he had with him an exceptionally smart professional who had served as his crew for four years. Spruce IIII. had been planned and built during the winter and had sailed a number of races before coming to America, being tried against the best English boats of the year and changed in many respects to improve her speed; in fact, the conditions of her ownership and handling were such as to bring out everything that was in the boat. Under the Seawanhaka, as compared with the Y. R. A. rule, Spruce IIII. gained in being able to increase her sail area for her American races.

How hastily Ethelwynn was designed and built, with no exact idea of what her antagonist was to be, has already been told. Her helmsman in both trial and cup races, Mr. B. C. Ball, though a skillful sailor, was accustomed only to a larger and very different type of yacht; he had never seen a modern boat of the 15 or 20ft. classes prior to sailing Ethelwynn, and being in business and living at a distance from the Sound, he was aboard of her only a few times before the trial races, thus having small opportunity to learn the boat and to improve her. As crew in all but two of the races he had a novice, with no experience in racing, and lacking that practice so essential to the quick handling of sails in these little craft. In the last two races he was very ably seconded by his brother, a skillful sailor, but entirely unacquainted with Ethelwynn, not even knowing the lead of the gear when he went aboard her. As compared with Mr. Brand, with his weight and physique, his long racing experience and his professional crew, the odds were entirely against Ethelwynn in the very important matter of handling, and while she might easily have done more, it is very much to the credit of both Mr. Ball and the boat that they did enough in successfully defending the Seawanhaka cup.

Canada and the Cup.

We can understand how the following letter might be written and sent to the *Field*, as very few of those who discuss the America's Cup on either side of the Atlantic ever take the trouble to study the different deeds under which it has been held. What we cannot understand is, how anything so silly found its way into print, the editor of the *Field* being perfectly conversant with the whole subject, and knowing very well that the barring of the Canadians was done fourteen years ago, and not within a few weeks. This being the case, Mr. Gretton's heroics only serve to make him ridiculous.

Editor, the Field:

It is worth drawing the attention of English yachtsmen to the compliment recently paid to the chief designers in the empire by the New York Yacht Club. That extremely wary body of sportsmen have announced within the last week or so that they will refuse to accept a challenge for the America's Cup from a Canadian yacht club.

Their decision comes treading on the heels of the success of the Canadians in winning the Seawanhaka challenge cup with a ½-rater built and designed in Canada, and the more important and striking success of their champion in winning the International challenge cup of the lakes on Lake Ontario. The latter vessel was designed by Mr. Fife, Jr., and built in Canada.

Every one who has a practical knowledge of yacht racing under the present rating rule knows what an enormous handicap it is to have to construct a vessel on this side of the 3,000 stormy miles of the Atlantic and to sail her over before competing with a vessel specially constructed in America for the purpose of winning two or three special races in American waters. This handicap, it would appear, the New York Y. C. are unwilling to forego, for a vessel might easily be built in Canada designed by the most distinguished British experts, which would escape the heavy handicap of an ocean voyage, and so by courtesy of the captains of American excursion steamers a British yacht might meet the American champion in some future contest on equal terms.

English yachting men will not fail to appreciate this compliment to the skill of British yacht designers. JOHN GRETTON, Jr.

Niagara's Tanks.

THE recent letter of Howard Gould to the Council of the Y. R. A. was considered at a meeting of the Association on Oct. 12, and the following reply was decided upon:

"SIR: I am directed by the Council of the Yacht Racing Association to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from you dated Sept. 28. I am to reply that the visit of their committee was made in the usual course, solely in consequence of the official measurer having in May, 1896, in the execution of his duty, reported to the Council that the yacht's water tanks were constructed together in such a manner that they might be used in shifting ballast.

"Notice of such visits is never given. The committee expected to find you on board, but hearing from the captain that you had gone to London a few minutes previously, they requested permission to inspect the water tanks, which was readily given. Their observation confirmed the report of the measurer, and they recommended to you, in writing, that the tanks should be disconnected, at the same time expressly disclaiming any imputation that the tanks were actually put to improper use.

"The Council fail to perceive that any discourtesy was displayed toward you; certainly none was intended. It is not necessary to enter into discussion of the other points raised by your letter. As you have thought fit to make your grievance public, it is proposed that this reply pass through the same channel. DIXON KEMP."

The case of the Earl of Dunraven's twenty-rater Audrey, which won the Dunraven challenge cup in the races held at Calshot under the auspices of the Castle Y. C. on Aug. 10, and was disqualified by the Castle Y. C. on the ground that the yacht was not qualified to race for a prize offered by her owner, was taken up and disposed of. The Association upheld the ruling of the Castle Y. C. and awarded the cup to Niagara, which finished second in the race.

The Association also decided that centerboards in future shall be measured at their greatest depth, so they will count in girth measurement the same as a fixed keel.

The rules for measuring yachts over 30ft. lineal rating were not changed, but the rules for the measurement of yachts under that length were altered.

The Improvement of Racing Rules.

It is one hopeful sign of the times in yachting that at last a general movement has set in for the amendment of racing rules, especially the measurement and classification rules; and that the agitation in this latter detail has at last taken the form of a proposal to limit in some way the extreme features which are doing so much to hurt yachting and yacht racing. The Larchmont Y. C. has already taken steps to impose arbitrary limits to draft and sail area in all classes, and the Seawanhaka, the New York and the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound are engaged in the consideration of the best changes that may be made.

A meeting of the race committee and several members of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was held last week at the suggestion of Com. Rouse; the result of a long discussion of various proposals being a determination that the most desirable end was the amendment of the present rule by the addition of some factor tending to produce an increase of displacement and depth of body. The subject will be continued at future meetings.

Among the various proposals for temporary measures tending to promote racing among existing boats next season is one set forth by Irving Cox, of Gardner & Cox, the designers of Norota and Quissetta, as follows:

I understand that the race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club have at present under consideration the advisability of reformulating the rule known as the Seawanhaka corrected length rule, governing the time allowance received by a smaller yacht from a larger one. I also understand that the proposed change is in no way on account of any failure of the rule between boats of the same general type as Colonia, Emerald, Amorita, Quissetta, representing the latest advance in design and construction, or as between Marguerite, Sachem, Mayflower, Sea Fox and Iroquois, representing the cruising class; but when boats of both types are raced together in one class a system of time allowance, based solely on waterline length and sail area, is manifestly inadequate and favors the boats of excessive draft and over all length.

When the formula, load waterline length, plus the square root of the sail area divided by two, equals the racing length, was evolved, racing yachts were radically different in model from the present canoe form, with weighted fin-like underwater body, and in order to bring the two types together in a race we must tax the excessive proportions of the newer boats, not to the extent of forcing any reversion of type, but simply to bring about a fair race between boats of practically equal size, although of unequal dimensions. Furthermore, the present type of racing yacht, while undoubtedly fast, has some very undesirable features. Comparing the models of the Iroquois and the Amorita, the former gives a good cruising boat, easy in a seaway and with proper distribution of weights to make her so. She also, thanks to her large keel line, will be steady running and will lay to well. She will have more cabin room than the other on very much less draft of water, and will cost a third less at least. The Amorita type is faster, it is true, but at what a cost. She has so great a metacentric height, in other words, her righting lever is so long and the weight at the ends so heavy, that she is practically dangerous in a seaway. Her lateral resistance is so centralised that when hove to there is danger from broaching to with every wave that strikes the long overhanging ends, and finally, she is in danger of grounding in most of our home ports, and cannot make Southern cruises on the same grounds

As a result of comparing all the forms of the best known cruising and racing schooners of to-day, together with their records in races, I have evolved a formula, or rather an addition to the existing formula, which seems to fit the purpose I have had in view, namely, to encourage yacht racing without unduly taxing any element either of seaworthiness or of speed. I simply add to the present racing length a proportionate amount for every increase above the normal in draft, over a 1 length and sail area. I find that a modern racing schooner's draft varies as 1.4 multiplied by the square root of the load waterline, and that a mean of existing boats gives a proportion of over all to load waterline length of 100 to 75, or for allowable over all length take 1.33 multiplied by load waterline length, and that a fair mean of the square root of the sail area is 1.05 multiplied by load waterline length, or, in other words, that the square root of the sail area is on the general average 5 per cent. more than the load waterline length.

Now, my contention is that up to these limits boats are fair and normal, and should pay no penalty for excess in dimensions, but that above these proportions boats are machines and abnormal, and should pay an extra penalty when racing with a normal and sensible type of boat. My formula for obtaining amount of said extra tax is as follows:

Let A equal excess of draft on 1.4 multiplied by the square root of the load waterline.

Let B equal excess of over all length above 1.33 multiplied by load waterline length.

Let C equal the excess of the square root of the sail area above 1.05 multiplied by load waterline length.

Then A multiplied by 3, plus B, plus C, plus the load waterline length, and the square root of the sail area divided by 2 equals the racing length.

Excess of depth has a value of six as against the value of one for excess of length and excess of the square root of the sail area, because depth and length are as six is to one, and inversely the square root of the sail area is supposedly equal to length in speed value.

To illustrate this point, compare the dimensions of Amorita and Iroquois. Amorita is, roughly speaking, 99ft. over all, 70ft. on the waterline, 13ft. draft, and 80 square root of the sail area. Her racing length is 75ft. Iroquois is 97ft. over all, 80ft. on the waterline, 10ft. draft, 84 square root of sail area, racing length 82ft.

The new formula for Amorita will be A equals excess of draft over 1.4 of the square root of the waterline equals 13 minus 1.4 multiplied by 8.367 equals 1.3. B equals excess of over all length above 1.33 multiplied by load waterline equals 99 minus 1.33 multiplied by 70, equals 5.90. C equals excess of square root of sail area above 1.05 multiplied by load waterline length equals 80 minus 1.05 multiplied by 70 equals 6.50.

Then the formula will work out as follows:

$$\frac{3 \times 1.3 + 5.90 + 6.50 + 70 + 80}{2} = 83.15 = \text{racing length.}$$

The Iroquois has no excess of length over the dimensions that are suggested to get taxed and her racing length is the same under both rules.

On Oct. 8 a meeting of the council of the Y. R. U. took place, at which the following changes were proposed, to be submitted later on to the union:

That no special classes be recognized for the coming season, it being desirable to reduce the number of classes, which action, if adopted, will have the effect of making the 34ft. raters sail in the 30ft. class of sloops, the 30-raters in the regular 30ft. class, the 21-footers in the regular 25ft. class, the 1-raters in the regular 20ft. class, and the ½-raters in the regular 15ft. class.

That there be no time allowance from other yachts in their classes for yachts launched after Nov. 1, 1896, in order to encourage the building of yachts to the full limit of the classes.

That one-gun starts be generally adopted.

That if practicable a uniform starting hour be generally adopted, and that this hour be not later than noon.

That Wednesdays be accepted as racing days as well as Saturdays on account of the large number of races given on the Sound and the inadvisability of holding more than one race on the same day.

It was also decided to offer the following amendments to the racing rules:

An addendum to be added to the measurement rule providing for the measurement of yachts using jibheaded mainsails.

All yachts in the 30, 25, 20 and 15ft. classes to be measured with an empirical weight of 150lbs. aboard for each man aboard allowed for crew, but any yacht increasing her measurement beyond her class limit by the application of this rule to be considered as in her class, but time to be allowed on her actual racing length.

That the 30ft. class of sloops be abolished.

That the provision for allowing the use of shiftable ballast in certain classes of open yachts be done away with.

That there be no classes for open boats over 25ft. racing length, and no classes for cabin yachts of 20ft. racing length and under.

That the allowance for crew in the 30, 20 and 25ft. classes be reduced to seven, five and four men respectively, and that the allowance for crews in the schooner and large sloop classes be somewhat increased.

That racing numbers be placed upon the leech instead of the luff and near the peak of the mainsail.

That instead of allowing ten days for a yacht to file her official measurement, all yachts be officially measured and hold measurement certificates before being allowed to start.

That the signal for sailing the course in a reverse direction shall be flag "B" of the code displayed above the preparatory flag.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Name.	Residence.	Club.
John R. Blake	Galt, Ont.	——

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

On Sept. 25, during a gale on the English coast, Mr. J. A. Brand's 20-tonner Tina had a narrow escape from shipwreck in Portland Roads. On the preceding day she left Dartmouth with Mr. Brand aboard for Wivenhoe, on the east coast, to lay up, but was caught by the storm and put into Portland Harbor. With the wind from S.W., she was on a lee shore next morning, and when her second cable parted she was in great danger of drifting on the breakwater, but after much difficult work she was taken in tow by a tug and safely moored in Weymouth Harbor, having met with but trifling damage.

Margarita II., steam yacht, A. J. Drexel, is now at Cramp's yard for docking and painting, preparatory to a long cruise to the Mediterranean, thence through the Red Sea to China and back, in time for the spring regattas on the Riviera. The steam yacht May, recently purchased by Mrs. Sarah G. Fell, sister to Mr. Drexel, has fitted out at the Erie Basin dry docks, and will sail in company with Margarita for an extended cruise. Mrs. Fell's former yacht, Barracouta, has been laid up on the sale list at Tebo's.

Gnome, the Herreshoff 15-footer built this year for F. M. Hoyt, has been sold to Harold M. Faxon, of Quincy, Mass., who will refit her with a larger rig and race her in the class of 15 to 18ft. in the Massachusetts Y. R. A. As a 15 footer Gnome was a complete failure, but it may be that she is capable of improvement by alteration. Her weak point, like her older sister, Ollta, was in windward work.

Seabury & Co., now of Morris Heights, will begin at once a steam yacht for Chas. Fleischmann, owner of the Hiawatha, built last winter by the firm. The new yacht will be 178ft. over all, 140ft. l.w.l. 21ft. beam, and between 11ft. and 12ft. draft, with steel hull. The yacht and her machinery will be designed as well as built by Seabury & Co.

At a meeting of the governors of the Pensatsquit Corinthian Y. C., of Bay Shore, L. I., it was decided to offer a cup costing $100 for the 15ft. class next season, to go to the yacht winning the greatest number of races in a series of seven, only club boats being eligible.

The suit of J. Montgomery Strong against the Atlantic Y. C. has been discontinued upon the consent of all parties and the injunction vacated. The matter has not yet been settled in the club.

Intrepid, steam yacht, Lloyd Phoenix, while at Southampton on Sept. 24, was fouled by another yacht during a gale, sustaining some damage. She is now, from all reports, on the Atlantic, bound for New York.

Arcturus, steam yacht, Rutherford Stuyvesant, was in a heavy gale off the English coast on Sept. 24, losing her lifeboat and jib, and damaging her cutter.

Sanibel, steam yacht, Rutherford Stuyvesant, has been sold through Manning's Agency to Chas. R. and Wallace B. Flint, who will use her at once in the Chesapeake.

The Racine Boat Manufacturing Co. has contracted to build a sixteen-mile steel steam launch for Gen. J. T. Torrance, to be 43ft. long and 8ft. beam.

Tacoma, sloop, has been sold by S. N. Small to Melbourne MacDowell, former owner of Cleopatra.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 4.—The members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association made to-day the scores given below on two separate targets. The conditions were: 200yds., off-hand, standard target, and 200yds., off hand, at a 20-ring target, with 1in. rings counting from 1 to 20, the center ring, 2in. in diameter, counting 20. Some creditable scores were made on this target, and it seemed to give very general satisfaction. Scores:

Standard target:

Glindele.

6 6 10 6 9 8 9 10 9 10- 83 — 7 8 9 6 9 10 10 7 10 9— 93
9 9 8 9 7 8 8 7 10 10— 85 — 10 7 7 9 6 7 9 9 9 8— 81

Payne.

8 9 9 10 4 9 6 10 6 8— 79 — 10 8 7 7 8 9 10 7 6 5— 77
8 10 9 7 7 8 7 7 6 7— 73 — 6 8 10 8 8 6 8 5 7 5 8— 71

Trounstein.

5 9 5 5 7 5 6 9 5 8— 61 — 7 8 6 4 3 5 6 9 5 5— 58
7 4 5 6 8 4 4 6 4 8— 56 — 1 7 10 7 6 6 3 6 5 4— 55

Hake.*

8 5 8 5 6 6 4 4 5 9— 60 — 7 5 8 8 5 3 10 9 9 7— 71
5 4 8 5 6 6 5 7 4 7— 57 — 5 6 7 5 9 7 5 4 8 8— 56

Topf.

8 7 6 6 6 8 7 7 5 9— 59 — 6 5 8 4 7 7 8 6 2 4— 57
7 6 4 3 5 4 6 7 6 8— 56 — 5 10 8 5 8 6 5 6 2 7— 55

Strickmeier.

6 5 9 4 8 9 8 9 8 10— 60 — 4 9 5 4 6 9 8 8 7 4— 60
6 5 9 7 6 4 7 4 8 7— 63 — 6 5 5 3 7 8 4 5 0 5— 57

Hasenzahl.

8 8 6 7 10 7 5 9 7 9— 74 — 6 9 7 9 7 8 5 9 9 6— 74
5 6 10 8 7 7 6 7 6 10— 72 — 8 9 8 6 8 6 6 8 8 5— 70

Twenty-ring target:

Glindele.

17 18 19 19 17 15 20 20 18 19—182 — 17 18 19 19 14 19 20 18 18 17—179
18 19 20 16 16 14 17 18 20 17—175 — 18 18 16 16 16 16 14 18 18 15—165

Payne.

16 17 16 18 19 19 19 16 16 18—176 — 16 19 19 20 19 18 17 20 19 17—184
16 16 14 18 17 16 20 16 17 17—169 — 17 17 14 20 17 17 16 15 18 18—169

Topf.

18 10 13 14 12 8 9 20 10 17—132 — 6 17 10 10 19 15 14 17 7 18—123
14 9 16 11 15 17 16 9 17 4—128 — 5 15 10 8 10 5 4 14 16 7—100

Hasenzahl.

11 17 17 20 20 13 17 19 20 11—165 — 17 16 9 15 19 11 18 13 17 18—147
9 16 11 14 4 18 17 17 20 18—160 — 17 13 13 17 15 13 10 17 17 15—145

Strickmeier.

9 17 11 11 14 20 18 15 10 14—137 — 14 10 15 17 16 10 14 20 10 17—143
10 17 18 16 15 9 12 13 13 10—133 — 10 19 19 8 15 18 19 17 4 12—136

Lux.

10 14 16 15 15 13 19 18 7 16—138 — 17 19 15 16 11 17 9 17 16 12—147
9 15 18 17 17 12 12 15 10 14—139 — 8 15 20 20 6 14 17 11 14 13—136

Gibson.*

9 17 4 6 4 10 11 11 11 1— 84 — 7 19 15 16 10 15 8 4 18 18—130

Trounstein.

10 15 19 12 18 18 14 13 15 1—165 — 1 11 20 18 9 13 16 19 15 18—140

Hayes.*

19 1 7 1 10 6 1 10 8 8— 81

* Military rifle.

Revolver Shooting in New York City.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—The revolver contest which has been held at the gallery of the Knickerbocker Club, Forty-fifth street and Madison avenue, during the past ten days, has been brought to a conclusion. The prize was a hunting scene, by A. B. Frost; it was won by Dr. R. H. Tozier, who made 50 out of a possible 60. The conditions were: 40yds., standard target reduced for this distance, best 6 shots to count. Dr. J. A. Boyken was second with a score of 47. Other scores were: A. A. Cohen 45, W. J. Furness and H. E. Westberg 44, G. E. Grey 43, J. L. Ivey 41, H. J. Smith 40.

Mr. A. A. Cohen fired 40 shots with a .40cal. revolver, at 20yds.; the 4 targets of 10 shots each showed as follows: 91, 90, 91 and 99. This is the best on record so far as I know.

The revolver club shoots every Thursday evening. J. S. CONLIN.

Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 8.—The rifle shooters of the Calumet Heights Gun Club shot their scores to-day in the regular weekly shoot, Norcom winning the medal in Class A and Miss Ervin in Class B. Scores:

Class A.—200yds., off-hand, standard target:

Paterson	9383433222—23	Spalding	0333033023—20
Norcom	2341344430—31	Lamphere	4233333433—31

Class B.—For ladies, 100yds., Creedmoor target, with rest:

Mrs Marshall	3333333335—31	Miss Ervin	5444434544—41

PATTY.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 16-17.—TACOMA, Wash.—Tournament of the Washington State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. G. H. Garrison, Sec'y.

Oct. 17.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Fifth monthly shoot of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Orient Field Club.

Oct. 22-24.—MARION, N. J.—Merchandise shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. Entries in 100-target handicaps close Oct. 22, to A. R. Strader, 371 New York avenue, Jersey City, N. J., or to Carl von Lengerke, 6 Murray street, New York city. Entries to be accompanied by $6 forfeit.

Oct. 26-27.—LIBERTY, Ind.—Tournament of the Red Owl Gun Club. Live birds and targets. R. A. Creek, Sec'y.

Oct. 27-28.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Eighth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Oct. 28-29.—IRONTON, O.—Third annual tournament of the Iron City Gun Club. Targets.

Oct. 29.—MACON, Ga.—All-day shoot at live birds, under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club. F. C. Etheridge, Sec'y.

Oct. 29-30.—DEXTER PARK, L. I.—Tournament under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Nov. 7.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Cup contest, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Dec. 1-3.—TRENTON, N. J.—Proposed contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex Com.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme issued by the Iron City Gun Club, of Ironton, O., for its tournament, Oct 28-29, is not only artistically a success, but contains a schedule of events that ought to draw out all shooters in the vicinity of Ironton. The Rose system of dividing purses will be adopted; in all 10 and 15-target events there will be three moneys; in all others there will be four moneys. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each. The club's grounds are at Fifth and Oak streets. The programme for the first day consists of four 10-target events, $1 entrance; three 15-target events, $1 50 entrance; two 20-target events, $2 entrance, and one event at 25 targets, $2.50 entrance; a total of 150 targets, $15 entrance. On the second day, Oct. 29, there are only six events—a 10, two 15s, two 20s and a 25 target event, at an average entrance of 10 cents per target. The programme states that on this day "at 2 o'clock the match race will be shot between Capt. A. W. West and C. E. Verges, of Ohio, vs. Levi Stevens and Robert Clarke, of West Virginia, 50 live birds per man, for a stake of $400." Considerable interest is evinced in the outcome of the above match.

Mr. C. O. Gardiner, secretary of the Bergen County Gun Club, sends us the following communication in regard to offer of a silver cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey at targets: "A handsome silver challenge championship cup has been offered in the interest of trap-shooting in the State of New Jersey by G. O. Shields, editor and manager of *Recreation*. This trophy will represent the championship of the State of New Jersey, and members of all New Jersey clubs will be eligible to compete for it. The cup will be shot for under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. At a meeting of that club held very recently it was agreed to hold the shoot for the state championship Nov. 7, notice of which date has already been given in FOREST AND STREAM. The cup, which is a very handsome one, will be exhibited in a few days at Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway. Several of the well-known shots of the State have approved this method of deciding who is the real champion target shot of the State, and several representatives of leading clubs have promised their hearty support of this movement. The full conditions will be announced in a few days."

The postponed annual meeting of the Cobweb Gun Club, of New York city, was held on Friday evening last, Oct. 9, in the club's rooms, 2377 Third avenue. There was a fair attendance of members. The chair was taken by Vice-President P. F. McKeon at the request of President George Barker, who was also present. The officers elected for the ensuing twelve months are: President, A. C. Bage; Vice-President, Hon. R. Arnow; Treasurer, R. Hughes; Secretary, G. W. Thompson, Jr.; Captain, P. F. McKeon; Assistant Captain, M. B. McDonnell. The board of directors will be chosen at the next regular meeting of the club. A committee of three was appointed to consider the advisability of holding a tournament during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition, the week commencing March 17, 1897, the committee to report at the next meeting. The club showed its appreciation of the services rendered the club in the past by its late captain, Fred L. Train, now of Boston, Mass., by unanimously electing him an honorary member of the club, an honor shared by only three members.

Jack Rogers, a resident of Newburgh, N. Y., makes an able assistant cashier and a capable newspaper man. He also has some of the essentials of a diplomat; he can remember faces; his failing is that he has a poor memory for names and doesn't know it. We were standing in the office of the United States Hotel at Newburgh, N. Y., talking to Byer, of Rochester, when in walked Mr. Rogers. "Hello, Robbins," said he, wringing our right hand warmly, "when did you get in?" Our look of distress warned him that he had made a mistake, so he hastened to apologize, adding: "I'm afraid you'll not feel complimented at my error?" Then the conversation lagged a moment while he thought again. This was the outcome of that thought: "How's the magantrap?" "It's all right," said we, somewhat mystified. "Got one with you?" was his next query. Then it flashed across us that we were Paul North! Jack Robbins and Paul North can settle this thing between themselves. We settled it with Rogers.

A two-days' tournament will be held at Dexter Park, L. I., Oct. 29-30. The first day's programme consists of ten events at targets; the total number of targets on the programme is 175, the entrance money being $17 50. A certain sum of money, ranging from $1 up to $6 in each event, is added to the purses, the amounts being graduated according to the number of entries. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each; the Rose system of dividing purses will be adopted. On the second day there are three events at live birds. No. 1 is at 5 birds, $5, 28yds. rise, birds included in entrance fee; No. 2 is 7 birds, $5, birds included, 28yds. rise; No. 3, called for 12:30 P. M., is the Dexter Park handicap, 15 birds, $10, birds included, handicaps 25 to 31yds. If fifteen entries in this event, $10 added; if twenty entries, $15 added. Purses in all live-bird events will be divided on the Rose system. The shoot is given by Mr. Lippack, proprietor of Dexter Park, under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York city.

Mr. Fred E. Atkins, secretary of the gun club organized at Waterbury, Vt., on Friday, Oct. 9, sends us the following clipped from a daily paper of that city: "At the business meeting of the gun club last Friday evening the following officers were elected: President, Dr. G. S. Bidwell; Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Wheelock; Secretary and Treasurer, Fred Atkins. Directors: John Deal and C. M. Griffith; Captain, George Dumas. A practice shoot is to be held every Saturday afternoon." Mr. Atkins adds: "Above is a result of two of our members attending the Interstate Association's tournament at Burlington, Vt. We are a small club, but hope to grow."

Jack Fanning, the expert shot who left the Pacific slope last spring to come East and show us what he could do with Gold Dust powder, has returned to his home in the far West. Since he arrived in California he has made things very warm for those who had been left behind. At the annual tournament of the California State Sportsmen's Association he carried off pretty nearly everything in sight. On Oct. 2 he killed 41 live birds straight, winning the Gold Dust diamond medal with a score of 20 straight. Crittenden, Robinson and Feudner were next to him with 19 outs of 20, Robinson losing his twentieth bird.

The Macon (Ga.) Gun Club will hold a shoot at live birds Oct. 29. The events, three in number, are open to all. No. 1 is at 5 birds, $3, 2 moneys, birds included; No. 2 is at 10 birds, $7.50, birds included, 3 moneys; No. 3 is a 25-bird handicap, three extra, 4 moneys, handicaps from 25 to 32yds. The Butt's gold medal, emblematic of the live-bird championship of the Macon Gun Club, will be awarded to the winner in this event. Only members of the club are eligible to compete for the medal. For any further particulars address F. C. Etheridge, secretary Gun Club, Macon, Ga.

W. G. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo., sends us the following account of a shoot between two-men teams from Weir City, Kan., and Joplin, that took place recently: "We take off our hats to Weir City. You will notice that I gracefully brought up the rear. Conditions: 100 targets per man, unknown angles, $50 per team. Scores: Weir City—C. H. Calhoun 96, W. W. McIlhany 95—191; Joplin—Cox 92, Sergeant 85—177." Sergeant now knows how it feels to be at the tail end of a procession. It is very seldom that he gets a chance to have such an experience.

J. L. Lequin, secretary of the Hazard Powder (Blue Ribbon) Company, tried his 'prentice hand at targets at the Newburgh shoot. His scores do not appear in our tables—for cause. After shooting in two 20-target events he withdrew, expressing his intention of holding a tournament by himself and for himself, donating as a special prize a full-fledged incubator.

Shooters in the vicinity of New York should not forget the prize shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., to be held on the Marion grounds, Oct. 23-24. The management of the club is working hard to make the shoot the success it should be, and the inducements it offers ought to draw a large attendance of amateurs. Entries for the handicap events (a 100-target handicap event each day), accompanied by $2, the price of the targets, should be made not later than Oct. 22 to Carl von Lengerke, 8 Murray street, New York city, or to A. R. Strader, 371 New York avenue, Jersey City, N. J. Either of the above named gentlemen will be glad to furnish any further information that may be asked for.

On Saturday, Oct. 5, the 5-men team of the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., tried to beat the high total already put up by the Waukesha team in the contest for the Burnham medal. The trial took place at the Lake Station grounds, but was unsuccessful, the scores only aggregating 123 out of 150, a good team total, but not high enough to set a new record for the medal. The scores were: Johnson 28, Holtz 27, Seefeld 25, Drought 22 and Milbrath 21. Each man shot at 30 targets.

At the weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., held on Saturday, Oct. 5, 18 members took part in the club shoot. C. S. Burkhardt won the badge in Class A with 22 out of 25. The winners in the B and C classes were respectively J. J. Reid, with 19 breaks, and McCarney, with 21. The Audubon Club's grounds are now under the management of Mr. Garby. The annual prize shoot of the club was held on Saturday last, Oct. 10.

Fixtures for next season come in slowly. It begins to look as if we were to have a respite from big tournaments in 1897. Probably one of the largest affairs of the kind to be held next year will be the one at Syracuse, N. Y., to be held under the auspices of Mr. Jenkins, of the Syracuse *Herald*. Mr. Jenkins is already planning great things for this shoot, and it may be taken for granted that no mistake will be made in drawing up an attractive programme.

Attached to a copy of the score of the Claridge-Malone match for the Du Pont trophy, sent us by H. P. Collins, of the Du Pont Powder Co., was the following note: "Claridge accepts Roll's challenge, and 147 challenges the winner of that race." That means that George Roll, of Blue Island, Ill., will have to come to Baltimore to shoot Claridge for the trophy, and that John L. Winston, of the Austin Powder Co., will tackle the winner of that match.

Elmer E. Shaner has been considerably under the weather since the State shoot at Harrisburg, having been confined to his bed for several days. In a personal letter to us, written Oct. 8, he says: "This is my first appearance at my desk since my return from Harrisburg." Mr. Shaner was far from being a well man at the commencement of the shoot, and the heavy rain that prevailed on Sept. 29 undoubtedly had a good deal to do with the above attack of sickness.

The fifth shoot of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League will be held on Saturday next, Oct. 17, on the grounds of the Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N. J. Sweepstake shooting will commence at 10 A. M., League team race at 2 P. M. sharp. Take trains from Erie depot to Central avenue, Hackensack, or New York, Susquehanna & Western to Hackensack. Two sets of traps will be in position.

In the programme issued for the tournament at Dexter Park, L. I., to be held under the auspices of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York, a mistake was made in the names of the officers of the club. The officers who look after the welfare of that club are: President, Louis Schortemeier; Vice-President, Frank Lawrence; Secretary, Dr. G. V. Hudson, 9 Madison street, New York City; Treasurer, John H. Moore.

On the second day of the Paris, Ill., tournament, Oct. 2, the team race between teams from Paris, Terre Haute, Mattoon and Charleston resulted in a win for the teams in order named above. The Paris men scored 105 to 99, 92 and 88 respectively. The scores of the Paris team were: Draper 24, Smith 24, Davis 23, Kerns 20, Postner 14; total 105.

On his return from the shoot at Baltimore last week, Elliott expressed himself in regard to Claridge's capabilities as a live-bird shot as follows: "They rather underrate that young man's capabilities. He's a rattling good shot on live birds, and can make anybody hustle to beat him."

A short time ago Adrian C. Anson and McPherson, the latter a member of the Pittsburg (Pa.) Gun Club, shot a race at 50 live birds on the Davis Island grounds, at Pittsburg. McPherson beat the ball player by the score of 47 to 44. McPherson ran his first 25 straight.

The Independent Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., will probably hold a big tournament at targets and live birds some time early in the spring of '97. A substantial sum of added money will be hung up for the boys to go after.

The Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club's eighth bi-monthly tournament will be held on Oct. 27-28. Targets the first day and live birds on the second day.

Oct. 13. EDWARD BANKS.

Martinsburg Shooting Association.

MARTINSBURG, W. Va., Oct. 7.—The Martinsburg Shooting Association held a tournament yesterday and to-day. There was a good attendance at the shoot, and much interest was taken in the decision of each event. To-day a special event at 25 targets was on the programme; the winner in this event was to be entitled to the honor of claiming the championship at targets of Frederick and Washington counties, Md., and Jefferson and Berkeley counties, W. Va. The event, which is No. 1 in the table of scores given below, resulted in a well-earned victory for C. A. Smith, a member of the Frederick Gun Club, with the score of 23 out of his 25. A strong wind blew over the traps during the day, making high scores extremely hard to secure. The scores made to-day were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	*25*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*15*
W H League	14	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
C J Weaver	16	..	..	7	7	..	..	..	10	8	7
E P Mantz	22	13	18	..	14	14	14	14	10	6	12
J Hanshew	11	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
H W Ankenny	16	..	..	6	11	..	9	..	12	9	..
R Burkhart	18	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	11
J T Miller	9	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	8	12
*F M Phoebus	22	12	15	8	11	17	14	14	..	..	..
J Custer	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
RJGibson	20	..	14	7	..	..	14	8	..	5	14
C A Smith	23	15	20	8	11	15	11	10	14	8	18
H L Smith	13	11	12	6	10	..	..	9	..	3	..
A Oden	18	..	..	3	8	..	..	..	5	6	6
W A Spickler	11	11	7	5	..	7	8	10	..	7	..
Harry Little	14	13	15	..	13	14	10	..	11	..	11
Capt M J Billmyer	..	13	17	..	11	14	..	8	..	..	..
R L Trimble	..	..	16	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 7.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day. The contest for the Silverthorne badge was event No. 3. Moorman won the badge with 22 out of 25. Scores:

	No. 1:	No. 3:
Nelson	1111110111011011010011011—18	1011110101101011011111100—17
Terry	1111001110011011101101110—17	0111110110011110011011111—18
Dornin	1111111011011101111101110—20	1111111111101111101011110—21
Scott	1101111011001101011111111—19	1001111001010111011111111—18
Moorman	1111110101101111101110111—20	1111110111111111101111011—22
Miller	1011001110100111011110111—17	1001100111100110101101111—16
	No. 2:	**No. 4:**
Nelson	1111011110011111001010011—17	1111111110111100110011110—19
Terry	1011100111101010101101101—16	1111101011111101101111110—20
Dornin	1111111111101010101111111—22	1101111111001110111111110—20
Scott	0101101101010011011111111—17	1110011101011101011111111—19
Moorman	1111011111010110111111111—21	1011100111110101011111111—19
Miller	1011110101011101111111111—19	1100011100101010101111111—16

F. M. D.

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Cobweb Gun Club in the contests for the club medals and the President's cup:

	Medal shoot.	Tie.	President's cup.
	Class A.		
E Miller	01112—4	202222—5	202222 w
C Zorn	22220—4	202202—4	202202 w
G Nichols	00212—3	......	1212222—7
F A Kerker	01200—2	......	....
	Class B.		
McDonnell	1111•—4	......	010 w
A Elliott	01021—3	......	011211—5
	Class C.		
Purdy	10210—3	......	......
	Class Z.		
Bage	12101—4	......	......
R Hughes	00001—1	......	......

GEO. W. THOMPSON, JR., Sec'y.

In New Jersey.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Sept 30.—There was only a small gathering of shooters at Elkwood Park to-day, but those who put in an appearance got all the shooting they could ask for. Nine events in all, besides a match at 10 birds, were decided. All the 10-bird races were $10 entrance, and all the 5-bird events were $5 entrance; each event was "high guns." Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Birds:	*10*	*7*	*5*	*5*	*5*	*5*	*10*	*10*
P Daly, Jr.	9	6	..	..	..	..	7	7
W Patten	8	5	2	3	5	5	..	6
EG Murphy	7	7	..	..	..	..	9	10
A Loening	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Seymour	..	..	4	5	5	5	5	..
BWSinger	..	..	3	3	3	3	..	..

In another event at 10 birds Murphy and Daly divided with 9 kills each.

Walter Patten and B. W. Singer shot a match at 10 birds, Singer winning by 4 birds.

ORITANI FIELD CLUB.

Oct. 10.—Notwithstanding reports to the contrary the Oritana Field Club held their monthly shoot Saturday for the club cup. This is a handicap event of 50 targets. The following gentlemen entered: Messrs. Sloan, Henderson, Blauvelt, Snyder, Banta, G. P. Ricardo, Wm. Ricardo, G. Ricardo, Smith, Conklin and Holberton. Mr Banta, with a handicap of 9, and Holberton, with 10, tied for first place with a total of 50. The tie will be shot off on Saturday, Oct. 24. The following sweeps were shot during the afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Smith	8	..	..	..
G P Ricardo	15	9	10	..
J Conklin	11	9	..	..
J H Sloan	10	..	..	..
J W Holberton	11	7	7	7
R Snyder	10	9	6	6
T Barow	11	8	6	..
Blauvelt	..	5	7	8
G Ricardo	..	..	6	7

During the afternoon John L. Brower gave an exhibition of target breaking, scoring 49 out of 50 targets. The targets were all well centered. This expert shooting was loudly applauded by those present. The day was most unfavorable for good scores, as there was a strong northeast wind, amounting to almost a gale, blowing in the face of the shooters.

The club shows its progressive spirit by providing two sets of traps for its next league shoot, which occurs Saturday, Oct. 17. This will enable those who do not shoot on the team to continue sweepstake shooting while the team shoot is in progress. J. W. HOLBERTON.

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Oct 10.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, held its regular shoot to-day. The scores made by the seven members present were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Jewell	7	8	7	8	8	8	7	..
D Fleming	6	8	6	7	6	8	..	..
Winans	3	6	..	..	2	3	3	5
T Smith	10	8	7	8	6	7	7	8
Dr Cummi'gs	6	7	5	9	7	9	8	7
Wambold	..	..	..	8	5	..	..	..
C Smith	..	..	..	..	8	7	7	8 9

Nos. 1 and 4 were at known angles; Nos. 3, 5 and 7 at unknown angles; Nos. 2, 6 and 8 at reversed order. H. E. WINANS.

ARLINGTON SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

Oct 7.—Inclosed are scores made by members of the Arlington Shooting Association at their regular monthly shoot held to-day. Didn't I tell you that Tony Schuler would be all right when he shot a good gun and W-A powder? Scores in the club event were:

A Schuler	01101	11011	11010	11111	11110—19
M Herrington	11011	10110	11100	10111	11111—19
W W Keyler	01101	11010	11100	11110	11011—17
J Sickles	11010	01110	01010	11100	11101—15
J L Simpson	11001	11010	11010	11110	01000—14

M. HERRINGTON.

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

Oct. 10.—The shooters of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, were disappointed to-day when, at 3 P. M., Capt. Smith, of the Maplewood Gun Club, appeared with a four-men team to shoot the first of a series of three races, twelve men a side. The Bergen County men had a full team on the grounds and expected a hard brush with their guests. Captain Smith found it impossible to muster his men, so many had gone game shooting. The race was postponed and will probably be shot next month. Notwithstanding this mishap a pleasant afternoon's shooting of sweepstakes was enjoyed by the twenty or more who took part during the afternoon. Near the close of the day two teams were chosen by Louis H. Schortemeier on one side and T. Bell on the other. Shorty's team won by several birds.

During the entire afternoon the wind blew half a gale, and the targets were thrown fast and low, making the shooting very difficult.

Several of those present congratulated President Bell on behalf of the club in securing a handsome silver challenge cup, which will represent the championship of the State of New Jersey.

The team race above mentioned resulted as follows:

Schorty's team: Schorty 24, Brewer 24, Canfield 21, Smith 19, Banta 18, Drake 16—122.

Bell's team: Apgar 20, Dallett 19, Bell 18, Griffiths 18, Capt. Money 16, Beatty 15—106.

Capt. A. W. Money and President Bell shot a race at 25 targets, the result being a tie with 23 breaks each.

Scores in the sweepstake events were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*10*
Dudley	7	14	7	9	17	..	..
Beatty	8	9	9	11	14	11	8
Capt Money	8	12	8	10	11	10	..
Cruger	8	9	2	4	..	..	8
Bell	8	14	7	14	15	18	9
Schorty	8	9	8	13	15	12	8
Apgar	10	13	8	14	16	13	7
Remsen	7	11	6	9	18	..	..
James	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
B Johnson	..	..	6	3	10	8	4
Linson	..	..	3	6	..	..	..
Canfield	..	..	..	6	15	10	6
Drake	..	..	..	11	..	11	3
Dallett	..	..	..	7	10	6	4
Smith	..	..	..	10	14	11	5
Lewis	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Lefferts	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Ellison	..	..	..	..	16	..	..
Banta	..	..	..	..	..	10	9
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	11	8
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	15	..

C. O. GARDINER, Sec'y.

On Long Island.

EUREKA ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Sept. 29.—The Eureka Rod and Gun Club held its first live-bird shoot for this season on the Bay Side grounds, L. I., this afternoon. The weather was rather wild, there being a strong wind across the traps that aided the birds very much. Beaumont, Worthley and Wunderlich made clean scores in the club event, which was at 7 birds. On the shoot-off for the badge, miss-and out, Beaumont won on the second round. Scores:

J J Beaumont (27)	2222222—7	Dr Jelliffe (26)	0020222—5
H Wunderlich (27)	2111211—7	W H Rydesburg (25)	0022110—4
J G Worthley (27)	2122122—7	H A Nolan (26)	1011000 3
C P Herbert (28)	2210111—6	A J Reinecker (26)	1020200—3
P Ulrich (27)	1110212—6	J Anderson (26)	0010002—2
C T Morrissey (28)	1022102—5		

BERGEN ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Oct 3.—The fourth competition for the trophy offered by the president of the Bergen Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, for competition among the members of the club, took place this afternoon on the club's grounds at Flatlands. The event is a handicap, 15 live birds per man. Capt. Hamilton, R. J. Frazer and R. W. O'Brien tied for the trophy on 14 kills each. On the shoot-off, miss-and out, Capt. Hamilton won on the 5th round. Scores:

Capt. James W. Hamilton (28) 14, Robert J. Frazer (26) 14, Richard W. O'Brien (27) 14, Robert J. Valentine (30) 13, Philip H. Myles (29) 13, Andrew T. Morrey (26) 11, Louis G. Jenkins (26) 9, Thomas L. Murphy (26) 7, Nelson T. Ellery (26) 5.

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Oct 7.—Twelve members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club took part in the regular monthly live-bird shoot of the club, held to-day at Dexter Park. Henry Knobel, Jr., won the club badge with the only straight score. Ex-Judge James B. Voorhees was second with 6. The fact that only 2 out of the 12 shooters could score better than 5 out of 7 speaks volumes for the quality of the birds supplied to the club. Scores:

H Knobel, Jr (30)	1211221—7	Dr Raynor (26)	2021210—5
J B Voorhees (29)	2012222—6	H McLaughlin (27)	0002211—4
T Lewis (30)	2220102—5	W Hughes (27)	2000212—4
W Rial (29)	1100112—5	Dr Van Ord (27)	0222001—4
W R Allen (28)	0302222—5	F McLaughlin (27)	2002021—4
J Lotersen (28)	1120210—5	J E Lake (26)	0011001—3

WOODSIDE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Oct. 7.—The Woodside Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its club shoot to-day. The club event is at 7 live birds. J. W. Colgan, J. J. O'Brien and S. P. Schleuter tied for first place with straight scores. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Colgan won on the fourth round, scoring 4; O'Brien scored 3 and Schleuter 2. Scores:

James W. Colgan (28) 7, Edward V. Kent (29) 6, Henry P. Smith (26) 5, James J. O'Brien (28) 7, Ulysses V. O'Connor (26) 5, A. J. Henderson (26) 5, James R. Semen (26) 3, James W. Heaney (26) 4, Henry P. Cummings (26) 6, Samuel P. Schleuter (28) 7, Edward S. Morris (26) 6, William H. Hunt (26) 4.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

Oct 8.—The Unknown Gun Club, an organization that is getting to be quite formidable in numbers, met to-day at Dexter Park for its regular monthly live-bird shoot. The club event is at 7 live birds, handicap rise. In this event E. A. Vroome and A. C. Rankin tied for first place with straight scores. Below are given the scores of the 21 members who competed in that event:

E A Vroome (28)	2111111—7	Louis Kolb (25)	0101111—5
A C Rankin (28)	2122111—7	Robt Smith (25)	0121220—5
Wm Sands (29)	2202222—6	Richard Tinke (25)	1010120—4
J B Vorhees (27)	1101211—6	John Bohling (26)	0101001—3
A B Jennings (27)	2111022—6	John Vogt (25)	0021001—3
P J Sweeney (27)	1011111—6	John Akhurst (28)	2100010—3
J Knebel (25)	1211102—6	H von Staden (28)	0010101—3
Ed Kane (25)	2101112—6	Wm Quick (28)	1100002—3
M Brown (28)	2011110—5	Ed Hauff (25)	0020020—2
H Boemmermann (28)	1101101—5	Wm Roth (28)	010w
W A Skidmore (25)	1201220—5		

THE CUCKOOS AT ROCKAWAY PARK.

Oct. 9.—A few members of the Cuckoo Social Club, of Rockaway Park, together with some friends, opened the trap-shooting season at the club's grounds this afternoon. Eddie Bourke, the captain of the club, was on hand, and with his inimitable good humor, together with his capacity for executive work, kept the boys shooting until it was time to take the train for the city or stop all night at Rockaway Park. Five events were shot, the first being at 15 targets "for love." The next was a 50-target handicap, an allowance of misses as breaks being awarded the less expert shots. In this event Edwards was placed at scratch, the others receiving the following allowances of misses as breaks: Lewis 1, Dudley 2, Heyer 3, Bernard and Law 10, E. Bourke and Stone 12, Coleman 13 and Jones 15. These figures, added to the totals in the table below, give first money to Lewis with 46, second money to Law and Heyer with 43, and third money to Dudley with 42.

The third event was similar in conditions to the above. The handicaps were revised as follows: Edwards and Lewis, scratch; Dudley 2, Heyer 7, Law 9, E. Bourke 13, Bernard 14, Coleman 20. With his handicap Bourke won first money with a total of 46; Edwards and Law divided second with 45; Lewis and Bernard third with 43. Scores in all events were as below, each event being at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5			
Targets:	*15*	*50*	*50*	*25*	*25*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
T Lewis	13	45	43	..	..	115	101	87.8
Edwards	14	41	45	21	24	165	145	87.8
W Bernard	6	28	29	10	20	165	93	56.3
F Law	7	33	36	17	..	140	93	66.4
E Dudley	13	40	39	..	..	115	92	80
E Bourke	9	29	33	..	..	115	71	61.7
J Stone	6	27	..	..	..	65	33	50.7
H Meyer	10	35	32	..	..	115	77	66.9
F Coleman	9	19	17	..	..	115	45	39.1
J Jones	..	26	..	..	..	50	26	52

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Oct. 10.—Only six members of the New Utrecht Gun Club put in an appearance at the Dyker Meadow grounds this afternoon. Donley Deacon did some good shooting, winning the Hegeman badge with 15 straight and the club shoot also after a shoot-off with M. Van Brunt. In that shoot both Deacon and Van Brunt scored 23 each; shooting off the tie Deacon broke 24 to Van Brunt's 23. Scores:

	Club Shoot.	Hegeman Badge.
D Deacon (A)	1110101111111111111111111—23	111111111111111—15
M Van Brunt (A)	1111110111011111111111111—23	111111011110011—12
P Adams (A)	1111101111001101110111111—20	101110111111110—12
J Gaughen (A)	0110110011111111101011011—18	111011101011001—10
A A Hegeman (A)	0110011111110010010110101—15	111001111000100—8
C Cowperthwait (C)	0010000010011100011000110—9	001000001100100—*4

* Did not shoot his handicap allowance.

The following sweeps, all 10-target events at unknown angles, were also shot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Deacon	7	9	5	9	..	..
Adams	9	8	8	7	6	6
Gaughen	8	7	9	6	..	..
Hegeman	5	3	4	3	6	7
Van Brunt	9	10	7	7	8	5
Cowperthwait	5	5	4	4	..	..

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

Dr. Tiffany's Powder.

THE following letter from the American E. C. Powder Co. was received too late for publication in our issue of Oct. 10. In his answer to Dr. Tiffany's communication, in our issue of Oct. 3, the secretary of the E. C. Powder Co., Noel E. Money, quotes from two letters, the originals of which he incloses for our perusal. Mr. Money's letter is as follows:

OAKLAND, Bergen County, N. J., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. Tiffany begins by quoting a proverb about lies, but fails to point out where any lie comes in in our letter.

We inclose Dr. Tiffany's first letter of Aug. 12, where he says in substance that if we will kindly send him a can of powder he will introduce it to the members of his gun club if he likes it, and then enumerates his powers as a shooter and "introducer" of powder; but there is nothing about "ordering in quantity."

This bleeding of the manufacturer and the sportsmen's newspaper by puffing or condemning goods over a *nom de plume* has gone on long enough.

Dr. Tiffany calls it a "legitimate business transaction," for reasons which are rubbish, when he says: "Few trap shots buy a new nitro until they have a chance to try it." If that were the case, trap shots would indeed be fortunate, for with the number of new nitros that have come out during the last two years they could get enough powder for nothing to last them the season; Dr. Tiffany is wrong there, for most amateur trap shots prefer to pay for what they use. If Dr. Tiffany carries out this rule with equal success at drug stores, he could get enough medicine to last his lifetime, and ought never to pay for anything at all except beef and mutton, which are not manufactured in new grades at present.

We must congratulate Dr. Tiffany on his success as a powder puffer and trust that he will not give "E. C." many black eyes over his *nom de plume* when he next writes powder articles.

THE AMERICAN "E. C." POWDER CO., LTD.
NOEL E. MONEY, Sec'y.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Tiffany's principles in regard to the testing of new powders would, if carried into other lines as suggested by Mr. Money, lead to something entirely new and profitable to all consumers, but equally unprofitable to manufacturers. For instance, Huyler receives a note in his mail to the following effect:

"Dear Sir—Please send me a box of your best candies. I have never tried them, but am willing to give them a test. I have considerable standing at church sociables, and will, if suited, be able to do you much good and probably will be able to send you orders for candy in quantity later. Yours truly," etc.

A similar letter reaches Horton, asking for ice cream. Both letters of course are considered favorably, and the recipient has a free blow-out with results that necessitate the instant dispatch of the following note to the nearest drug store: "Please give bearer a box of your best pills. If I find on trial that they are all you represent them to be, I shall be glad to recommend them to my friends, and will unquestionably, owing to my social and political standing, be able to do you much good, and in all probability will be sending you orders for pills in bulk before long. Yours truly," etc.

In a day or two the same drug store receives a note to the following effect: "Please give bearer at once some plasters suitable for stomach trouble. Your pills were everything you said they were, and I have been able to give them favorable mention when speaking of my present trouble to my friends and family. If your plasters prove half as satisfactory as your pills, you will have no cause to complain of lack of advertisement and pecuniary benefit through neglect of mine. Yours truly," etc.

Suppose that "Yours truly" does not get the better of his attack, but succumbs to the inevitable. Caskets and tombstones might be obtained by the stricken family on the same lines as "new nitros" are said to be obtained by trap shots. "Orders for caskets in quantity if the sample sent is satisfactory" would make an undertaker smile—something he should never do.

But Dr. Tiffany seems to ignore, or to be unconscious of, the fact that to send in an advertisement to a journal under the guise of a public communication is a deception. That it is, in short, a dishonest action. Without any reference to any one in particular, we know such things have been done, and it always impressed us as a peculiar phase of such transactions that to the principals it seemed all right that a man should, under a deception, work off an advertisement and collect the remuneration therefor.

The other gentlemen to whom Dr. Tiffany would recommend the powder between times, when not busily engaged using samples, have just as good right to ask for samples as he has; *ergo*—all men have a right to ask for samples.

A consideration of the depths into which this "sample" idea might lead us induces us to break off the point of our pencil and quit work.

In the report of the Cambridge, Vt., tournament which appeared in our issue of Oct. 10, an error was made in the total of breaks made by Mr. E. A. Worthen, of Burlington, Vt. The scores show 61 breaks, not 55. Mr. Ellsworth asks us to make the above correction.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

Pawtuxet, R. I., Oct. 1.—The following scores show the result of the last eight weeks' shooting of the Pawtuxet Gun Club, and practically winds up the trap-shooting around here until next year, when we confidently expect to see a better trap-shooting season than we have had here in twelve years, although we are barred from shooting live birds in this State.

Eight weekly shoots for 12 Frost shooting scenes, 25 targets, unknown angles; best 4 to win; 2 classes, 3 prizes in each:

	Aug. 8.	Aug. 15.	Aug. 22.	Aug. 29.	Sept. 5.	Sept. 12.	Sept. 19.	Sept. 26.	Total.
Class A.									
W H Sheldon	17	20	24	23	21	19	17	20	88
E C Whitaker	..	20	20	19	..	22	..	18	81
S F Wilson	14	19	23	..	..	17	18	19	79
S D Greene, Jr	15	..	..	15	18	19	19	18	71
W H Waterman	17	17	16	..	17	18	10	..	67
W H Mooney	18	13	..	15	16	10	..	..	63
L P Chapman	16	13	..	8	..	..	..	..	37
F Hammond	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	24
C Adams	..	..	14	19	..	..	..	..	33
P H Randall	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	18
H B Randall	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	18
J C Lamb	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	14
F L Cory	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	17
S A Tucker	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	21
W Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16
H M Heflin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15
R Levaley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10
T Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8
S Brownell	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	16	33
Class B.									
A B Hawkins	15	13	..	17	15	22	21	13	75
F Graves	16	14	16	20	16	..	..	15	68
F Arnold	16	8	14	12	15	8	16	20	67
H Badmington	8	15	8	15	13	13	12	14	57
J Armstrong	15	..	15	13	7	10	8	..	53
W O King	9	15	..	11	12	10	12	10	50
W Hawkins	5	6	8	8	..	..	14	..	36
A L Andrews	8	..	..	11	..	..	6	..	25
H H Horton	13	9	10	8	..	..	..	..	40
J Cann	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
F Sherman	4	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	8
G Cann	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
J Horton	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
H B Bain	..	..	11	10	12	9	10	10	43
C E Kenyon	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	8
D B Dennis	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	6
E L Fuller	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	11
Fessenden	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	8
F Barber	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	6

The club will hold an all-day shoot on Thanksgiving Day.

W. H. S.

The Newburgh Tournament.

The annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., was held Oct. 7-9. The club was favored by excellent weather for the time of year. The air breathed at the grounds, about two miles out of the city, had in it a touch of the woods that made one's thought turn at once to ruffed grouse and woodcock. It is quite likely that the open season on these birds did something toward keeping down the attendance. Nobody should be blamed for preferring a day in the woods with a good dog to a day's sport at the traps with either inanimates or live birds.

On the subject of the attendance at this shoot, something should be said as to how the "professionals barred" clause in the programme worked. Running over the list of names in the tables of scores given below, it is hard to find any new ones; they are all, or nearly all, regular habitues of the Newburgh tournaments, and come there to shoot twice a year, spring and fall, just as regularly as the canvasbacks make their trips north and south at the same seasons of the year. Outside of L. V. Byer and Dr. Weller, of Rochester, and, we believe, Mr. Cutler, the names of those who shot on the first day in any number of events are names of shooters whose faces are as well known at tournaments on the Newburgh grounds as those of David Brown, the president of the club, and George "Boxer" Taggart, the referee, whose size precludes any idea of disputing his decision.

On the other hand, where were Glover and E. D. Fulford, Jim Elliott, Bartlett and Van Dyke? The "professionals barred" clause can be quoted as reason enough for their absence. Heikes was there on both days, making many new friends and cementing old ties by shooting through the entire programme of 400 targets without the shadow of a chance of coming out a cent to the good, but on the contrary of paying $2 per hundred for his targets. The latter expense he was not put to, the club inviting Heikes to break as many targets as he could out of the 400, without a cent being taken from him for those targets. Jack Winston came up on the second day, but rather late, and shot along "for birds" in the balance of the events undecided when he came on the grounds.

The Rose system of dividing purses was used, and gave the most thorough satisfaction. It has come to stay in this section of the country, and will, if given a fair trial, always come out on top. President Brown of course acted as cashier and paid out the moneys as promptly as ever. In speaking about the Rose system Mr. Brown said that it was so much easier to figure out the purses under that system than under the old one that he hoped never to have to tackle the old one again. On a hook in front of his desk in the cashier's office hung a copy of Forest and Stream of July 11, well thumbed, but still in the ring. It was opened at the page on which is given in full the only description of the workings of the Rose system, with an example, that has ever been given in the columns of any sporting paper. "That's what makes it so easy," said Mr. Brown, pointing to the page above mentioned. The assistant cashier, entry clerk, squad hustler, etc., was Jack Rogers, of the staff of the *American Angler*, familiarly called Whiskers by his chief, Dave Brown. The scoring, pulling and refereeing was divided up among many hands, and it was only right that it should have been done that way, as it was far too cold to ask one man to stand out all day and perform any one of the duties referred to. The trappers of the club are a first-class set of men, active, strong and well able to take care of the traps; under the leadership of Gil they kept the empire traps and targets going fast enough to please everybody. Balks were nothing like as numerous as we have often seen them at small tournaments.

The catering of Jake Gedney was nothing new. Mr. Gedney never gave one of his guests a poor meal; he has a rule that the best is none too good for them, and he acts up to that rule in a manner that puts to shame nine out of every ten men who cater for trap-shooters at tournaments. A good pair to draw to would be Jake Gedney, of Gedney's Hotel, and Nate Astfalk, of Oakwood Inn, Elizabeth, N. J.; we could easily make it "trips" by adding Charlie Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., to the above pair.

Among those present at the shoot were: Rolla O. Heikes, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Ed Taylor, of Laflin & Rand Powder Company; Mrs. M. F. (Wanda) Lindsley, of the King's Smokeless Powder; Justus von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, the U. S. agents for Schultze; J. L. Lequin, secretary of the Hazard Powder Company; John L Winston, representing the Austin Powder Company, of Cleveland, O.; J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Company, and of Hartley & Graham's, New York City; U. M. C. Thomas, the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's expert, of Bridgeport, Conn.; W. L. Colville, who, under the name of Dick Swiveller, showed the boys that he could make a straight or two with Gold Dust, etc. The lay brethren were represented by J. T. Mascroft and V. D. Kenerson, members of the Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club; L. V. Byer and Dr. Weller, of Rochester, N. Y.; J. Ogden, of Warwick, N. Y.; Dr. Mason and John B. Halsted, of Peekskill, N. Y.; L. H. Schortemeier, of New York City; Arnold, of Albany; M. F. Roberts, M. H. Clark; C. F. Lenone, of Passaic, N. J., etc. The home club was represented by Jas F. Taylor, W. M. Stanbrough, G. H. Wood, captain of the club; Dickson, Harry Higginson, Billy Gibbs, Rogers, Rhodes, etc.

As to the success of the shoot there can be only one thing said: Of its kind it was as nice a shoot as anyone ever went to. There was any amount of shooting, plenty of good-fellowship, no kicking and everyone given a show for his white alley. We believe, however, that we can safely make the following prediction: Future tournaments of the Newburgh Club will be "open to all," with the Rose system of dividing purses in all events. "Barring professionals" can scarcely be said to have been a success in point of drawing out more shooters of lower caliber; this, of course, only applies to tournaments the size of this one at Newburgh. How the scheme would work in a large tournament, with plenty of added money, it is hard to say. An actual trial on that basis would have to be made before a definite answer could be given.

Ed Taylor gave the club a pleasant surprise when he arrived on the grounds on Wednesday morning. Unpacking two small cases, he produced a couple of drums of Laflin & Rand's W-A powder; the drums were silver-plated and bore the well-known Laflin & Rand wreath surrounding the letters "W-A," presenting a very tasteful appearance and making a nice souvenir to take home from the shoot. Mr. Taylor announced that his company would donate one of the drums each day to the shooter making the highest average in all programme events, Rolla Heikes barred. No shooter could win both drums. James Taylor, of the home club, carried off the trophy on the first day; Byer working hard for the second drum on the next day, and succeeding in taking it home to Rochester, winning it by a margin of four targets.

The club gave $50 in average money, the above sum being divided into six moneys as follows: $13, $11, $8, $7, $6 and $5. As it happened, only six men shot through the entire programme of 400 targets, consequently the $50 went to them, their records being as below:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	T'l.		1st Day.	2d Day.	T'l.
J F Taylor	182	177	359	W Stanbrough	169	164	333
Edwards	177	171	348	G H Wood	158	150	308
L V Byer	167	175	342	M H Clark	152	154	306

The percentages of the above six shooters were: 89.7, 87, 85.5, 84.2, 77, and 76.5 respectively.

Heikes made a general average of 89.5, breaking 358 out of his 400. It is only fair to state that he was shooting a strange gun, one that was entirely different from his old favorite, now so well known to the boys, and one that bothered him a good deal in the matter of trigger pull. Each day's scores follow:

First Day, Oct. 7.

The heavy rain that fell during the night, or rather during the early morning hours of to-day, cleared the atmosphere and made the scenery that surrounds Newburgh even more beautiful than usual. There was enough force in the wind to make the targets hard to get on to all the time. Standing at the score, it was difficult to realize just how strong the wind was blowing; in addition to this it was fitful; at some times it would swoop down and send the targets off down wind like scared teal; then again it would die away and no better chances for a good score could be asked for.

J S Taylor, of the home club, won the handsome prize donated by the Laflin & Rand Powder Company to the shooter making the highest average in all the programme events. He shot consistently well during the day and finished with the excellent total (all conditions considered) of 182 out of 200 shot at. Edwards was second, 5 targets behind, while Heikes, who shot a strange gun and who had very little incentive to "get down to his knitting," was third with 88 per cent. It is hard to say just what average Heikes would have made had he had Old Betsy at his shoulder every time he called "pull." His presence at the shoot, where he could not possibly win anything, being barred from all events, and his shooting along with the boys through the programme, made many more friends for him than he probably realizes. The scores to-day were as below, Nos. 1, 4 and 8 being at known angles; the balance at unknown angles:

FIRST DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
J S Taylor	19	19	20	18	18	20	16	17	17	18	200	182	91
Edwards	19	16	17	17	18	18	18	19	19	16	200	177	88.5
R O Heikes	19	17	16	18	20	16	18	17	19	16	200	176	88
W M Stanbrough	16	19	18	18	17	15	16	17	16	20	200	169	84.5
L V Byer	17	17	16	18	18	16	14	16	18	17	200	167	83.5
U M C	18	17	14	17	18	14	16	17	16	..	180	140	86.7
Carroll	..	..	..	..	..	15	16	18	16	..	80	65	81.2
Ed Taylor	16	15	16	19	12	..	19	18	15	14	180	144	80
G H Wood	16	11	17	14	16	17	17	16	18	16	200	158	79
H G Higginson	..	19	16	16	14	14	15	16	..	..	140	110	78.5
Dick Swiveller	11	18	18	20	18	16	16	18	20	15	200	155	77.5
M H Clark	15	13	13	14	16	11	17	17	16	20	200	152	76
Dr Mason	..	..	..	11	14	17	17	..	..	..	80	59	73.7
J B Ogden	14	13	14	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	100	72	72
C F Lenone	17	17	13	16	11	12	16	13	11	..	180	126	70
Dr Weller	..	15	..	15	15	9	19	15	13	11	160	112	70
Fayette	13	..	..	..	15	13	16	..	10	..	100	67	67
Cutler	11	12	13	13	8	13	15	17	13	18	200	137	68.5
Wanda	..	..	..	..	10	11	10	13	..	..	80	44	55
Cramer	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	10	..	..	40	21	52.5

J. Rogers shot in No. 10 and scored 10 out of 20.

Including 5 extra events at 10 targets, each a total of 3,440 targets were thrown during the day.

Second Day, Oct. 8.

There was a snap to the morning air to-day that made it very pleasant to find a sunny nook out of the wind, so that one could sit outside the club house without feeling that there was a possibility of freezing to death. The colors of the autumn foliage that shone brightly in the sunlight made more than one of the shooters fall a victim to the "woods fever." Everything spoke eloquently of ruffed grouse.

The starting of the shoot to-day was a late one, too late for this season of the year, when one cannot see a target leave the traps after 5:30 P. M. The programme was only just completed when night fell, and those who shot in the extra 10 target event gotten up at the close of the programme did a lot of guessing as to when a target left the trap and as to where it went when it did go.

Justus von Lengerke, J. L. Winston and L. H. Schortemeier arrived on the scene when the programme was nearly half shot through. Von Lengerke gave a good account of the 120 targets he shot at, beating "147" by 1 target and Schortemeier by 3. "147" shot as an expert, and only entered the events he shot in "for the birds." Heikes, who again shot through the programme "for birds," was high for the day with 91 per cent. James Taylor was next to him in all programme events, Byer being third. The latter won the Laflin & Rand prize, Taylor being barred, as he won it on the previous day.

U. M. C. Thomas was taken sick to-day in the first event, and was forced to drop out of the shoot. Besides the 26 names which appear in the table given below, Blauvelt shot in No. 4, scoring 9 out of 20, and Rogers shot in No. 5, making 10. Events Nos. 1, 4 and 8 were at known angles, all the others were at unknown angles.

SECOND DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
R O Heikes	19	18	18	17	19	18	17	20	18	18	200	182	91
J von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	19	16	17	20	17	19	120	108	90
147	..	..	..	..	18	19	17	19	17	17	120	107	89.2
J S Taylor	17	18	19	20	18	17	18	18	15	17	200	177	88.5
L V Byer	19	18	18	16	19	16	17	17	20	15	200	175	87.5
L H Schortemeier	..	..	..	..	17	19	16	17	18	18	120	105	87.5
Edwards	19	17	17	16	16	17	16	18	18	17	200	171	85.5
V D Kenerson	15	16	20	18	14	15	18	18	18	17	200	169	84.5
J B Halsted	..	15	16	18	..	..	..	..	16	18	100	83	83
W M Stanbrough	17	18	15	16	20	15	15	15	17	16	200	164	82
H C Higginson	..	17	14	20	..	..	..	..	14	..	80	65	81.2
Dr Mason	15	18	19	19	16	19	12	..	..	..	140	118	80.7
Fayette	17	..	16	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	60	47	78.3
M H Clark	16	17	13	19	15	14	14	16	15	15	200	154	77
Ed Taylor	16	17	16	16	10	14	15	17	16	..	180	137	76.1
G H Wood	17	18	12	16	15	15	18	15	12	12	200	150	75
Arnold	..	..	..	..	13	14	15	18	..	..	80	60	75
J T Mascroft	16	16	18	14	16	12	16	12	16	13	200	149	74.5
Rhodes	..	..	..	..	15	15	18	18	13	..	100	74	74
Dickson	..	16	..	15	16	10	18	..	..	..	100	70	70
Dick Swiveller	12	14	14	17	12	13	11	12	12	..	180	117	65
Cutler	14	9	8	18	17	14	15	..	..	..	140	90	64.2
C F Lenone	14	..	..	17	11	8	13	18	15	6	160	102	63.7
Guild	..	..	9	..	..	17	10	15	..	..	80	51	63.7
Wanda	9	..	..	..	14	13	..	10	..	..	80	46	57.5
W J G	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	2	..	60	14	23.3

Third Day, Oct. 9.

There was not a large entry list in any one event, yet 18 shooters in all took part in one or other of the three programme events. Jas. S. Taylor, of the home club, kept up the good record he made the past two days on targets, making clean scores in all the above events and scoring during the day only 3 lost out of 54 shot at. The wind was unfavorable for the birds, blowing directly from the traps to the score. Scores in the programme events were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
J S Taylor	22112—5	1112121—7	1111222221—10
M Herrington	11002—3	1122212—7	2122211221—10
C F Lenone	12010—3	0010100—2	1100010100—3
Blauvelt	22111—5	....	....
Arnold	01101—3	2102011—5	....
M F Roberts	21121—5	1212211—7	....
Dickson	22111—5	2102222—6	1021221112—9
H C Higginson	22222—5	....	....
G H Wood	20121—4	....	....
V D Kenerson	02120—3	0222022—5	....
J T Mascroft	22221—5	2220121—6	....
G H Taggart	01112—4	0122211—6	....
Owen	21012—4	....	....
Schorty	....	2221112—7	•122222220—8
Coyle	....	0122220—5	0122020220—8
Stanbrough	....	2022022—5	....
Heikes	....	2220222—6	....
H C H	....	1202222—6	2222202222—9

MISS-AND-OUTS.

Seven miss-and-outs were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Stanbrough	3	6	7	..	..	..	..	Blauvelt	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Roberts	4	5	9	..	..	..	..	Dickson	..	0	..	..	..	..	..
Arnold	0	2	9	..	..	..	..	Wanda	..	1	..	..	..	..	..
Taylor	4	4	9	1	4	4	6	Lenone	..	1	..	5	5	4	2
Mascroft	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	Taggart	..	2	..	2	1	5	1
Kenerson	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	Wood	..	0	..	0	..	..	..
H C H	..	1	9	..	0	5	3	Schorty	..	..	..	4	4	0	..

Edward Banks.

At Baltimore.

During the past week there has been a good deal of shooting on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. All events have been at live birds, and some interesting matches have been witnessed. The first event of the kind to be noticed is

THE ELLIOTT-CLARIDGE MATCH.

This match was shot on Monday, Oct. 5. The following extract from the Baltimore *Sun* of Oct. 6 tells the story:

"The sport at the Baltimore Shooting Association's grounds yesterday, which was introductory to the club tournament beginning to-day, had as its main attraction the match between the handicap champion, Bertram W. Claridge, possessor of the Du Pont trophy, and J. A. R. Elliott, the crack shot of Kansas City. A number of miss-and-out events were shot by the assembled marksmen.

"The wind blew from the shooters toward the traps, thus having a tendency to carry the pigeons away from the guns. The birds were only a fair lot of flyers, and the lucky men got easy ones.

"The Claridge-Elliott match was for $50 a side at 50 birds each, Claridge to shoot from the 28yds. mark and Elliott at 30yds. Elliott was a favorite in the betting before the race, though little betting was done.

"Elliott used a single-barrel repeating gun and won the match, killing 49 out of 50 shot at. Claridge used a double-barrel gun and killed 47 birds.

"Elliott missed his 2d bird, a right-quartering driver. Claridge missed his 1st bird, a slow-flying right-quartering bird. He also missed his 29th and his 40th birds. Claridge had possibly the hardest birds to shoot at. He killed the very hardest and lost the match on the 'duffers.'

"When the match was made Elliott was visiting friends in Easton, Talbot county, Md., and was a guest of his brother, J. M. Elliott, who, with Dal Hayward, Edward Hardcastle, Harry Covington, A. L. Pascault and others, came across the bay to see the match. They will take a few dollars back with them if they do not get on the wrong end to-day and to-morrow.

"In the sweepstakes of the day, all miss-and-outs, at $2 entrance, the moneys were divided. Among those who shot were: Smith, Claridge, Elliott, Macalester, Hawkins, McComas, Jones, Bonday, Sims, Simon, Johnson, Howard, Franklin, James, Brewer and Clark.

"The tournament proper will begin this morning, and the Claridge-Malone race for the Du Pont cup will take place this afternoon. Much interest centers in the first challenge issued to the present holder of the cup."

CLARIDGE-MALONE MATCH.

The next event in order of sequence, though more important in fact, is the match shot on Oct. 6 between Claridge and J. R. Malone, captain of the Baltimore Shooting Association, for the Du Pont trophy. It will be remembered that Malone challenged Claridge for the trophy immediately after the latter's victory at the Du Pont shoot in Chicago last August. The match itself, outside of the final result, did not give much cause for any excitement; Claridge took the lead in the first round, and was never in any danger of losing it. He shot well, centering his birds, and running out an easy winner by 47 to 48. As soon as the match was over J. L. Winston, who shoots under the name of 147, challenged the winner of the Claridge-Roll match for the trophy, George Roll, of Blue Island, Ill., being next on the list to challenge for the trophy.

The full score of to-day's match, with the number of trap and the direction of each bird's flight, is given below:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

```
              3 2 5 3 4 1 2 4 1 1 5 2 1 5 2 4 5 4 5 2 2 4 5 2 5
              ↘ ↖ ↗ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↗ ↗ ↗ → ↗ ↖ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↷ ↙ ↓ ↘ ↕ ↖ ↗ ↗ ↓ T
B W Claridge..1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 • 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1—24

              1 1 1 2 5 2 1 5 5 4 1 5 5 5 1 5 1 2 2 1 4 2 2 2 1
              ↰ ↙ ↗ ← ↗ ↓ ↑ ↙ H ↗ ↖ ↶ ↴ ↘ ↖ ↶ ↰ ↖ ↑ H ↖ ↑ ↑ ↗ ↗
              1 1 1 1 • 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1—23—47

              2 5 4 2 2 3 5 3 5 3 1 3 5 3 2 3 5 1 2 1 4 2 1 4 4
              ↗ ↖ ← ↓ ↓ ⟷ ↑ ↴ ↗ → ↴ ↗ ↗ ↶ ↗ ↖ ↙ ↴ ↰ ↖ T ↓ H ↖
J R Malone....0 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 • 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 0 0 2 2 2—20

              2 2 4 3 1 3 2 1 2 5 2 5 1 4 2 3 3 4 1 5 1 3 4 2 1
              ↙ ↖ ↘ → ↙ ↰ ← ↰ ↗ → ↖ ↘ ↗ ↗ ↙ ← H ↰ ↖ ↴ ↓ ↰ ↗ ↓ ↓
              2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 1 1—23—43
```

The shoot ended on Oct. 7. On this day there were eleven events decided. The first was at 7 birds, $7, three high guns; this event resulted in Phil Daly, Jr., and C. A. Macalester dividing first and second moneys, Brewer and Malone cutting up third money. There were ten entries in the event. The other ten events, which were all $2 miss-and-outs, resulted as follows:

No. 1 was won by Claridge, Brewer and Malone, with 7 straight.
No. 2 was won by Cubberly, Winston and Thurman, with 7 each.
No. 3 was won by Winston, Elliott, Cubberly and Thurman, with 7 each.
No. 4 was won by Hayward, Cubberly and Brewer, with 10 each.
No. 5 was won by Claridge, Brewer and Cubberly, with 7 each.
No. 6 was won by Macalester with 4.
No. 7 was won by Simon and Hood, with 8 each.
No. 8 was won by Simon, Macalester and Sims, with 5 each.
No. 9 was won by Thurman and Howard, with 10 each.
No. 10 was won by Thurman and Howard, with 6 each.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3.—The weather was bright and clear to-day, with a light south wind blowing. In the trophy contest Paterson won in class A, Metcalf in class B and Wilde in class C, the latter having no competitor. Scores:

Class A.	
Paterson	1011111111111111111111111—24
Booth	1111101101111110111111101—21
Lamphere	1111011111111111111111110—23
Class B.	
Hinkins	0011100011011111101100110—15
Metcalfe	1111111111111111110111111—24
Marshall	1111111111100001011011011—18
Norcom	0111011111011101111111101—20
Greeley	0111011111001111111110111—20
Carlisle	1110100111111110010000001—14
Class C.	
Wilde	1110011101100111110111001—17

Other events were as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets: Lamphere 9, Booth and Metcalfe 8, Norcom and Hawkins 7, Paterson 6.

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown traps and angles: Paterson 9, Booth 8, Norcom, Metcalfe and Hawkins 6, Lamphere and Marshall 5, Greeley 2.

No. 3, snipe shooting, 10 targets: Booth 9, Metcalfe 8, Paterson and Greeley 7, Norcom, Hawkins and Marshall 6.

Patty.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H. W., Turkey, N. Y.—No new powder tests like those by Armin Tenner have been conducted.

C. F. W., Atkinson, N. H.—1. Is a whippoorwill and a night hawk one and the same bird? 2. Do male deer and elk shed their horns annually? Ans. 1. No, though they are somewhat similar in appearance. 2. Yes.

H. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Please tell me a good place for fishing from the shore near New York for flounders, tomcods and striped bass. Is Spuyten Duyvil good for striped bass or flounders? Ans. Spuyten Duyvil is considered but a moderately good place. Also try the sod banks on the south shore of Staten Island.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Remington Arms Co.

The following letters are self-explanatory:

Office of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., Oct. 1.—Dear Sir: We desire to inform you that we have sold our entire interest in the Remington Arms Co., of Ilion, N. Y., to Messrs. Hartley & Graham, of New York city. Yours respectfully,

Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

Office of Hartley & Graham, New York, Oct. 1.—Dear Sir: Referring to the above letter of our friends, the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., we take this occasion to inform you that the business of the Remington Arms Co. will continue as heretofore, but under our sole management and control. Yours respectfully,

Hartley & Graham.

All about Texas.

If you wish to receive a 200-page handsomely illustrated book, telling all about Texas and her advantages, send 7 cents postage to D. C. Price, A. G. P. A., I. & G. N. R. R., Palestine, Texas, and the book will be sent to you by return mail. Texas is now attracting a large number of settlers by reason of her cheap lands and mild climate. You will not regret the amount. When writing mention this paper.—*Adv.*